

PUNCH



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THE New Year found PUNCH on his way to India, to join the Prince *incog*. He halted *en route* to give a word of counsel to his friend CAVE at Cairo.

"Shall PUNCH come within sight of the Pyramids, and not climb the biggest? On my eyes be it!" cried the KHEDEVE, as he lighted his last cigarette after a snug dinner given to his Great Guest and his new Finance Commissioner—whom he persists in calling "Adullam," because to him, as to that Cave of old, those resort who are in debt and difficulty and discontent.

Straightway an escort of Pashas and Beys, Agas and Effendees, an army of Arabs—horse and man—dragomen and khavasses, cooks and chiboukjees and cafeedjees—was at MR. PUNCH's orders. But with a majestic wave of the hand, at once gracious and unmistakable, that potentate dismissed the backsheesh-breathing brood.

"When PUNCH visits a poor country, 'tis to make it richer not poorer; and when PUNCH meets a Pyramid, it must be alone!"

So he went, and gazed, and climbed—with no escort of clamorous touts or howling donkey-drivers to mar the solemnity of that great encounter between the mightiest of mirth-makers and the most majestic of monuments.

Unaided, except by the tail of Toby, he climbed the highest of those sepulchral giants, and stood, at last, on the platform that forms its apex—awe-struck, awe-striking, and—save for his faithful Toby, alone!

Morning had not yet broken. The sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon, little expecting on what a guest his eye would fall. Above PUNCH's head still twinkled the stars; below him gleamed the Desert sands through the mist of Nile.

But PUNCH questioned not the Stars of the Future they will not reveal; nor the Sands of the Past they hold buried. His eye followed the opalescent winding of the New Cut—not that which binds the transpontine Roads of Waterloo and Blackfriars, but that which, interpontine, links the roadsteads of Alexandria and Suez—the Canal which LORD PALMERSTON did his best to burke, and M. LESSEPS his better, to plan, preach up, finance, and finish—the Canal which swallowed a great many thousands of Egyptian fellahs' lives, and more thousands of European fellows' capital—the Canal which drained the KHEDEVE's spare cash, and opened a new road to India,—the Canal of Good Hope, *vice* the Cape of ditto superseded.

"And *that*," soliloquised PUNCH, "is the Sewer of Sewers"—("Suez," barked TOBY, correctively)—"into which England is about to throw Four Millions of her money—unless Parliament thinks better of it, that is, worse of it, than PUNCH does."

"And is Four Millions, or four times four, a penny too much for BRITANNIA to pay for her Indian door-key?" Such was the question that vibrated on PUNCH's *tympanum* in a thin and thrilling voice, at once foreign and familiar, strangely blending melodious music, cynical mockery, and muffled meaning.

Upon that platform, from which Sixty-Eight Volumes of PUNCH, arm-in-arm with Forty Centuries of Time, were now contemplating the world at their feet, save MR. PUNCH himself, was none of articulate-speaking mortals who could have put the question. Was it PUNCH's thought made audible in the stillness of that weird solitude? Was it the Mummy of

KING CHEOPS—still sarcophagued in the labyrinthine recesses of the star-y-pointing Pyramid, to mock generations of Egyptologists, past, present, and to come—that had all at once found a tongue within his desiccated jaws? Was it TOBY, suddenly revealed as Anubis, his ancestral Egyptian god, and his bark translated by the *genius loci* into intelligible oracle?

"Own the *coup* a master-stroke, worthy of our great forefather MOSES, who first taught Jews the spoiling of Egyptians." They were the same accents, but this time with a dry chuckle making a running bass to their music. And then PUNCH knew it was the voice of the Great Asian Mystery—the utterance of the riddling oracle of Semitic wisdom—the speech of the inscrutable, immutable, unfathomable SPHINX. Yes, they were the great granite lips of the Colossal Head—which reared its impassive brow and stony eye-balls from the waves of the sand-sea far below—that sent forth that mysterious music. And PUNCH braced himself for the encounter; for he knew that the Inexhaustible Fountain of Double Acrostics was about to be let loose upon him, and that, like ŒDIPUS, he must answer aright, or die. But asking questions, especially of the SPHINX, is easier than answering them; so PUNCH determined to put in his cross-fire of interrogatories, before the Great Fountain-head of Mystery could flash forth its riddle.

"You call MOSES your great forefather?"

"Is not the SPHINX of the seed of the SEPHARDIM?"

"Of what tribe?"

"Of the tribe of BENJAMIN."

"Then you are not Egyptian?"

"Neither of the Copts, nor the Fellaheen, nor the Hyksos. I am a Hebrew of the Hebrews—and never felt so proud of my blood as now."

"But how came you to be left behind when the rest of your race emigrated from the Land of Goshen?"

"The tribes had a great deal of money cut on good security, and I stayed to look after it. Do you suppose our dealings with Pharaoh's people began and ended with the unredeemed pledges we carried across the Red Sea?"

Here the granite lips curled contemptuously, and a sudden darkness—it might have been the shadow of a cloud, but it had all the effect of a wink—passed across one of the stony eyeballs.

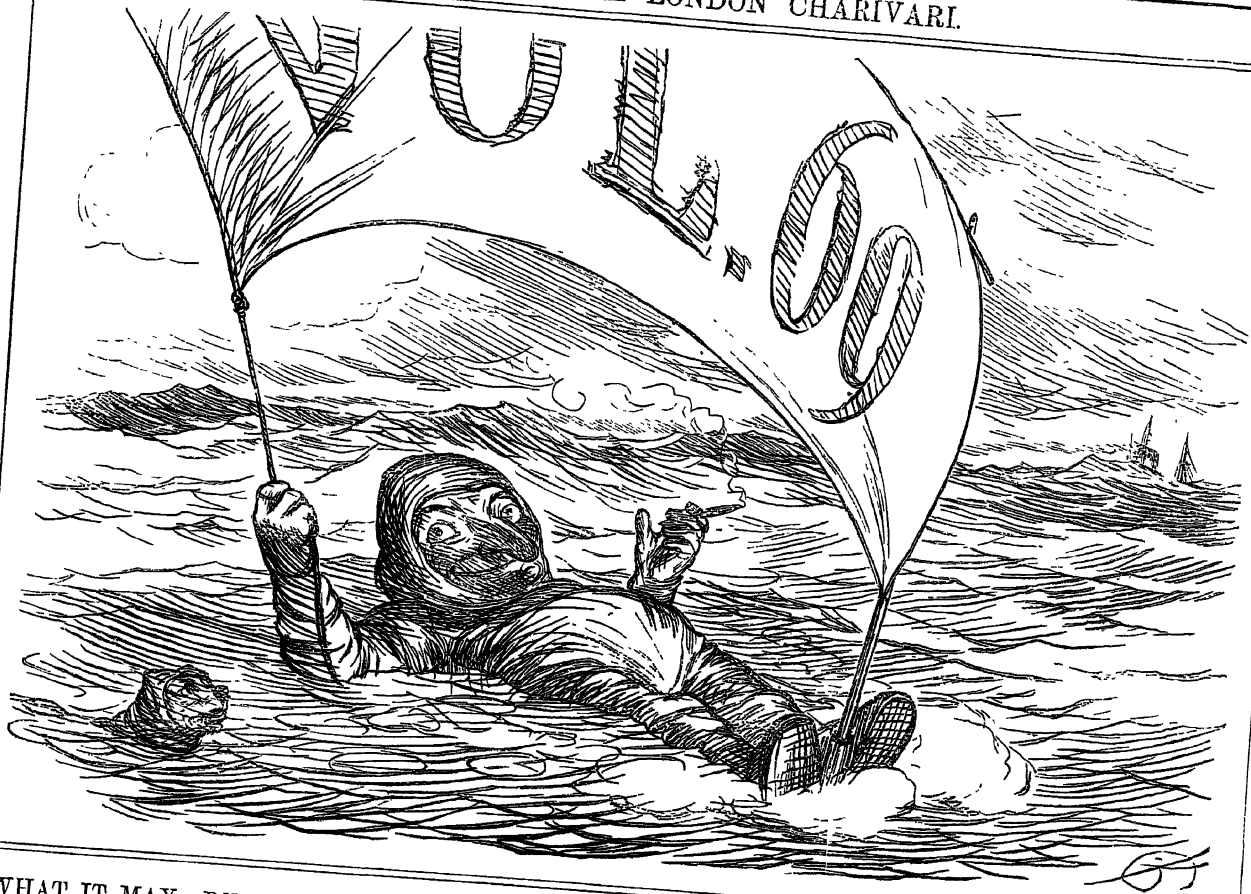
"But this purchase of the KHEDIVE'S Canal Shares?"

"What is the best investment BNTANNIA can make of Four Millions?" Such was the riddle propounded to LORD DERBY—through one of our people. Of course he couldn't answer it—when was ever Foreign Secretary of English Blood that could? But there was one set over him—a son of my seed—my BENJAMIN. He sent the answer by return of post; and another son of my people, though of the scorned ASKHENAZIM, stood, with the millions ready to draw on at sight. And so the Great Riddle of the SPHINX was answered—and the SPHINX can smile to see that her seed is not degenerate,—that her sons still know, and teach by example, that there are roads which it may be worth wise men's while to pave with gold——"

"And with what is more precious even than gold, O SPHINX!" shouted PUNCH. "Here goes for the first stone of that inestimable pavement!" And with a majestic motion he hurled down to the Desert sands below, which straightway burst forth a fountain of laughing waters——

Volume Sixty-Nine.





WHAT IT MAY—BUT LET'S HOPE IT WON'T— COME TO!

(Dedicated, with Mr. Punch's compliments, to the "United Artillerists.")

HOUSE OF COMMONS. JUNE—TH, 187—?

THE SPEAKER took the Chair at four o'clock.

MAJOR SMITH then rose to propose his Motion (of which he had given notice during the previous sitting), that "this Honourable House do immediately form itself into a Committee to consider the present condition of the Woolwich guns." The Honourable and Gallant Member said that it was most advisable that the House should examine the rival plans submitted by those who were in favour of breech-loading, on the one hand, and—

An Honourable Member apologised for interrupting his honourable and gallant friend, but he wished to ask a question of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. ("Hear, hear!") Was it true that the enemy had landed on the previous evening at Dover, as reported in the morning papers? (Cheers.)

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was understood to request the Honourable Member to give notice of his question in the customary manner.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said that it was most important that every one should understand the principle of breech-loading artillery.

Another Honourable Member apologised for interrupting the Honourable and Gallant Member, but he wished to ask the HOME SECRETARY a question of some importance. ("Hear, hear!") Was it true that the enemy had that morning occupied Dorking, as reported in the second edition of the *Times*? (Cheers.)

THE HOME SECRETARY was understood to say that he considered that no attention should be paid to reports published in the press.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said that muzzle-loading had been generally adopted in the Service until attention had been called to the many defects of that system. The matter had often been ventilated in that House. ("Hear, hear!") Hon. Members would remember that the matter had consequently been allowed to remain *in statu quo* for some time.

A third Honourable Member apologised for interrupting the Honourable and Gallant Member, but he wished to put a question to

the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. ("Hear, hear!") Was there any truth in the report (current in the City) that the enemy had just taken the Bank of England? (Cheers.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was understood to admit that a rumour to that effect had certainly reached the Treasury. The Right Honourable Gentleman begged to add, however, that the report required official confirmation.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said it was most desirable that this great country (the most powerful in the world) should be prepared to meet any emergency.

At this point, a General of the enemy (who had just entered the House) called the attention of the SPEAKER to the fact that there were not forty Members present.

House Counted Out at twenty minutes past four o'clock.

THE COMMON COMPLAINT.

WESTMINSTER'S Duke and Stratford's FLOWER,*
Gagged steed who cannot speak his pains,
Baroda's GUICOWAR, hurled from power,
One protest urge—'gainst "Bearing-Reins."

Nay, more, when NORTHBROOK's self finds harl
To brook the chafe of SALISBURY's chains,
He too, "hoisted with his own petard,"
Like those four, kicks at "Bearing-Reins."†

* See this gentleman's unanswerable pamphlet, *Bits and Bearing-Reins*, now in a Third Edition. Its Author has a quadruple title to *Mr. Punch's* respect, as the brewer of some of the best beer, and one of the best judges, best riders, and best masters of a horse in England.

† Some would spell the word "Baring."

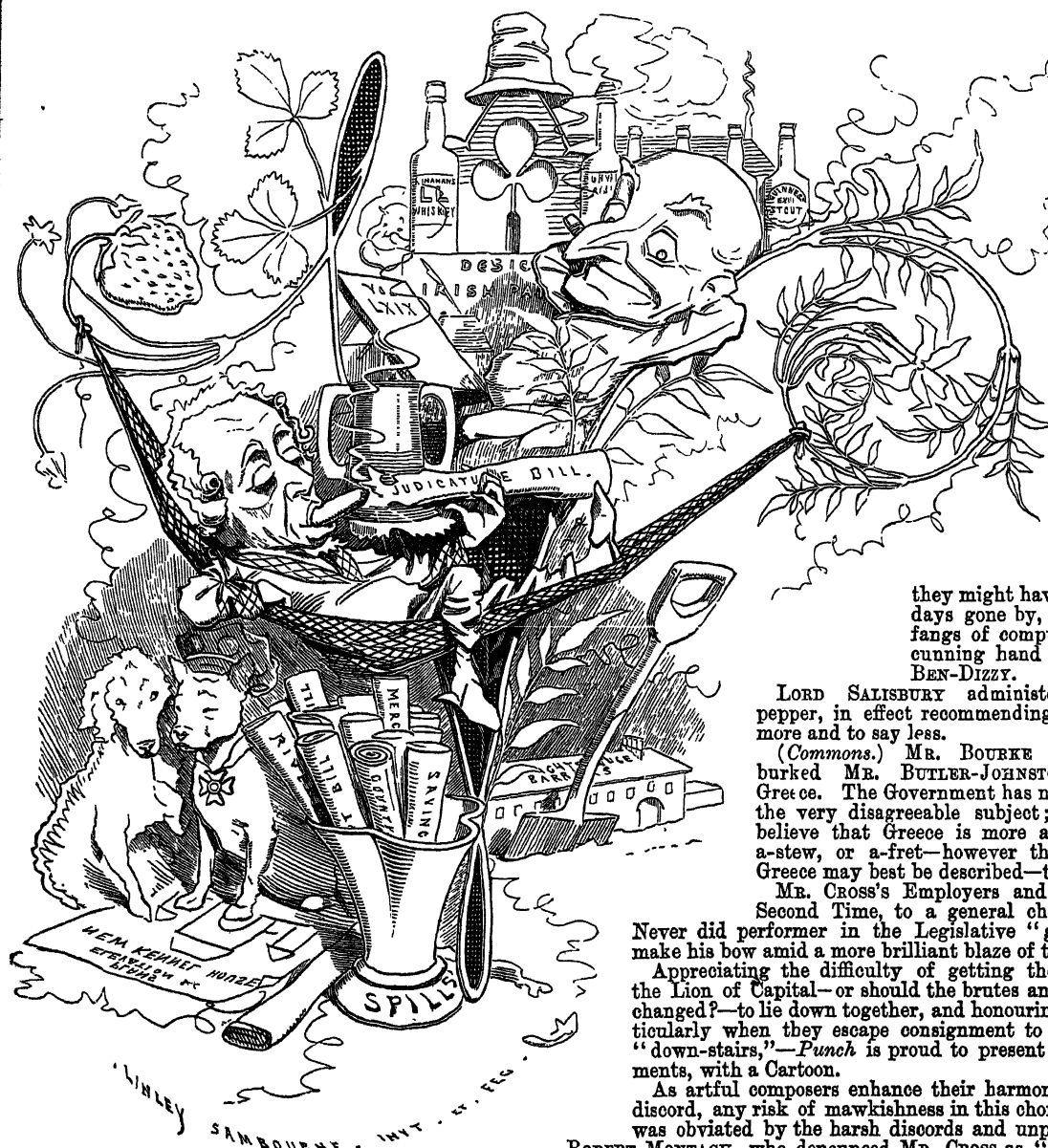
Last Month's Music.

MR. MECCHI, in the *Times*, tells the Farmers good tidings, which may also be pleasant to SIR MICHAEL COSTA and SIGNOR VIANESI. It has, he says, proved that—

"A dripping June brings all things in tune."

Except, MR. MECCHI—of course, except the organ-grinders.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EXED, apparently by something in the Public Health Bill (Lords, Monday, June 28),

the DUKE OF SOMERSET, who, sober not to say saturnine as he seems, is fond—perhaps by that influence of a name, to which the Greeks ascribed so much—of going head over heels into unexpected attitudes, treated the Government to a “jobation” for harassing legislation in their Artisans’ Dwellings, Agricultural Holdings, and Rivers Pollution Bills.

The Duke seems to forget that all these Bills, however they might have been used to harass in days gone by, have had their poison-fangs of compulsion extracted by the cunning hand of the snake-charmer, BEN-DIZZY.

LORD SALISBURY administered some retaliatory pepper, in effect recommending his ducal critic to see more and to say less.

(Commons.) MR. BOURKE promptly and curtly burked MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE’S curiosity about Greece. The Government has no information to give on the very disagreeable subject; but has no reason to believe that Greece is more a-broil, or a-bubble, or a-stew, or a-fret—however the normal condition of Greece may best be described—than usual.

MR. CROSS’S Employers and Workmen Bill read a Second Time, to a general chorus of commendation. Never did performer in the Legislative “ground and lofty line” make his bow amid a more brilliant blaze of triumph.

Appreciating the difficulty of getting the Lamb of Labour and the Lion of Capital—or should the brutes and attributes be counter-changed?—to lie down together, and honouring good intentions—particularly when they escape consignment to the paving department “down-stairs,”—Punch is proud to present MR. CROSS his compliments, with a Cartoon.

As artful composers enhance their harmonies by a subtle dash of discord, any risk of mawkishness in this chorus of “Bravo Cross!” was obviated by the harsh discords and unpleasant sharps of LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, who denounced MR. CROSS as “a captive to the cloven hoof of Capital,” bent on beating down wages, and making a slave of the

Working-man; defended “rattening” and “picketing,” as mere Working-men’s counterparts of restraint and Parliamentary “whipping;” and, generally, dragged his coat through the fair in a spirited, though decidedly exaggerated, imitation of the wild Irish boy, challenging such unanimity of disavowal as the House of Commons seldom concedes to even the most full-blown folly.

MR. CROSS really deserves such great credit that Punch is not nice to mark what the House may have given him over and above strict measure.

MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD, Working-men Members, energetically disclaimed agreement with LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, and admitted the honest intent, fairness, and general merits of the HOME SECRETARY’S Bill:—

Then,

Irrepressible HUBBARD
The House took to snub hard,
Sinking Fund when he moved to postpone:
Not a second there
Could he get, so, sans pair,
MISTER HUBBARD was snuffed out alone!

Tuesday (Lords).—Half-a-dozen Bills were rattled through Committee with a Chifney rush before their Lordships adjourned at twenty-five minutes to six.

(Commons). At two, MR. LOWE—*quantum mutatus ab illo*, LOWE—brought forward the grievances of the Competition-Wallahs, who “in the cold North (West)’s unhallowed shade” languish under slow promotion and small salaries, while more favoured servants, civil and military, who had never passed the *al Sirat* of competition, fly over their heads on wings of favour, or from the spring-board of the backstairs. He—even he—the BOB LOWE, whom we knew with such a grim scorn of grievances and grievance-mongers, and such a close grip on JOHN BULL’S purse-strings—suggested *pecuniary compensation*—what it is to be out of office!—but ended by asking for a Select Committee. The India Office admits there is a grievance, and will urge it on the Indian Government. On this assurance the Right Honourable ROBERT LOWE retired from his unwonted position, and withdrew his Motion and his demand.

LORD ELCHO asked MR. HARDY whether it was the fact that of seven thousand Army Reserve men invited to attend the Summer



"MANNERS."

Parlour Maid (to Cook). "I KNEWED THAT MR. SMITH WASN'T NO GENTLEMAN! WHICH HE NEVER RAISED HIS 'AT TO ME WHEN I LET 'IM OUT AT THE 'ALL DOOR JUST NOW!!"

Drills, only twenty had sent an answer. MR. HARDY indignantly denied it. Answers had been received from 114 out of fewer, he was certain, than 7000 to whom summons had been sent, though he couldn't exactly say how many had been asked. But it is pretty clear that—many or few—our paper-reserve, in the field *non est inventus*. "Mock Reserves," the cynic may say, "suit mock Mancœuvres."

In the evening a Count-Out, and no business done.

Wednesday.—An Irish morning's work on MR. BUTT's Bill for Establishing Irish County Boards.

SIR M. H. BEACH gave a sketch of what such Boards, in the Government opinion, ought to be, and promised a Bill, but *not* for this Session. After which promise, MR. BUTT, taking a division, was beaten by 182 to 125—many English Liberals being glad to show their approval of a reasonable measure out of *that* Butt.

Thursday (Lords).—Committee on the Rivers Pollution Bill, now very scientifically relieved of its back-bone:—

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the 'Bill' would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
Nerveless and marrowless, their 'musts' turned 'mays,'
To keep us on our stools."

(*Commons.*) MR. HARDY spoke a good word—not before it was wanted, and not more, *Punch* quite believes, than is due—on behalf of those armed Apollos of the Knightsbridge Barracks who may be said to make the "six-foot way" over the hearts of the British nursemaid of the Metropolis. Their conduct, MR. HARDY says, is unexceptionable; their officers strict; their houses of call *sans reproche*. It is not the military—the mounted military, at least—that keep up the blackguard haunts of the neighbourhood. So let our gallant Life and Horse Guardsman—red or blue—ride on, stainless as his own pipe-clayed buckskins in their first hour of wear—

"Sotto l'usbergo dell sentirsi puro."

Or (for the benefit of non-readers of DANTE in the original)—

"Under the corslet of a conscience pure."

As introductory to Supply, on the Education Estimates, LORD ESSLINGTON

told the pitiful story of MRS. MARKS in full detail—showing how the School-Board officer's zeal had in that case outrun both discretion and humanity, and moving a Resolution. MR. SANDFORD seconded it in a diatribe on School-Boards, in which those Boards were painted blacker than any hung in their own school-rooms.

There is truth enough in MR. SANDFORD's picture to make those who believe in and hope from, and have striven and still strive for, National Education, wince under the sore sense of means wasted and efforts misdirected.

But bad as the case may be between priggish and pedantic masters and mistresses, over-taught in much that is least necessary and sadly under-taught in most that is most essential, and pupils who cannot even be got to school and kept there long enough to learn anything that will profit them,—it is better than it was; and the Education Department is trying honestly to fulfil its many hard tasks, and to make the best of its many bad bargains. We are improving, however slowly and partially. To this the general testimony seems conclusive.

Friday (Lords).—A talk about the glut of Naval Officers. The DUKE OF SOMERSET put the pinch of the matter pithily—"To have officers enough in war, you must have too many in peace." In fact, it is the necessity felt in other branches besides the Navy of a "great reduction on taking a quantity." The difficulty may be palliated but can't be prevented; and different Boards must be left to deal with it by different schemes.

LORD DUNSANY thought that the success of CAPTAIN WALTER with his Commissionnaire Corps might supply a hint for employment of reduced Naval Officers!—very much reduced, indeed!

(*Commons.*) The Captain of the *Devastation* reports her (from Ragusa) "the sweetest ship, between decks, he ever sailed in." And "the ugliest, above them, to look at," he might have added.

Great fun! The Members for Weymouth, Poole, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Southampton all puffing the advantages of their respective boroughs over Dartmouth as the site of a Naval College!

It was quite a lark. The House roared, as each Member, with his tongue in his cheek, paraded the claims of his constituency. Finally, MR. CHILDERS suggested a doubt, which Saturday's *Times* goes far to deepen into a conviction, whether there is any occasion for a Naval College at all. If the Cadets are not to go afloat till sixteen, why not fix a pass-examination, and leave them to qualify for it where, and as, parents and guardians please.

MR. BOURKE (for Foreign Office) declines to produce the instructions on which LORDS COWLEY and CLARENDON signed the Declaration of Paris; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER does not see his way to interfere with the Civil Service Co-operative Stores, at the demand of the London Shopkeepers.

PHYSIC FOR TIPSY MANIACS.

AMONG the principal members of the deputation, consisting largely of Clergy and Medical Men, who waited the other day upon the HOME SECRETARY with a Memorial inviting the Government to carry out the recommendations of a Select Committee for the control and management of Habitual Drunkards, otherwise called Dipsomaniacs, one gentleman whose name in connection with his errand may appear remarkable was DR. LUSH, M.P. Dipsomania is both the effect of lush, and the cause of craving for more lush. By lush Dipsomania is also curable. *Similia similibus*—not exactly as the Dipsomaniac, or sot, as we used to say, physics himself o' mornings with the prescription of "a hair of the dog that bit you." But let him only pursue a steady course of intoxicating liquors, taken in infinitesimal quantities and no larger, and lush will certainly cure him. Homœopathy never fails in Dipsomania.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR JULY.

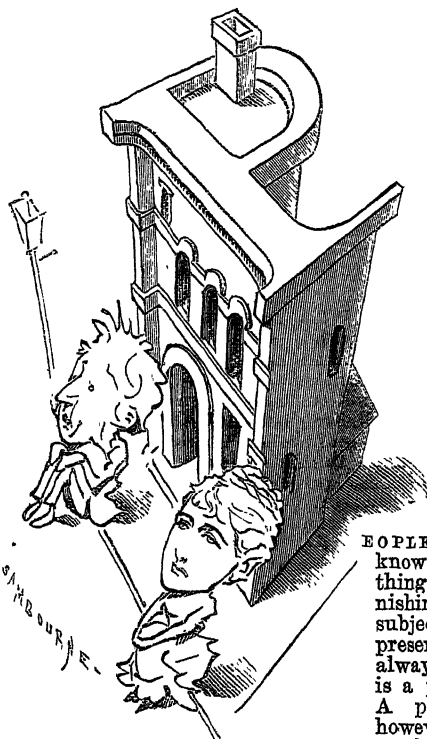
SUCCESS to the Public Worship Bill, now come into operation. May it enforce agreement between their Reverences and their Worshipers.

WHAT THIS GOVERNMENT MIGHT BE CALLED.—The Permissive Ministry.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitany Society.



PEOPLE nowadays know simply nothing about furnishing, on which subject, everyone, present company always excepted, is a perfect fool. A perfect fool, however, is, in art, better than an imperfect fool.

Anybody possessing a house, and thoroughly pleased with it, will find fault with everybody else's house. When you take such a prejudiced individual into your dining-room, and show him the window, he will pooh-pooh it. If he does, after showing him the window, show him the door.



Household Decorative Art includes furniture, useful and useless.

Furnishing should be undertaken on the principle of Natural Selection.

Chairs.—The *utile* in a chair-frame, for example, should be combined with the *duice* in the cushioning.

A chair, like an objectionably obtrusive person, is made to be sat upon.

That is the use of a chair. The abuse of a chair is what you say when the leg gives way, or the seat comes out suddenly.

If you are very hungry, you can carve the leg of a chair.

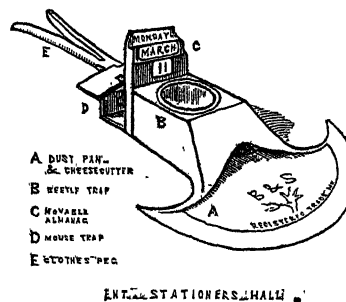


Easy Chair.—This sort of chair is so called from its being anything but easy to find one.

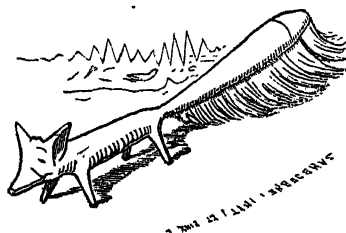
Everyone has his own ideas of comfort.

In a Grammar of Decorative Art, our first hint will, naturally, come under the heading of

Article.—There are all sorts of Articles required in a house, from an ornamental, and useful, dust-pan to a grand piano. Do not think



that your time will be wasted even in designing a dust-pan and a dust-brush. *Pan*, remember, was a classical divinity, and this will



give you a suggestion. If it won't, we can't help you, except by

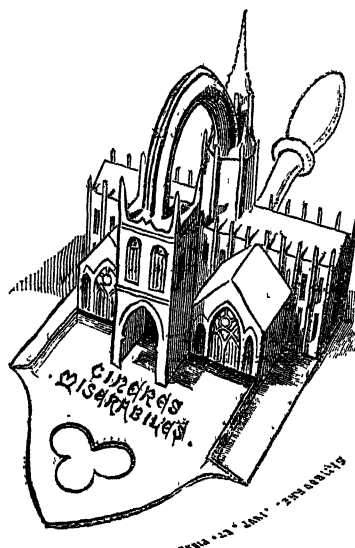
giving you a design of our own for a Gothic Dust Pan, representing the exterior of a Cathedral, with the Church-yard for the dust; Motto carved on the shovel, *Cineres Misera-biles*, i.e., Miserable Cinders.

In furnishing there are definite articles (as the one abovementioned) and indefinite articles, as, for instance, anything we haven't mentioned, or are not likely to mention.

An Indefinite Article in our Grammar of Furniture is something that you don't know what on earth it is intended for—whether it's a bootjack, or a coal-scuttle, or an arm-chair, or a poker, or all by turns and nothing long?

Mind, if you can get an indefinite article which shall be equally service-

able as a poker or a gridiron or an arm-chair, or a grand piano, don't part with it on any account, for you have a treasure.



The article may be singular, as, for example, something of this sort:—



Or it may be plural, which depends upon what reply you give to the shopman, when he rubs his hands, and inquires, "What's the next article, M'm?"



(To be continued.)

A BAKER ON LIGHT BREAD.

A LITERARY and logical Baker has written the letter below quoted on—

"THE BREAD QUESTION.

"To the Editor of the Hampshire Independent.

"SIR,—Having been a receiver of your valuable paper ever since its commencement, I beg a small space in it be allowed to me for satisfaction to the mind. I saw two letters in your paper of Saturday, the 5th inst., one from a convicted baker, the other (as I suppose) fearing conviction. They were both anonymously signed. I beg to ask why it was so unmanly done? In my opinion it is next to confession of their supposed guilt. A poor bread baker need not be ashamed of his name to withhold it from the public, as I firmly believe they have as honest a face as their convictor. The bakers have not robbed the public."

No. The Bakers have not robbed the Public of a crumb. Only—their apologist proceeds immediately to explain—

"They have deceived their customers by cutting short weight in dough, and lopping off a penny in the (supposed) eight-pound loaf."

Then, he indignantly demands—

"From whence comes the very letter of the law to be brought into action?"

In answer to that question our letter-writer confesses,

"I must say the bakers years gone by acted more like birds of prey to their brother batch for the sake of custom, which has brought a rod about our backs."

But the case is—

"Very different now, we sell bread all alike in price, but the scent has not left us."

Now the Bakers hang together, not, however, some people may think, as they deserve. They only get fined. But "the scent has not left" them. They remain in ill odour.

Next come the following liberal and candid admissions:—

"We all know we are bound by law to sell bread by weight. Had we kept so close to the law as we might have done this contention would never arose. I see but little fault to find with either magistrates or police; they have their duty to perform."

Still the Magistrates do the Bakers some injustice; but in venial ignorance:—

"At Southampton a police-constable stated to the Bench that other Bakers had been visited, and bread on weighing found some over weight. If the reader of the *Independent* will look in that paper he will see the reply from the Bench, and I can say 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they sayeth, being perfectly unacquainted with the trade.'"

The text pointing the above passage appears to have been quoted from the somewhat hazy reminiscence of a mind, let us hope, unaware rather than regardless of its inaccuracy—and impropriety. Argument succeeds iteration:—

"Suppose if a loaf is short weight, what then? When bread is sixteen-pence per gallon it is only half a farthing per ounce—much less, then, now. We all know that bread gets lighter as it gets older. But is the virtue gone? No; it has increased in quality, or why do the people with large families prefer stale bread?"

Here our logician's acuteness fails him a little. Do not people with large families prefer stale bread chiefly because among children its consumption is less than that of new? However, he proceeds:—

"I don't suppose there is a doctor to be found that will recommend new bread to be eaten; it has always been considered injurious to health—but if stale when eaten, it is lighter in weight but improved in quality. Therefore, where is the evil?"

Why, the evil is in not allowing dough enough to the loaf—not applying the knowledge that bread loses weight out of the oven. But the plea that the improved quality of stale bread atones for its short quantity is admirable. So is the concluding peroration:—

"I do think the agitator of this vexed question would do wisely to bend his knees and pray for the safety of his own soul instead of persecuting poor innocent bread bakers. As for bakers being persecuted more than any other trade, we will pass that over with a grin. It would look very unseemly to see the miller's waggon cumbered up with his weights and scales as we poor bakers have been so long. But I see no reason for their exemption; paint us all with one brush. It's the law we have to contend with, and we shall have to abide by it till it is altered. But the agitator may not press the very letter of that law to be carried into execution in this law more than many others. Let him that is without a fault cast the first stone."

A text again—rather closer to the original this time. The Baker to whom we are indebted for the flowers above culled is no anonymous scribe. He signs himself as follows:—

"I am, Sir, &c., JOHN RICHARDS,
A convicted Baker; a bread baker, and seller of bread
39 years, and never served this trick before.

Branstone, I. W."

MR. RICHARDS is evidently himself not a flower that was "born to blush unseen"—if, indeed, to blush at all. He was "never served this trick before." That is, apparently, he was never before during thirty-nine years detected and fined. No doubt he sells excellent bread, and will take care in future to prevent any complaint that there is too little of it.

THE BASER SORT AT BIRMINGHAM.

FROM the subjoined statement it appears that the Electors of Birmingham include a very considerable quantity of what their Right Honourable Member calls the *residuum*:—

"DR. KENEALY, accompanied by MR. ONSLOW and MR. WHALLEY, went to Birmingham on Saturday, and was received at the railway station by a large crowd. The horses were taken from DR. KENEALY's carriage, which was then drawn by the people. A meeting was held in the Town Hall in the evening, at which a letter was read from MR. JOHN BRIGHT, stating that he declined to attend. A resolution was passed pledging the meeting to use all legal and constitutional means for the restoration of the convict at Dartmoor to liberty."

Clearly MR. BRIGHT has a great many constituents who would be much more fitly represented by MR. ONSLOW, or MR. WHALLEY, or DR. KENEALY. They showed not so much respect to ORTON's advocate as self-appreciation by drawing his carriage. For awhile they constituted that vehicle a donkey-chaise.

Osier for Elm.

THAT Earth may to Earth
Turn completely the quicker,
For elm of much worth,
Lay your Earth in cheap wicker.

Thus the living will reap,
The amount which they save;
Whilst the dead soundly sleep
In both cradle and grave.

A TREAT FOR THE SULTAN.

WE certainly have pretty nearly done our best, or worst, to tire our guest, the SULTAN. From sight to sight we've hurried him in weather fine or wet; by rail and road we've scurried him with speed he won't forget. We have bored him with big dinners and the bargaining of big guns; we have baited him with deputations, corporations, and the like; and we have brought him forth to balls, when he had rather have gone to bed.

But there is one thing in the way of wearying his Highness, which we have somehow neglectfully omitted. We have not given him an hour's drive in a licensed four-wheeled cab. This would have put a climax on the labours of his visit, and impressed it ineffaceably upon his recollection. The fatigue of being jolted in a shabby old four-wheeler, over a short distance of certain of our streets, would have made him think but lightly of the other ways of weariness wherewith we have afflicted him.

Seeing sights, and being spouted at by prosy deputations, would seem but trifling torments compared to being boxed up in a stuffy old four-wheeler, with rattling doors and windows, and attenuated springs; and after undergoing half-an-hour of such torture, the SULTAN doubtless would resolve to try it on the slave-traders whom he is endeavouring to suppress in Zanzibar. Moreover, it would certainly enhance his admiration of this country, accepting admiration as a synonym for wonder, which the Dictionary permits. Of all the wonders we have shown him, none would surely seem more marvellous than that a people, esteemed civilised should content themselves with riding in such barbarous contrivances as are sanctioned by our Legislature; and that a nation who can build a world-defying iron-clad should be incapable of building a comfortable cab.

A LAWN PARTY.—The Upper House of Convocation.

FOOD AND FINANCE.

(A Blessing on BUCKMASTER.)

Success, that is to say, increasing success, to the Training School held their Annual General Meeting the other day at Stafford House — and to BUCKMASTER, its itinerant and excellent Head. This most useful Institution teaches the Noble Art of Cookery in all its branches — the only form of Cookery which it does not teach being that branch of Company-Cookery known as Cookery of Accounts. More power to the great BUCKMASTER, that real benefactor of his species. Till now the only famous man of the name has been a tailor. Henceforth the name should be honoured as one who is not only a lecturer on Cookery, and a cook himself, but a cause of Cookery in others. If that man be a blessing to his kind who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what honour is due to him who makes many cooks spring up where there were none before. Bless you, BUCKMASTER! May you soon be Master (in Cookery), not only of Bucks, but Beds, and Notts, and Hunts, and Middlesex, in short, of all the counties of England!



"NOW, OR NEVER!"

(An Allegorical Sketch at Maidenhead.)

EMILY DISTINCTLY REFUSES TO TRUST HERSELF IN THE SAME BOAT WITH FRANK, UNLESS HE CONSENTS TO ROW BOW TO HER SKEKE. WHAT IS TO BE DONE? TO YIELD, MIGHT BE A FATAL PRECEDENT FOR THE FUTURE; TO REFUSE, MIGHT BE TO JEOPARDISE THAT FUTURE ALTOGETHER!

a licence to enable him to carry on his business. Such an infliction, it was urged, would be tyrannical, as Master Sweeps would be under the supervision of the police. For "tyrannical" substitute "effectual," and the sequence implied by "as" will appear. The Master Sweeps' objection to LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Bill for the regulation of their Order, only shows that their Sootinesses do not at all like Sweeping Reform.

The Black Flag of Freedom.

A NUMEROUSLY-ATTENDED Meeting of Master Sweeps, held at the "Lord Hill," Royal Oak Station, Paddington, the other day, resolved to oppose the Chimney Sweepers' Bill, now before Parliament, on the ground of its tyranny. They protested against the idea of every master having to take out



A "BLAZE OF TRIUMPH"!!

(With MR. PUNCH'S Compliments to MR. CROSS.)

'REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON.

[SPECIAL CIRCULAR.]

July 5, 1875.



FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, Chief Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces, &c. &c., acting for himself, and for his able and distinguished colleague, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., &c. &c. (absent on special service at the Cape of Good Hope), begs to inform the troops under his immediate command, that he has noticed, with much pain, in years gone by, the want of discipline often observable in the Volunteer Encampment, held annually at Wimbledon.

The Field-Marshal would remind Riflemen that (1) the Camp in question should be a School of Instruction, rather than a pic-nic; that (2) for the nonce Volunteers should consider themselves soldiers rather than civilians; and, finally, that (3) England expects (during

the first half of July, at any rate) that every man should do his duty.

With a view to insuring uniformity, the Field-Marshal begs that the following regulations may be strictly observed by all taking part in this year's gathering. He may add that experience has taught him that none of the rules published below can be considered unnecessary.

DRESS.

Officers ordered to attend Full Dress Parade, will not appear in white neck-ties, lavender kid gloves, and swallow-tailed coats. A projected visit to the Opera (after the Parade has been dismissed) will not in future be accepted as an excuse for disobedience of this order.

Non-Commissioned Officers taking part in Battalion Drill should never unfurl their umbrellas without the command of a Brigadier-General.

Head-Dresses known as "Billy-Cock Hats," should not be used (as a rule) during Company drill.

Fancy grey Overcoats (with black velvet collars and cuffs) should not be worn over tweed shooting-jackets and regulation trousers on parade in fine weather.

A Major (in the absence of his Commanding Officer) should never hold a Church Parade in a straw-hat, a sword, and a pair of goloshes.

Kid-Gloves should never be of more than three distinct patterns and colours when worn by Privates belonging to the same Company.

DRILL.

The Order "March at ease" will not be considered, in future, as tantamount to a permission for a Company to ride home on the outside of an omnibus.

Guides should not explain the theory of Billiards or the rules of Lawn-tennis to their Markers during the formation of four-deep square.

Not more than a dozen Privates (to each Company) should speak at once on the call of "Attention!" Constant disregard of this rule will be found to cause some confusion, especially in the performance of brigade movements.

Regimental wags are cautioned against repeating stale jokes in wheeling from column into line. Allusions to "a sad Mess" or "an odd File" will in future be considered an infringement of this regulation.

BANDS.

No Band in future will be permitted to take up its station within a radius of six yards from another Band.

As a rule, Bands practising within ten yards of one another, should select tunes of more or less the same character. For instance, if Band A plays a quadrille, Band B should rehearse the "Lancers;" if B and C commence a polka, Band D may perform a lively waltz; and so on. It may be taken for granted that the *Old Hundred* does not altogether agree with the Military March out of *Faust*. The two tunes should be seldom played at the same time.

In conclusion, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH begs to state that he will,

during the course of the encampment, pay several visits to Wimbledon, with a view to seeing that the above regulations are properly carried out by Officers commanding regiments and other responsible officials. He trusts that the Volunteers will cheerfully assume the motto "Ready, aye Ready!"

He begs to remind them that he has, from the first, given them his support, that they have never been lacking in zeal, and that they only require discipline to make them the finest soldiers in the world.

He trusts that they will enable him, on this occasion, to submit a highly favourable report of their merits to the master they both serve—the British Public.

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

By Order (signed) **TOBY,**
Dep. Ad.-Gen.

A SONG OF CITY ROSES.

FROM Cashmere's Vale to sultry Chepe,
For Fancy is a flying leap;
But as sweet June, in showers that weep
Her parting, closes,
Grim London shows as gaily drest
As Shiraz at its Summer best,
With Flora holding, East and West,
Her Feast of Roses!

Roses, ripe roses, everywhere
Scent the dull City's dusty air;
Fern-folded buds for Swells are there,
At fancy prices;
And leaf-wrapt "mosses," cheap yet sweet,
The humble luxuries of the street,
Which with piled cherries ripe compete,
And penny ices.

SIR SYBARITE shudders; his are dreams
Of Cheshunt clusters, GUNTER's creams;
But Bendemeer's bright bowers and streams,
Or groves of Arden,
Are not for all; and there are those
Whose pleasures are a penny rose,
And gorgeous, albeit gratis, Shows
Of Covent Garden!

Welcome, sweet child of June, whose grace
Bids even Mammon yield thee place;
Whose beauty brightens every face
Which bends above it!
Were *Punch* not *Punch*, he'd fain be PAUL,
Or CANT of Colchester. To call
Roseland his own, were surely all
A bard could covet!

Lyons "Rose-Congresses" are things
Which those devised by scheming Kings,
Or BISMARCK, with his seraph wings,
Are put to shame by.
How poor are plots to prop a throne,
Beside the pride of having grown
Some bright new blossom, to be known
Some sweet new name by!

Say "*Punch's Own*!"—a friendly hint
For PAUL AND SON! Both shape and tint
Should be perfection, the last print
Of FLORA's finger,
Impressed on perfect petals! Then
Shall the Great Teacher's City den
Be home for HARTZ, and his pen
O'er love-lays linger!

RECIPE FOR A BONNET À-LA-MODE.

FIRST procure a large-sized shape; then butter it well, so as to adhere firmly to the extreme back of the head. Cover it with silk or some light material, and kick it for a mile, taking care to keep it clean during this process. Then take of flowers, feathers, and ribbon each a quarter of a pound, and mix all well together. Add birds, insects, fern-leaves, or grass, according to taste. (If the butter be not sufficiently adhesive, try tulle strings and cobbler's wax.)

TO PLAY-GOERS.

THE Best and Cheapest Manner of Seeing the Play of "Our Boys."—Go to Lord's Cricket-Ground on the Eton and Harrow Match day.



JONES AT HIS YEOMANRY RACES.

PARADE IN THE PADDOCK DURING A SHOWER.

THE END OF THE FAIR.

VANITY Fair will end full soon:

Past is June.

M.P., like the Cuckoo, feels—"In August
Go he must."

The Belle of the Season, on marriage who reckoned,
Perchance must wait for Season the second,
And freshen herself with country air,
And hope next year to catch her Lothair.

Business seems to flutter away

With scented hay,

When we've seen in the fields the seeding grass cut,
Driving to Ascot.

Then in the Ministry Herod is King,
And the Innocents perish like—anything.
What have we done? Men answer gaily,
"What we were bidden by DISRAELI."

Well, we have done (and this is a charm)

Not much harm:

Two Clowns in Our Circus, KENEALY and WHALLEY,
Brought their folly.

SIR STAFFORD amused us (many thanks)

With his thimble-rig of the Savings Banks;
And the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR came to hear
Our talk, with his foe-friend, BARTLE FREER.

Away to your cosy country-house,

M.P. of nous!

Away to the silent lawns serene,

Maiden-queen!

Papa to his birds and his snug home-farm;
And his beautiful daughter, Child of Charm,
To the fragrant garden and breezy down
That will bring back roses she lost in Town.

Ay, Vanity Fair will soon be out:

Hark, the shout!

The Grand Panjandrum, wondrous man,

Packs his van.

'Twas rather a dreary time for him,
Since a muddle's his fun, and a row's his whim;
As he drives away you may hear him swear,
"We'll have livelier times next Vanity Fair."

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

MR. PUNCH has received thousands of letters upon the subject of Railway Carriages for Ladies. He is forced (by the exigencies of space) to publish only a selection from the many valuable contributions that have been addressed to him at his Office upon this all-absorbing topic of conversation:—

Primrose Cottage.

MISS BRIDGET WALLFLOWER presents her compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to inform him that, for the last thirty years, she has invariably patronised Ladies' Carriages on her railway journeys. During that time she has never suffered any inconvenience from the rude attentions of the male sex. MISS BRIDGET WALLFLOWER begs to add that, as she is now just twenty-nine years of age, and is considered handsome, she thinks a continuation of the precautions she has hitherto taken absolutely necessary.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Folly.

Of course Ladies' Carriages are a mistake. Who on earth would think of travelling in a compartment containing a parcel of young children and old maids? Besides, they don't allow smoking in them, and I can't get on without my cigarette.

In frantic haste, thine ever,

POLLY RAPID.

MY DEAR SIR,

Minerva Villa.

AFTER mature consideration, I have come to the conclusion that Ladies' Carriages are unnecessary. The education of most women (owing to the barbarous cruelty of man) has been deplorably neglected, and, consequently, female conversation is usually rapid and uninteresting. I confess that I like exchanging ideas with men



CHASTISEMENT MADE DIFFICULT.

"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY! GO IN THE CORNER, DIRECTLY!"

"ALL RIGHT, MAMMA DARLING! WHICH CORNER SHALL IT BE? AND AM I TO TURN MY FACE TO THE WALL, OR TO THE ROOM?"

of talent and experience. It is only fair to say that I have been greatly edified by the remarks of many learned Professors with whom I have travelled during my many railway journeys. I am forced to admit, too, that I have frequently found the conversation of Undergraduates of even one year's standing both pleasing and instructive.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
HENRIETTA HARVEY-JENNER, M.D., &c., &c.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Rosary.

I AM quite afraid of writing to you—I am indeed! But I know you are such a nice, kind, dear middle-aged thing, that I really can't help it. (I like a middle-aged man so much. You creatures look better, speak better, and are altogether better at that age than at any other! You artful things, you know you are!) It is so stupid travelling in a Ladies' Carriage. Why, there is no one to talk to, no one to save your gloves when you want to open the door to get out, no one to look after your parcels for you! Don't let them bully us, dear Mr. Punch. They are spiteful old things—take my word for it. I know what women are! O, why did you marry?

Yours most faithfully,
FLORENCE FLIRTAWAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Shamrock, Dublin.

It is an Irish girl now who is speaking to you. Mind that, Sir. Why shall we have all this botheration about a miserable Railway Carriage? Surely the gentlemen are not so bad at all, at all. I abhor selfishness, Sir, and can't a young lady (especially an Irish young lady) take as much care of herself as if she were just the Lord Lieutenant himself?

BURNHAM BEECHES.

(MR. VERNON HEATH, the best of landscape photographers, writes to the *Times* to announce the fall of "the Monarch," one of the most patriarchal pollards of Burnham Beeches.)

THE Monarch tree we've sat beneath,
With fun and fizz and peaches,
Has vanished, teste VERNON HEATH,
From glorious Burnham Beeches.

That patriarch of the pollard wood
Stout arms no longer reaches,
Chief of that mighty multitude—
The famous Burnham Beeches.

Beneath it, lady of my heart!
I've made you pretty speeches,
While you were eating damson-tart,
In shade of Burnham Beeches.

Champagne's been popped—the question,
too—
(We know how Love beseeches)
Ah, what said I, and what said you,
That day, at Burnham Beeches?

I think I quoted LUTTRELL's lines
(Epigrammatic each is)
When amorous were my designs
On you 'mid Burnham Beeches.

Homeward we drove our four-in-hand,
Just when the owl first screeches:
A moonlit midnight's very grand,
'Neath sombre Burnham Beeches.

You sat beside me on the box:
Alas! experience teaches
That hearts succumb to heavy knocks,
As well as Burnham Beeches.

Your Patriarch, O photographer!
Wide arms no longer reaches:
And SHE is married to a cur—
Confound those Burnham Beeches!

Spread of Evil Example.

(From the Railway Carriage to the Lecture-Room.)

At a recent Meeting of the Archaeological Society (if we may believe the report of a respectable journal) the Company embraced several Ladies!

No, if you must have Railway Carriages exclusively for Ladies, why just admit the Gentlemen to them. There's a way out of the difficulty, anyhow!

Yours sincerely,
KATHLEEN MOLLOY.

A PRETTY KIND OF CURATE.

In Convocation, the other day, a resolution having been moved approving the Report of the Committee on Rubrics, and opposed by the wiser part of their Reverences:—

"PREBENDARY PERRY also opposed the Motion, as did CANON MILLER. The latter referred to an occurrence reported as having happened at St. Alban's, Holborn, on Sunday, when the officiating curate, pointing to the legal vestment to which he was limited under a recent judgment, called it a 'thing,' and refused to celebrate the Holy Communion in it."

So, on the other hand, some reverend young gentlemen occasionally kiss the vestment they are going to put on. But we are not sure of such clergy's gender. There have been female sailors. May not young ladies in disguise have contrived to enter the Church? Perhaps it was one of these, officiating at St. Alban's, whose tongue bewrayed her:—

"And diskivered her tender sex."

And so she stood confessed as one whose proper wear was petticoats, when, in a fit of vexation at having to wear a vestment she thought ugly, she called it "a thing."

THE CRY OF CONVOCATION.—"Old Clo! Old Clo!"

FIXTURES FOR JULY.



EDNESDAY, July 7.—Grand Polo Match on the Thames Embankment between the Houses of Lords and Commons. Judges, the Whips; Umpire, the LORD CHANCELLOR. Prize, a complete set of *Hansard*.

8. Great International Silkworm Show at the Alexandra Palace.

9. Meeting at Magnificent House, to form a School of Millinery and Dressmaking on the plan of the "School of Cookery."

10. Grand Entertainment at the Mansion House in honour of the Eton and Harrow Elevens.

13. Bazaar in Westminster Hall (by the kind permission of the authorities), in aid of the funds of the Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Derivishes in Eastern Countries.

To be opened by the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs in State.

14. Banquet of the Worshipful and Ancient Company of Warming-Pan Makers to the London Vestrymen.

15. Annual Meeting of the Association for Shortening Ladies' Dresses.

17. Cricket-Match at Lord's between the past and present Ministry.

19. Annual Dinner of the Farinaceous Society.

20. Whitebait Dinner at Blackwall to the Shoeblack Brigade.

21. Soirée of the Meteorological Society (weather permitting) on Hampstead Heath.

22. Conversazione of Chinamanias at South Kensington Museum.

24. Great Pumpkin Show at the Crystal Palace.

26. Match on the Skating Rink at Prince's between the two Houses of Convocation.

27, and following days. Great Bonnet Show in Goodwood Park.

28. Laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Wing of the Refuge for Reduced Chaperones.

30. Assembly in London of a European Congress to deliberate on the propriety of devising a new set of Quadrille figures.

31. Last great Flower Show of the Season—Wallflowers, Maiden's Blush Roses, Heartsease, Marigolds, Sweet Williams, Forget-me-nots, &c.

MAN TO MAN.

MR. PUNCH.—The natives, not by any means to say the savages, of the Admiralty Islands teach us how entirely to dispense with undertakers. See the letter in the *Times* about them from on board H.M.S. *Challenger*. They neither inter nor burn their dead. They bury them—in themselves.

I know this practice is called "Cannibalism;" but that once offensive word has in these days of progress become a mere descriptive noun. Chemically, animal matter is animal matter. The elements of Man do not materially differ from those of Ox, or Sheep, or Pig.

The Admiralty Islanders eat man, although they refuse dog. But so enlightened a people can have no superstitious objection to dog; they have doubtless tried dog, and found dog to be bad, whereas they find man good.

By consigning the remains of the defunct to the interiors of the living, these economical islanders not only incur no funeral expenses, but altogether exempt themselves from the need and the nuisance of cemeteries. They at the same time render their population in a great measure self-sustaining. Science will in due time teach them to utilise, in agriculture, the bones which they cannot crunch, and as yet seem not to know what to do with.

These Anthropophagi are no common Cannibals. They eat, but do not, unless perhaps occasionally, kill their kind. Their Cannibalism, in fact, is next to Vegetarianism in point of gentleness.

Let us talk no more of Cannibalism. Let us call it "Comesture." For my part, I should like to be as useful as I can to those I leave behind me. Accordingly, I prefer Comesture to Cremation, and

account "Earth to Earth" an arrangement less philanthropic than "Man to Man." At any rate, I had as lief be eaten as either burnt or basketed.

However, we cannot at present in this island imitate the obsequies of those other islanders. "It is singular that they are totally ignorant of the use of tobacco and spirits." Hence, their flesh is esculent, because pure. We should disagree with one another, dead, worse than we do, living. Before we can be Cannibals we must become Teetotallers. Let LAWSON put that in his pipe, and smoke it, even if he eschew tobacco.

But I have trespassed too far on your valuable space in observations less appropriate now, perhaps, than they would be in the Dead Season. Believe me to be, in every possible respect, yours without prejudice,

VAMPIRUS GYPS, Ph. D.

The Zoo.

LADIES AND BABIES.

LADIES have their *will* and their *won't* :

None their caprice disparages,
When we find the wise among them don't
Much like Ladies' Carriages.

There Nurses travel and Babies squall,
And a glance that's only cursory
Will show that it's no treat at all
To ride in a Railway Nursery.

Who cares to listen to silly stuff—
Baby-talk—in a railway carriage?
Babies will come quite soon enough
If spoons should end in marriage.

Well, spoons may end so, Lady fair!
'Tis a somewhat troublesome ending :
And you'll entertain angels unaware,
From the seventh heaven descending.

For the Baby utterly unknown
Is a noisy, troublesome creature ;
Though the Baby that's one's very own
Is a love in its every feature.

The Sex prefers the Carriage wherein
The sexes meet together ;
Where a pleasant chat may oft begin
With a word about the weather.

Is there any harm in the brief romance
Of a talk with a courteous stranger ?
If he offers *Punch*, you may see at a glance
There's not the slightest danger.

That test is sure, my pretty wif ;
Your comrade of the minute,
If he loves his *Punch*, is an escort safe,
For he learns good manners in it !

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, "interviewing," as practised by American Journalists, is about to assume a new shape. One of these gentry is on the eve of publishing his experiences of interviews with representatives of the leading London periodicals. He claims to have "interviewed" Mr. Punch and the Editors of "the *Daily Telegraph*, *Church Times*, *Bell's Life*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *Reynolds's Miscellany*, *Illustrated News*, and the *Athenæum*." Mr. Punch, of course, cannot say what will be published about him on the present occasion, but he thinks that any future interview with an American Journalist may be safely reported as follows:—

American Journalist. Mr. Punch, as you refused me admittance at the front door, you see I have availed myself of the chimney. May I ask you why it is so dirty?

Mr. Punch. Certainly. I have it cleaned three times a week, but that is scarcely sufficient to get rid of the soot caused by the consumption daily of many tons of rejected contributions.

American Journalist. Do you possess a horsehip, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. I hope you will now feel that your question is superfluous.

American Journalist. You have certainly given me ample proofs, Mr. Punch, that you do possess a horsehip. How many feet is your first-floor window from the street, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. Pray, Sir, go and see for yourself!

The American Journalist having gracefully retired through the window, Mr. Punch returned to his desk.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PIESTLY authority in Ireland sets its face against the Dublin Training School for National Teachers. A plan has been suggested for boarding-out Roman Catholic pupil - teachers in houses approved by their clergy. The Government (*Lords, Monday, July 5*), don't see their way to this, and give various reasons quite wide of the real one, which is no doubt an unwillingness to offend certain sections of their supporters by anything that

looks like concession to priestly power in Ireland.

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind." The Church and the School are at loggerheads, and School goes to the wall.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND is seriously thinking of striking the "Knowingly" out of his Adulteration Bill. The absurdity of throwing upon the buyer the proof that the seller knows what he is selling has proved too much even for the contentedness of that most contented and Conservative public whose remonstrances reach Richmond. There must be at least ten miles of them!

(*Commons.*) *Levée en masse* of the Common Lawyers in the House, against the

stitution of the Intermediate Court of Appeal, botched up by the Government to save the rest of the Judicature Act. "Hawks should na' pike out hawks' een." The Lawyers of both bars ought to imitate the Scotch Members, and wash their legal linen in private. Their fighting powers should be reserved for their cases and their clients.

Let Q.C.s fight to prove black white—
Their briefs are marked thereto :
Let Counsel in the cause-lists fight—
'Tis what they're paid to do.

But, Lawyers, in the House ne'er let
Your angry passions rise :
Your brace of bars were never meant
To bar each other's rise.

"When thieves fall out," says the proverb, "honest men come by their own." If the disagreement of Lawyers involve the same consequence, there should be every prospect of a satisfactory Court of Intermediate Appeal.

The Judicature Act would have reduced the Judges from eighteen to fifteen. "The Government has been convinced by the communications it has received" that it would be undesirable to lessen the number of judicial nests for the callow brood in bombazine and horsehair who aspire to those calm retreats, built high above the disturbance of political winds, and the catastrophes of parties. So

"Hush-a-bye, Q.C., upon the tree-top!
As the Judges are now so the Judges shall stop!"

The Judicial Committee of Privy Council is not to be starved to furnish forth the new Court of Appeal. That, at least, seems a change for the better. The rules and orders to be made by the Judges under the new Act are not to overrule Common or Statute Law (so likely they would!); but are to be confined to "pleading, practice, and procedure."

Lords (Tuesday).—Public Health Bill (300 clauses) passed through Committee in a jiffy. *Punch* feels he cannot too much commend the wisdom of their Lordships. Take example, ye contentious Commons! That is the way to deal with a Consolidation Bill. If you would imitate the wisdom of your betters—it would be a shame to call them your Peers—every branch of the Law which has got into Statutory Chaos—and what branch has not?—might have its Chaos reduced to Order by Consolidation preparatory to real amendment only possible when the want to be supplied, or the blunder to be rectified, is clear to the meaner capacities of common lay minds. Of Statute Law, unlike liquids, it may be said it never is clear until consolidated.

(*Commons.*) Civil Service Estimates. MR. GOSR tried to get rid of the examiners of criminal accounts, who have occasionally made the Treasury odious by penny-wisdom leading to miscarriage of justice.

It is to be hoped that this kind of penny-wisdom, in so serious a matter as the conduct of criminal prosecutions, will henceforth be as systematically snubbed as there is reason to fear it has, at times, been systematically encouraged (in common with much other penny-wisdom) at the Treasury.

An hour was devoted to the grievances of THOMAS DUFFY, ex-canteen keeper at the Curragh, turned out by the War Office for selling drink to the military at illegal hours. Who dares say the House of Commons is not the Grand (and petty) Inquest of the Nation? Mighty enough to measure the designs of Russia, it is not too great to weigh the grievances of DUFFY!

What followed (on MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE'S speech, calling attention to the progress of Russia in Central Asia), in these days of military manœuvres, *Punch* takes the liberty of condensing into a brief dialogue in the camp and barrack style:—

English Sentry (to Russ Outpost, moving towards Afghanistan). Qui va là?

Russ Outpost. Friend!

English Sentry (after looking to Foreign Office and India Office for instructions, and getting none). Pass, Friend—

Sir G. Campbell. And all's well!



"WE'LL NOT CARRY COALS."

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 1.

"NOT YOUR PLACE, BUT MARY'S, TO TAKE UP THE COALS TO THE NURSERY!" YOU CONSEQUENTIAL LITTLE MONKEY! WHY, YOU COULDN'T GIVE YOURSELF MORE AIRS IF YOU WERE A BUTLER!"

"AH! THOUGH I MAYN'T BE A BUTLER, I'AVE THE FEELIN'S OF ONE!"

Or, if our readers prefer *Æsopian* to military apologue, here it is in *that* way:—

"A Russian setter was drawing cautiously towards an Affghan He-rat. A British bull-dog, on the other side of the Hindoo Koosh, lay watching his approaches. — 'What shall I do?' he growled at last, looking to his masters. ..."

"Bark," said one.

"Bite," said another.

"Lie still in the sun, and do nothing," said a third.

"The bull-dog's tail quivered—he snarled uneasily, wrinkling his muzzle as if he longed to show his teeth; but, finally, accustomed to wait for the word of command, and not receiving it, laid his heavy head on his fore-paws, and resumed his attitude of unquiet observation."

"*Moral*.—Activity is not always successful; inactivity *may* sometimes be masterly. Both are to be judged by the issue. But the most masterly inactivity cannot err in keeping its powder dry."

MR. WHALLEY, attempting to fix the meet for a Grand Jesuit Hunt, was cruelly Counted Out before the smallest of the small hours!

Wednesday.—Was given to MR. TREVELYAN'S Household Franchise (Counties) Bill. Mr. Bright supported it by a petition from sixty thousand members and friends of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. A vote for every householder in county, as in town, say these petitioners, is the keystone of the Arch.

Clearly the time must come, whether the Commons like it or not. But, as clearly, the time is not yet.

The House will some day have to face its dose of County, as it has drained its draught of Borough, *residuum*. But both the Country and the Commons know that the decoction is likelier to damage than strengthen the Constitution, unless the physic is very carefully re-distributed.

This is the sum and substance of the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON'S reason for refraining from voting. If the House had been as free to follow its judgment as the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, it would have done as he did. As it was, it rejected the Bill by 268 to 166.

Thursday (Lords).—The Friendly Societies Bill (boneless, so no wonder the House makes

no bones of it) passed Second Reading with a protest from LORD ABERDARE and LORD MORLEY against the farce of a mock audit, and the want of a real one.

(*Commons*.) REYNOLDS painted GARRICK between Tragedy and Comedy. Why were not Thursday's anti-Papal interpellations in time for *Punch* to paint his pendant of "DISRAELI between WADDY and WHALLEY?" — WADDY wants to know whether the Government means to protect the Bench and the Public Offices from the POPE. "Just let the POPE put his finger in our pie," says MR. DISRAELI, "and we will take it into serious consideration."

WHALLEY wants to know what more information Government requires as to Jesuit designs than CARDINAL MANNING'S declaration that their mission is to put England's imperial power under the Papal toe?

MR. DISRAELI said if he wanted any information he knew where to go for it.

Very neat. But query the taste, or use, of so snubbing the irrepressible?

The PREMIER submitted to the country the PRINCE OF WALES'S India Bill—a very moderate one—under £150,000 in all: £52,000 for the voyage out and home; £30,000 for rites of hospitality in India, to come out of India's pocket (a pity); and £60,000 personal expenses.

Is this enough to do the thing handsomely? Better not do it at all than do it shabbily. You can't ask twice. MACDONALD, PETER TAYLOR, and BURT declared such votes provoked more disloyalty among Working-men than all the agents of Republicanism. Do England's Working-men speak through these three mouths?

We should be sorry to believe it, for the sake of the Working-men. If it be true, nothing can better show that our masters still want teaching.

MR. HANBURY hoped we were doing our duty—that is, our best—for the suppression of the East African Slave-trade. MR. BOURKE declared we *were*, and described what this doing amounted to. MR. FORSTER thought our action satisfactory; and Mr. *Punch* is content to follow MR. FORSTER'S lead in this matter, into which MR. FORSTER throws a hereditary heart.

Another of the many Naval engagements of the Session. BRASSY against more monster iron-clads, seeing that guns will keep getting bigger, while torpedoes threaten to blow both big guns and big ships into smithereens.

Big BEN tolled his usual funeral-knell, over sea-service, ships, sailors, England, —not quite sure if he should not add, the Sea itself, — all going post haste to the Devil!

MR. E. J. REED would not sit there and hear big iron ships—his children *par excellence*—run down in this brassy manner.

MR. GOSCHEN didn't see why we should not have a few big ships, if only we had a good many small ones.

"Just my idea!" said MR. WARD-HUNT. "Great and small make up a wall." The proverb holds, afloat as well as ashore, of wooden or iron walls as of stone ones.

Words after Walt. Whitman.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

What an eloquent preacher!

What a high moral teacher!

In his conduct what feature

Bears out the impeacher

Of that screamer and screecher.—

That sensational, gushing, emotional creature?



A DILEMMA.

Party (overcome by the heat of the Weather). "Hoy! Cab!"

Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF YOU'LL JUST WALK TO THE GATE."

Party. "O, BOTHER! WALKING TO 'GATE!'"

Driver. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OVER!"

THE ROMANESQUE REVIVAL.

HAVING been obliged, by the decision of the Court of Arches, to put out their lights and put off their motley, the clerical performers of St. Alban's, Holborn, on Sunday last, proceeded only half-way with their usual imitation. It terminated, according to the *Post*, with a short discourse, preached by the REV. J. STANTON. After that, the audience went to attend the conclusion of their Sunday's entertainment at another place:—

"The whole congregation, numbering several hundred persons, the great majority of whom were females, then proceeded through Holborn, over the Viaduct, and by Newgate Street and Cheapside, to the Church of St. Vedast, Foster Lane."

The BISHOP OF LONDON has issued an inhibition forbidding the St. Alban's Clergy to preach in any Church but their own. Instead, therefore, of the Reverend Gentleman above-named, who had been expected to fill the pulpit—

"In the Church of St. Vedast the sermon was preached by the Rector, who said there had never been a revival of religion which had not its confessors, and the revival of these latter days must, he supposed, have its confessors, if not its martyrs."

The revival of religion is one thing; the "revival of these latter days" is another. This revival—the Ritualist dramatic, musical, and spectacular burlesque—the BISHOP OF LONDON is trying to suppress—it being out of the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. At some Houses—apparently at St. Vedast's—it is given out for repetition till further notice; indeed, in spite of episcopal notice—the part not only of Confessor, but also of Father Confessor, by Anglican Divines. It is quite certain that they will not, any of them, be called upon to play the Martyr, and not at all likely that, if they were, a single one of them would undertake that arduous character. Ritualist mimes may be ridiculed, but will not be roasted.

The St. Vedast's and St. Alban's Revivalists have no connection whatever with MOODY AND SANKEY. Except that of rivalry.

THE MOST CONTINUOUS BREAK WE KNOW.—Our Housemaid's.

JOHN'S ANSWER TO WILLIAM'S QUESTION!

To all whom it may concern.

"Is the Church of England worth preserving?"—MR. GLADSTONE.

WHAT is the Church? Is it a place
For holy antic and grimace?
A sort of Sunday *Opéra-Bouffe*,
Performed beneath a Gothic roof?
Parade, with Priest for fogleman?
Burlesque, upon the latest plan,
Of things the most sublime and serious,
Where mummery, veiling the mysterious,
Yields mumbo-motley as result
Of search for an "æsthetic" cult?
Is this the Church, you mean? If so,
JOHN'S Answer's an emphatic "No!"

Is it a stage where bumptious boys
May wrangle over gauds and toys,
Fuming when'er some scrap of flummery
Is stript from their too florid mummery?
May vent on LUTHER, or on TAIT,
Ecclesiastic Billingsgate?—
Much like an angry housemaid, chidden
For finery that is forbidden;
Who strikes an attitude as martyr
Because her Sunday rig's not smarter.—
Is this the Church you mean? If so,
JOHN'S Answer is a ready "No!"

Is it a "scene" where cleric pride
May be supremely glorified;
And every pretty priestling hope
To play the part of petty Pope,—
Shining in foolish virgins' eyes,
With sacerdotal sanctities;
And gently dazzling, now and then,
Some moonney and molluscous men;
Where, gaily decked in stolen plumes,
Midst pompous rites and fragrant fumes,
The emptiest daw may masque and mum
Ecclesiastic Fe-Faw-Fum?
Is this poor, thing your "Church"? If so
JOHN'S Answer's an explosive—"No!"

Is it a word of Life, or Death?
A Sacerdotal Shibboleth?
A proud abstraction vague and vast
Veiling the tyranny of Caste?
A verbal Fetish, shaped to rule
The flexile fancy of the fool?
A web of forms, traditions, creeds,
Stretched 'twixt the soul and the soul's needs?
Is Church the "Priest's Preserve"? If so,
JOHN'S Answer is—"Preserve it! No!"

INTERESTING IMMIGRATION.

At a late examination of the National School at Inverary, the Inspector having desired all of the name of Campbell to hold up their hands, not one of the children responded!

Can it be that, since the MACCALLUM MORE—always abreast, if not ahead, of the times, whether in Science, matrimonial alliances, or scorn of snobbish prejudice—put three MACCALLUMS the Less into business, all the CAMPBELLS are coming south for situations in one of the firms of LORD A., B., C. (as the case may be) CAMPBELL & Co.? If so, may they find, what they have a patronymic right to claim, a fair field (*campo bello*) and lots of favour. If Clansmen are like Chief, they will deserve both.

"Rotten Row on the Embankment."

A RIVER Row,
A new Horse Show,
A trot on Thames's dry way;
A ladies' ride—
And we'll bestride
No more "a silent highway."



NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

Materfamilias. "JOHN, LOVE, YOU KNOW YOU SAID THERE WAS SURE TO BE 'SOMETHING WRONG' ABOUT DIEPPE, BECAUSE IT WAS FOREIGN, AND ALL THAT. WELL, THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG, FOR I WROTE TO THE AGENT, AND I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, SAYING THERE IS ONLY ONE APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE WHOLE TOWN! DO LET ME TELEGRAPH, AND SECURE IT AT ONCE!"

Chorus. "YES, DO, PAPA! FANCY!—ONLY ONE APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE WHOLE TOWN!"

Paterfamilias (grimly). "'ONLY ONE APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE WHOLE TOWN?' THEN THERE'S SURE TO BE SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THAT APARTMENT!"

CONVOCAATION.

(By Our Own Special Reporter.)

PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

UPPER HOUSE.

THE only business their Lordships transacted was a discussion on the Report of a Committee appointed to draw up a Special Form of Service for the Use of Missionaries in Foreign Countries. The question before their Lordships was, whether it would not be a more advisable and expeditious course to employ the excised Services of the English Church; for, though there was no further necessity for them in this country, they might be of great spiritual advantage to the various Natives in the process of conversion.

THE BISHOP OF BUNGA observed, that, for example, the service for Saint Charles's Day—he meant for CHARLES THE FIRST'S Day—was really doing nothing now, and might be easily adapted for Missionary enterprise, omitting the political allusions.

THE BISHOP OF BULLOCK-SMITHY asked what would be substituted for these allusions? For his part he was for retaining the Service intact. It would be of the greatest benefit to both the Missionaries and their native converts, as it would give them some insight into English history, and so advance the interests of Christianity on the one hand, and of civilisation on the other.

HIS GRACE the PRESIDENT referred to the clock, and took that opportunity of observing that he must now adjourn the debate, having faithfully promised his wife to return to the Palace early, as she had a large garden-party that afternoon, where he hoped all their Lordships would be able to attend.

It was accordingly agreed to postpone the discussion till another day. Their Lordships then adjourned.

LOWER HOUSE.

The Prolocutor took the chair at eleven o'clock. A number of petitions and *gravamina* were handed in.

The Ritual Debate.

CANON WEDGEND proposed the following Motion:—

"That the meaning of the Ornaments Rubric of EDWARD THE SIXTH being uncertain, this House recommends that it shall suffice for the Minister to wear a surplice only, and nothing else, or a surplice and a scarf, or a surplice and a scarf and a stole, and the hood of his degree, if he has one; and to these might be added anything else at the wish of the congregation, and with the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese."

The Canon observed that he thought this would place matters on a basis mutually agreeable to all parties. (*Applause.*)

ARCHDEACON BOULDER failed to see why the Bishop of the diocese should be brought in at all. Bishops only muddled matters, and they could get on much better without their interference. (*Applause.*)

THE ARCHDEACON OF WYSEBOROUGH expressed his firm conviction that something must be done in the present crisis.

THE ARCHDEACON OF ADDLEPATE agreed with the last speaker.

CANON DRYLY proposed that there should be only one vestment for everybody—a Cope. The Cope was originally a *pluviale*, or Roman waterproof. ("Hear, hear!") It was warm in winter, and airy in summer, and it had no more doctrinal signification than his own mackintosh. It was wise policy to provide for a coming storm.

PREBENDARY NOODEL reminded the last speaker that they were discussing "Ornaments," not "Vestments." Vestments were illegal; Ornaments were not. The question was, what were Ornaments? This was evidently a matter of individual taste.

CANON SYDE-SPLYTTER said they were discussing what he would take the liberty to call the "Vested interests" of the Church.



CHURCH PRESERVATION.

MR. GLADSTONE. "PLEASE, 'M, IS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WORTH PRESERVING?"

BRITANNIA. "WORTH PRESERVING?—DEAR ME, WILLIAM, DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN IN A PICKLE THIS EVER SO LONG?"

(*Laughter.*) For his part, he never could see why anything should mean anything. (*Laughter.*) He was prepared to Cope with the difficulty. (*Laughter.*) He did not see why a Clergyman should want to dress himself up as a groom of the Stole (*laughter*), but it struck him that this House was just going to shut the door carefully after the horse had been stolen. (*Great laughter.*) If some aesthetically-minded among his clerical brethren liked to give everything a symbolical meaning, he, personally, had no objection. A spade with him meant a spade, and there was an end of the matter. (*Laughter.*)

DR. SMOOTH agreed with all the preceding speakers. If his own congregation wished him to wear a Cope, he would do so; if not, he would not. As long as we did our duty quietly and unostentatiously it really seemed to him of no importance in what dress that duty was done. ("No, no!") He was sorry to hear that some in that House appeared to differ from him. He could assure them that his motto was to live and let live, and to live peaceably with all men. (*Applause.*)

THE REV. MARTIN CALVIN wanted to know if the House wished to restore Popery with all its rags and mummeries. ("Order!") Yes, he repeated "mummeries." He had only once, thank Heaven, been inside a Romish Church, but that was quite enough for him. ("Oh, oh!") He looked upon the present movement as Jesuitical. "Cope" rhymed with "Pope." If they wanted "Ornaments" of the Church, CHANMER ("Oh, oh!"), RIDLEY, LATIMER, HOOKER, HENRY, and SIMEON, were sufficient ornaments for any Protestant Church. He did not want to return to Babylonish captivity, or bow the knee to Baal. ("Oh, oh!")

PREBENDARY MIDWAY deprecated the tone of the last speaker ("Hear, hear!"), while at the same time he admired his energy, his zeal, and his fidelity to what he considered his duty ("Hear, hear!") in the truly liberal and widely comprehensive Church to which they had the signal happiness to belong. (*Applause.*) He approved of the scope of CANON WEDGEND'S Motion, but should like to add as a rider that,—

"Whatever Ornaments or Vestments might hereafter be adopted, they might or might not be considered as having any doctrinal signification, according to the bias and taste of each individual."

For his part, he was prepared to wear anything, or everything. His congregation had given him Scarves, Stoles, Copes, and Chasubles, and he wore them indiscriminately, consulting the tastes of the donors. A minority of his congregation wished for the black gown only, and so he gave them a special black-gown service every Sunday. He was sure that, with a little mutual concession—one giving up a doctrine here, an opinion there, and another a vesture, an ornament, and so forth—we should all get on together, and enjoy the blessings of peace, unity, and concord. (*Applause.*)

ARCHDEACON DOWNRIGHT said, either Vestments were right, or they were wrong. (*Great applause.*) If right, let us have them. (*Applause.*) If wrong, let us not have them. (*Applause.*) That was all.

CANON BURLBEIGH said he was past sixty, and didn't want to change his old lamps for new ones. He had been all his life accustomed to a decent worship in his own parish Church, and to the beautifully impressive form used in our ancient Cathedrals. ("Hear, hear!") He now came up to London, and, on his word and honour, on entering one of these new-fangled Churches last Sunday, he absolutely thought that he had got into a Roman Catholic place of worship by mistake. (*Laughter.*) It was no subject for laughter. He went to join in their common worship, as ordered by the Prayer Book, and he positively was totally unable to understand anything that was going on. He protested against any innovation as most dangerous to both Church and State, and sincerely trusted that what had been good enough for such men as HOOKER, WILSON, and JEREMY TAYLOR, our fathers and grand-fathers, might remain in *statu quo*.

THE REV. THOMAS THURFEE said he wished to see the symbolic beauty of the old services restored according, for instance, to the use of Sarum, without raising any doctrinal difficulties. Let Effect come first, and it would be then time enough to inquire into Cause.

THE DEAN OF BROAD SANCTUARY would not stop to ask what was the use of Sarum, or what was the use of Convocation. ("Question!") In fact, he would not waste his time in addressing such a set of incapables as he saw around him. ("Order!") The Resolution and Amendments were simply puerile, and the only crumb of consolation was that they were worthless. The aim of most of the speakers reminded him of *Mrs. Nickleby's* proposal on a trying occasion, when that muddle-headed but kind-hearted lady suggested that "some fair arrangement might be come to with a pudding twice a week or a dumpling which should be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties." "Which compromise," the Novelist adds, "not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it." [The Dean then abruptly quitted the House.]

CANON SORTLEY then proposed an Amendment, and a rider, that the words "until otherwise advised" be inserted after "recommends," and the words "and nothing else" and "if he has one," be omitted.

The Resolution, thus amended, was carried with the following rider, that,—

"This House does not hereby give any sanction to any doctrine contrary to what may be ascertained by proper authority in the Prayer Book and Articles; and, further, this House does not intend hereby to pronounce what doctrine is so contained, nor, further, to decide what constitutes the proper authority in such matters."

The Members then heartily congratulated one another on their success, and the Prolocutor pronounced the Benediction. The House then adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF BAYSWATER.



OR Special Correspondent at the Seat of War telegraphs from the scene of the Summer Manœuvres of 1875.

9 A.M.—The engagement is about to commence. The contending forces are divided into two parties. The Head of the Family (for this occasion only), MR. SMITH, representing the Enemy, and the remainder of the Household Brigade (MRS. SMITH and the Children) representing the Home Forces. It is said that, before muster at

breakfast, the Commander of the Home Forces (MRS. SMITH) gave the Enemy a "rough idea" of the scheme of operations. It is supposed that the Infantry require change of air at the sea-side, and that the Enemy is determined upon preventing any march from London.

10 A.M.—The two Forces are drawn up in line in the Breakfast-Room. The Household Brigade have commenced the attack, by throwing out skirmishers (furnished by the Infantry), with the purpose of discovering the intentions of the Enemy. The Head of the Family, much harassed by these attacks, has taken refuge behind the *Times* newspaper.

11 A.M.—The flank of the Enemy's barricade has been turned by the Infantry, strongly supported by the Commander of the Home Forces.

12 noon.—The Enemy has taken up a strong position in the Study. His arm-chair entrenchment is being forced by the Commander of the Home Forces, at the head of a company of Whitewashers.

1 P.M.—The Enemy has evacuated the Study, which is now occupied by the Whitewashers.

2 P.M.—The Enemy is preparing to make a last stand in the Dressing-Room. He has locked and bolted the doors, and is known to be in possession of much ammunition, in the shape of pens, ink, and paper. The Infantry are engaged on out-post duty on the staircase. The Commander of the Home Forces is waiting for intelligence in the Boudoir.

3 P.M.—The Enemy has been starved out. He has just left the Dressing-Room to make a reconnaissance in the neighbourhood of the Kitchen.

4 P.M.—After an anxious investigation, the Commissariat Department has been proved to have broken down. The Enemy has just received a report from the Cook, informing him that "there is nothing in the house."

5 P.M.—The Enemy has just returned to the Dressing-Room, to find it in the hands of the Home Forces. During the Enemy's foraging expedition an opportunity has been seized to take up the carpet and dismantle the windows. The Enemy's ammunition has been captured, and the Dressing-Room is quite unfit for occupation.

6 P.M.—The Enemy has retreated into the Dressing-Room, where he has been hotly pursued by the Home Forces. Charges are being made with great loss of temper on both sides.

7 P.M.—The Home Forces have been strengthened by the arrival of a Reserve Brigade (MR. SMITH's mother-in-law), and a severe engagement is imminent.

8 P.M.—One of the Umpire Staff (a bachelor friend) has arrived, and has directed the Enemy to retire to the Club.

9 P.M.—Recommencement of hostilities. Demonstration of the Commander of the Home Forces strongly supported by the Reserve. Feints, volleys, tears, and grand attack upon the better feelings of the Enemy.

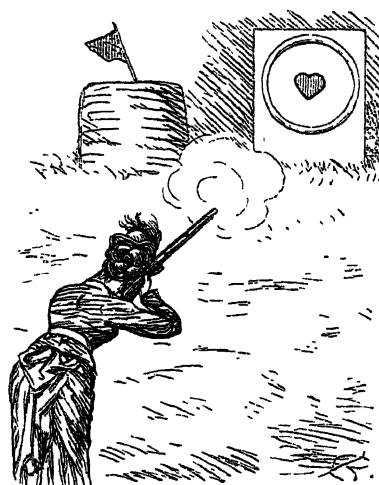
9:30 P.M.—The Enemy is wavering. The last attack of the Home Forces is expected to prove successful.

10 P.M.—Arrival of the Umpire-in-Chief (the Doctor), who, after carefully inspecting the present condition of the Forces of the contending parties, orders the Enemy to retire immediately to Dieppe—the march to commence on the morrow. Triumph of the Commander of the Home Forces.

10:15 P.M.—The Commander of the Home Forces, after declaring peace, has resumed the supreme command. The order to "cease firing" (at first resisted by the Reserve) is now being obeyed on all sides. The Commissariat of the Household Brigade is in magnificent condition. Supplies good and ample.

10:30 P.M.—Commanding Officer's call to supper. End of engagement.

PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



Of course, as all the world knows, Mr. Punch looks remarkably well in any and every costume it may please his fancy to assume; but when Mr. Punch wishes to appear to special advantage, he dons his Volunteer uniform. As it would cause great and natural heart-burning were the name of the happy Corps of which LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PUNCH is the Commanding Officer to be divulged, the number of his Regiment shall be carefully concealed. It is enough to say that his uniform, like many other Volunteer uniforms, is rather ornamental than useful. The sleeves of his tunic are covered with the handsomest silver lace—lace which glistens in the

sun when there is a sun, and which tarnishes in the rain when the timid civilian unfurls his umbrella. He wears, as a Field Officer, a perfectly useless sabretash, for the very excellent reason that he has received orders from the Horse Guards to add it to the long list of his accoutrements. On his head he balances a heavy shako, that those who regard him may admire his powers of endurance. His sword is of the regulation length, his high boots are of the regulation tightness, and his spurs are after the regulation pattern. Mounted on his charger, with his holsters containing pocket-pistols loaded to the mouth with Brown Sherry, and his pouch-belt full of the best cigars, he is a man that Mars himself might admire. Nay, more—not only Mars but daughters also.

As Mr. Punch has never missed putting in an annual appearance at Wimbledon, it was not to be expected for a moment that he would neglect to do his duty in July, 1875. Accordingly, on Monday last he presented himself amongst the first of those who claimed the attention of the clerk at the Waterloo Station, and in due time received the necessary voucher franking him to the Camp from the hands of a bowing official. Conscious of the fact that a soldier should always appear "smart" on parade, he refused to enter a smoking carriage. Ladies are charming creatures, but opening doors for them is not an exercise calculated to improve the appearance of regulation buck-skin gloves. A hint to the Guard secured for him a compartment all to himself. It was evidently intended for the use of elderly Generals, as it bore a label suggesting that it was appropriated to the service of aged females. Then in perfect privacy Mr. Punch opened the magic volume that is his greatest solace in times of intense sleeplessness, and began to peruse "Section 10.—Gymnastic Training.—III. Course for Drilled Soldiers."

Having nearly mastered the secrets of the Horse Guards, he found himself, rather suddenly, outside the Station at Wimbledon. A General, of rather genial appearance, had evidently been anticipating his arrival with impatience.

"Ah, here you are at last!" cried the General, inviting Mr. Punch to mount a gaily caparisoned charger.

"Morning, your R.H.," said the man of men, gracefully flinging himself into the saddle. "What is the matter?"

"The matter, indeed! Why, Sir, how do you think we can get to work until you have inspected us?"

"How, indeed!" echoed Mr. Punch. "How are you getting on?"

"Oh, pretty well! I think the regulations you issued last week will be tolerably well observed. I hear that wide-awakes are not to be worn this year on duty, and sentries will mount guard without umbrellas."

"Come," said Mr. Punch, cheerfully; "that's a great improvement," and the two great men cantered away to the Camp. There was the usual demonstration. The guard turned out, the bugles sounded, and the cheers were deafening.

"Sorry I am obliged to leave you," said the genial General, sorrowfully. "But the fact is, I have a great deal to do just now. I am President of the Association, don't you know, and then I have to look after the Summer Manœuvres over yonder. Ah! I wish you were at the head of the Control."

"Well," said Mr. Punch, modestly. "I think I could help you a little. It shouldn't be such a very difficult matter to feed 10,000 men seventeen miles from Aldershot."

"You have heard of that Mess!"

"It seems to me (to make an old joke) that there was no Mess at all," and Mr. Punch laughed, pleasantly.

"Don't say anything more about it," said the genial General, anxiously. "Take a cigar?"

"Never smoke in uniform, your R.H." replied Mr. Punch. "Besides it is your last—not that that matters much! If what somebody says is true—there must be plenty of weeds at Aldershot!"

The genial General shook his head, and slowly rode away.

Thus the two Generals parted—the Man of the Sword to umpire-in-chief at Aldershot. The Man of the Pen to inspect the Volunteers.

"And so," pondered the pensive Punch, "the Riflemen are smarter this year. They no longer contrive uniforms of peculiar construction. They no longer combine the stern majesty of the military tunic with the graceful outlines of the alpaca umbrella." And Mr. Punch was well pleased. The greatest warrior of the age (amiably dispensing with the chairing that certain enthusiastic votaries of Mars would have forced upon him) wandered slowly through the tented field.

"Ah, the old, old form," murmured Mr. Punch mournfully, as he neared a well-remembered group—a group he had seen in years gone by, a group he will see again, if Ridicule is powerless, and Laughter is in vain. "Every inch a soldier, except a foot of hat!" commented Mr. Punch sorrowfully, as the figure of a stalwart Scot,



clothed in the garb of old Gael, plus a "chimney-pot" (according to the regulations laid down by that most eminent firm of cap-con-trivers, MESSRS. LINCOLN AND BENNETT, came into view. "Yes, and every foot a civilian, except a few inches of shako!" he added, as he noticed that a gentleman wearing what appeared to be "The Tourist suit as advertised," had donned for the nonce a distinctly military head-dress. "And yet they say that our Volunteers have no notion of discipline and smartness!" and he sighed heavily as he hurried away from a picture which was at once painful and excessively absurd.

"Let me get me to the shooting," he said more cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said he, on his arrival at the targets, to the

marker, "and how are we getting on, eh? Outers all right? Ricochets in fine condition? Surely *that* touched the target?"



"No, Sorr," replied the intelligent official—an Irish boy, by the way—"the larst hit, Sorr, was a miss, Sorr!"

"Indeed," murmured *Mr. Punch*, "from the sound I should have taken it for a *bull*!" Smiling to himself at the quaintness of this merry conceit, the Commander-in-Chief wandered to another part of the ground. The tents were regularly pitched, and their occupants seemed to be in good spirits, and hard at work. Altogether, *Mr. Punch* was well satisfied with what he saw, and made up his mind to write a favourable report of the Camp and its belongings. Again he approached the shooting grounds of the happy Riflemen, and listened to the sweet music of many bands as the sounds floated past him, borne to the targets on the zephyr wings of summer breezes. It may be seen from the construction of the above sentence that he was rapidly becoming

poetical, when he was sternly recalled to prose by the following dialogue—

"Sergeant," whispered a timid voice, "have you seen my Missis about?"
"Seen 'em!" thundered the Sergeant—the poor man was tired and out of



temper—"Seen 'em! I believe yer! High, low, right and left, and all over the place!"

"Ah," murmured *Mr. Punch*, thinking of the fair sex, but not exactly of *his* "Missis," "why do 'not the Ladies make Wimbledon one of their rights! How nice it would be if this Camp were occupied by Amazons."

He had scarcely uttered the words when silvery tones sounded in his enchanted ears. He listened, looked, and lo! the prettiest of shakos upon the glossiest of chignons—(See in margin a thumb-nail sketch of the effect).

Cautiously advancing in the wake of this lovely vision, his progress was arrested by a female sentinel—with the prettiest voice—softly whispering, "Who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically.

"But what do you do here, my dear Madam?"

"Is this not the very place for us, *Mr. Punch*?" answered the Sentinel, smiling. "Is not Wimbledon in July the Head Quarters of Flirtation?"

Mr. Punch was perfectly charmed. For a few minutes he could not utter a word. On every side he found proofs of female taste. Even the ammunition brown paper had been converted into bonnet peaks.

"Ah, TENNYSON!" he exclaimed. "You are at last outdone. You thought



of a College of Women, but I have discovered a Camp of Girls."

"Not all girls, *Mr. Punch*!" said a stern voice, and to his horror the Great Creature found himself confronted by his better half, wearing the costume of a Major-General. "I will teach you to flirt, Sir."

"My dear," mildly replied the luckless one, "I do not require teaching."

"Let him be tried by Court-Martial," and in a moment *Mr. Punch* was roughly seized by the collar.

"Tickets, please Sir!" *Mr. Punch* woke to find himself certainly at Wimbledon, but still with a copy of "The Queen's Regulations" lying open on the cushion beside him.

And this was *Mr. Punch's* dream of Wimbledon, suggested by memories of the past—he may, perhaps, have something to say about the present of Wimbledon—in the future.

A STOCKBROKER'S SOLILOQUY.

Do you remember, O MATILDA sweet!

When steaks and you began to get so dear,

How everybody thought it very queer

If Man and Wife got bread and cheese to eat,

And now and then a modest pint of beer,

Upon that hum-drum sum, three hundred pounds a-year?

And yet we both were brave enough to marry,

And of "incumbrances" disdained the fear.

Now we have eight: their little boots appear

Enough to make me wish them at Old Harry,

For everything is twenty times as dear,

And I, as yet, but make three thousand pounds a-year!

A precious lot of tin it takes to gild a

Life such as ours. Yquem succeedeth beer:

For your old Exmoor you've to drop a tear,

And drive a pair of dark brown cobs, Matilda!

Happily, on the Stock Exchange, my dear,

'Tis but a step from three to thirty thou. a year.

Make money, somehow! 'Twas my father's fancy:

I've an hereditary taint, that's clear;

And without coin should feel uncommon queer:

Wherefore I practise City necromancy,

Kill many clients (names do not appear),

In hope to fairly earn my thirty thou. a year.

And when I've got a snug estate in Kent

Or Surrey (London should be somewhere near,

For country life is rather tame, I fear),

Reposing calmly on my cent. per cent.,

Sipping my port, I'll say, "MATILDA dear!

Did we once live upon three hundred pounds a year?"

A City Chair (of Ease).

THE Gotham Committee will shortly proceed to the election of a Professor of Rhetoric. Respectable mediocrity is essential, but no special qualifications are requisite. Testimonials, however numerous and weighty, are of little value, and will probably not be read. No great power of voice is required, as the previous exertions of the Committee have been successful in limiting the audiences to about six persons. Preference will be given to any one connected with a great City company, or the protégé of an elector.

"What's in a Name?"

At the Suffolk Agricultural Show held at Stowmarket June 24th and 25th, the animal (one of MR. SEXTON'S) which took the DUKE OF HAMILTON'S prize as the best boar in the yard was named Dr. Kenealy, as claiming descent from Disturbance and Bombast!

SHADOWS OF DARKNESS.

BISHOPS and others very commonly talk of "shades of thought in the Church." Respecting the dogma symbolised by Ritualist practices, these shades of so-called thought appear to the rational mind's eye shades of nonsense.



THE PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY SUNDAY.

Reprobate. "BRIGHTON BE BLOWED! THISH 'SH MY AQUARIUM! OPEN O' SHUNDAYS, TOO!!"

STEAM V. SUNSHINE.

(A *Melibecean Moan* elicited by MR. GIBBS's plan for Haymaking by Artificial Heat.—See "Times" of June 7th.)

ANOTHER old proverb must go to the wall!
 "Make hay while the sun shines!"—Pooh! pooh! Not at all!
 Since we're able, they say, in this new-fangled way,
 To make it by night just as well as by day;
 That Moloch, Machinery, 's destined to master all,
 Playing the deuce with the pretty and pastoral.
 Could VIRGIN return, it might move him to weeping
 To watch our mechanical mowing and reaping;
 And now, just to clench practicality's yoke,
 They're cashiering poor Phoebus in favour of coke.
 For haymaking 's done, on this precious new plan,
 By the aid of an engine, a stove, and a fan!
 Alas for Arcadia! The Steam-engine frolics
 Where thy swains sang and piped, till our modern bucolics
 Are bare of romance—and starved fancy but fibs
 When it owns inspiration in MECCHI or GIBBS!
 The poor picturesque! it is pretty well spent
 In its fight with that pitiless tyrant, "Per cent."
 Though RUSKIN may rave, and the Muses bemoan,
 The steam-sinewed despot will soon reign alone.
 O, Jupiter-Pluvius, Clerk of the Weather,
 One cannot acquit you of blame altogether;
 Did you do your devoir, and Sol stick to his work,
 There yet were a chance for the Haymaker's Fork!

Considerate Cousins.

A LARGE number of Americans now in England celebrated their national Declaration of Independence by a *fête* held on the 5th of July, at the Crystal Palace. Not one of the speakers abused the British. Was it that they recollected that they were in a glass house, and so must not throw stones?

VIVISECTION COMMISSION QUESTIONS.

To what extent do you think the practice of cutting up one's friends prevails in this country?
 Under what circumstances do you consider that we are warranted in cutting each other?
 What distinction do you draw between cutting a man and cutting a man dead?
 Have you known any unpleasant results follow a slashing article?
 Can you furnish any trustworthy statistics as to the number of authors who have been cut up within the last seven years?
 Have you turned your attention to cutaway coats in connection with the subject of this present investigation?
 Have any instances come under your notice of persons who have appeared terribly cut up?
 How would you act towards bores? Would you feel the slightest compunction at cutting them short?
 Have you ever known any untoward consequences arise from cutting at whist?
 You are not required to criminate yourself, but have you ever made short cuts, and, if so, with what results?
 What course of conduct should you pursue if you were called upon, at a moment's notice, to divide two Ladies at the dinner-table?

Canada's Luck.

"THE Dominion" can bear its High Governor's Chair
 To instal such a strenuous puffer* in,
 While 'tis clearest of facts, from his speeches and acts,
 Name apart—it has not got a Duffer in."

* See my LORD DUFFERIN's glowing and genial praises of the Dominion at the dinner given him by the Canada Company last week.

ADAGE ON THE PUBLIC WORSHIP ACT.—Those who play at Vestments must expect Suits.



“TOUT VIENT À QUI SAIT ATTENDRE.”

SHOUTING HEARD—ENGINE WHISTLES FRANTICALLY—BREAKS APPLIED VIOLENTLY—TRAIN STOPS—ACCIDENT, NO DOUBT—ALARM OF FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS—STOUT GENT FLIES AT COMMUNICATOR—CHILD SHRIEKS—TERRIFIED LADY CALLS OUT, “HELP! GUARD! WHAT IS IT? LET US OUT!”

Guard, “O, NO FEAR, MISS. ON’Y DRIVER HE JUST SEE A LOT O’ FINE MUSHYROONS, MISS, AND WE—HE LIKE ’EM FOR BREAKFAST. ALL RIGHT! AWAY Y’ GO!!”

OSTENSIBLE OCCUPATIONS OF JESUITS.

MR. PUNCH, anxious to partially quench MR. WHALLEY’S insatiable thirst for useless knowledge, takes leave to offer him the information which the House of Commons cruelly denied him. Mr. Punch, always generous, goes beyond what the Honourable Member asks, and furnishes him with infallible marks by which to distinguish a Jesuit.

Ministers and Ex-Ministers.—It is sad to think that there are many Jesuits in this small class—perhaps there are few exceptions. A pamphlet against the Vatican, a novel whose princely hero is surrounded by Monsignors, a work on Foreign Exchange (the hidden meaning of which phrase is a change to a foreign religion), a Plea for National Holidays, an article in the *Contemporary Review*, are unfailing marks of Jesuitry.

Members of both Houses.—Too, too many. Their ostensible occupation, which nobody imagines their real one, is to make laws for England. Any Peer who plays Polo is a Jesuit. Any Peer who writes books of travel is a Jesuit. Any M.P. who mentions the Pope, in praise or dispraise, is a Jesuit. Any M.P. who never mentions the Pope is the greatest Jesuit of all.

Novelists.—The author of *Never too Late to Mend* is a Jesuit, because Jesuits can never be mended. The author of *Can we Forgive Her?* is a Jesuit, since they never forgive anybody. The author of *Cometh up as a Flower* is a Jesuit, for they come up like weeds. The author of *Sweet and Twenty* is a Jesuit, since there are more than twenty of them—by no means sweet. The author of *Three Feathers* is a Jesuit, because the title of his book has a mystical significance.

Bishops and Clergy.—It is clear that a full catalogue would, in this case, be impossible. No one, perhaps, could supply it but the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, Honorary Clerical Secretary to the Jesuits of England. But any Clergyman who preaches in a gown, or a surplice, or an alb, or a cope, or a white necktie, or black gloves, or

Oxford shoes, or a hunting coat, or cricketing flannels, is assuredly a Jesuit.

As it is impossible to squeeze a Jesuit Directory into one number of *Punch*, it may be well to conclude by warning MR. WHALLEY that a Jesuit in the family is very dangerous. He should carefully watch the behaviour of his servants on Fridays and fast-days. Any cook who on those days spoils his dinner for the good of his soul, any groom who keeps his horses without oats, any valet who gives him a damp shirt, any maid-servant who declines to see a follower, should be turned out of the house at once. Jesuits, depend upon it.

But is not Mr. Punch carrying owls to Athens, or coals to Newcastle? Though descended from a WHALLEY, who was first cousin to JOHN HAMPDEN and OLIVER CROMWELL, is not the junior Member of Peterborough

FATHER SUPERIOR OF THE JESUITS OF ENGLAND?

Those awful words should be printed in blood—in asinine blood, if possible. Will the Doctor submit to the lancet?

St. Swithin, July 15th, 1875.

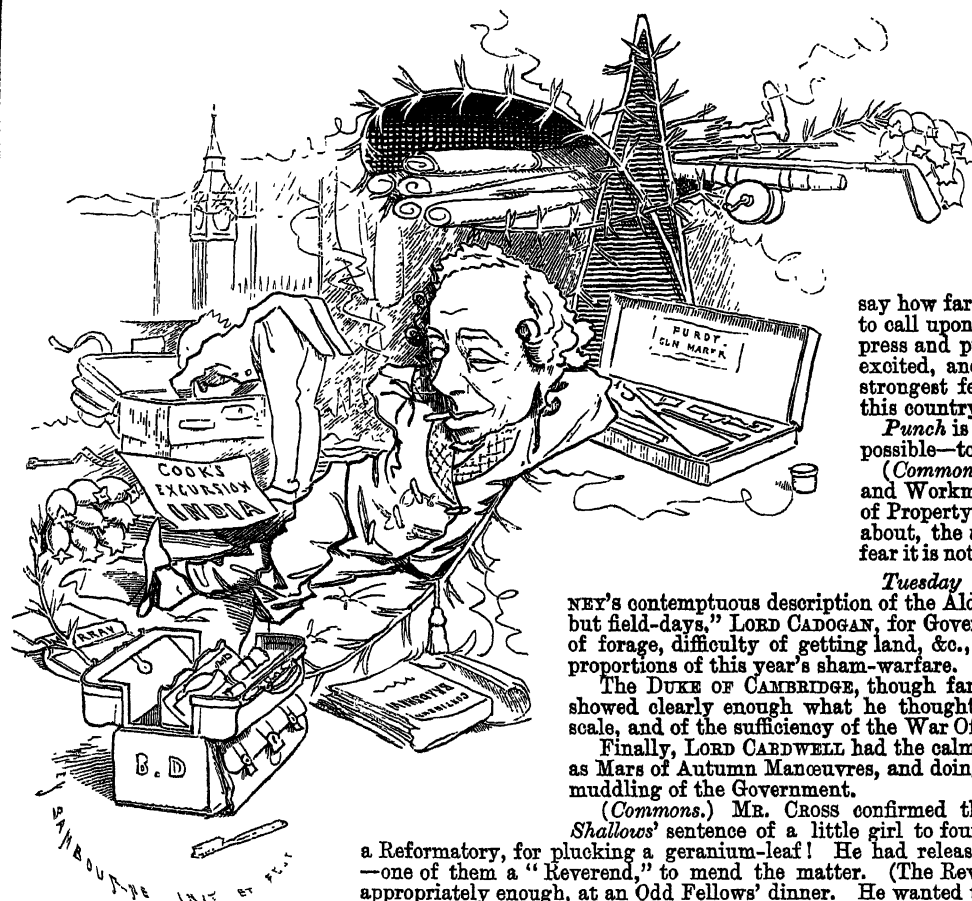
I’LL remember, I’ll remember,
How this Summer fled by,
With the warmth of a December
In the middle of July!

New Reading.

(From the *First Satire* of HORACE, by SUB-LIEUTENANT SOREBONES, whose Corps, the Hundred-and-Worst, has been taking part in “*The Manœuvres*”—which the Militia have been spared.)

“MILES ait, multo jam fractus membra labore,
Militia est potior: quid enim? Non curritur—”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LL relations are, more or less, troublesome. But of all troublesome relations give us Cousins German—(so argued my LORD PENZANCE, *Lords, Monday, July 12*)—if they are to be allowed to lay down the new principle of international obligation, that every State is bound to frame laws for preserving not only its own internal peace, but the internal peace of all its neighbours.

LORD DERBY hardly thinks COUNT PERPONCHER means to go as far as this; but admits it is *not* easy to say how far he *does* go. "For one foreign Court to call upon another, under menaces, to silence its press and public-speaking, was an act which had excited, and he hoped would always excite, the strongest feeling of sympathy and indignation in this country."

Punch is glad to say ditto—as emphatically as possible—to LORD DERBY.

(*Commons.*) In a fearful fog over the Employers and Workmen, and the Conspiracy and Protection of Property, Bills. The longer the House groped about, the *thicker* the fog seemed to grow. We fear it is not yet cleared off. (See Friday's Essence.)

Tuesday (Lords).—In answer to LORD WAVE-NER's contemptuous description of the Aldershot operations as "not manoeuvres, but field-days," LORD CADOGAN, for Government, sung very small, pleading cost of forage, difficulty of getting land, &c., &c., in extenuation of the very petty proportions of this year's sham-warfare.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, though far too well-disciplined to let out loud, showed clearly enough what he thought of the value of operations on a large scale, and of the sufficiency of the War Office reasons for shirking them this year.

Finally, LORD CARDWELL had the calm and congenial satisfaction of posing as Mars of Autumn Manœuvres, and doing the magnanimous over the military muddling of the Government.

(*Commons.*) Mr. CROSS confirmed the incredible story of the Spalding *Shallows'* sentence of a little girl to fourteen days' in prison and four years in a Reformatory, for plucking a geranium-leaf! He had released the girl, and rebuked the *Shallows*—one of them a "Reverend," to mend the matter. (The Reverend Gentleman has since explained, appropriately enough, at an Odd Fellows' dinner. He wanted to play Providence. The Reformatory was not a prison—only a boarding-school (with extra bolts), and he really thought the girl would be much better done by there than at home. Spalding evidently rejoices in a "paternal" magistracy.)

MR. SULLIVAN wants a Science and Art Department in Dublin—with Boilers of its own (and a hot Cole of its own, too, MR. SULLIVAN? Surely, there are combustibles enough in Ireland already.) SIR STAFFORD promised that Government would see what could be done. Ireland—to judge by what she has done, unaided—would surely pay, and pay well, for Art-teaching, in results, if not in money. Whatever she has *not*, Sister *Cinderella* has a taste.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR wants the publication of the annual returns of crime and punishment in the Navy resumed. The Admiralty object that the return, unexplained, is injurious to discipline, and exposes officers to misconstruction. Is there not a return published of punishments in the Army?

MR. WHALLEY moved for a Select Committee for his great Jesuit Hunt.

"He moved, but nothing followed—the dead air
Was mute and motionless."

No one either seconded or opposed him, and so the matter—*commissioe infectâ*—dropped. What was the Doctor about? WHALLEY is doubtless great, but is there no BIGGAR?

Wednesday (Commons).—Two "Previous Questions" and an Adjournment.

MR. HEYGATE wants cumulative voting in Election of Aldermen by Town-Councillors. Very good as far as it goes. But why not in Elections of Town-Councillors? Opinion on cumulative voting generally wants ripening.

SIR C. DILKE moved a Bill to enforce the Allotment Acts—the last dating from 1873. Doubtful if the Bills, as they are, do not provide sufficient coercive machinery; and, besides, there has not been time to test the working of the last Act.

Adjournment of debate on MR. M'CARTHY's Motion to turn the Irish Public Works Commissioners into Reclaimers of Waste Lands, for selling or letting. Ye gods, and loaves and fishes! what a gigantic vista of land-jobbery—

"Heights piled on heights, and depths in depths withdrawn"—

risers to the dazzled view!

Thursday (Commons).—The vote for the PRINCE OF WALES's India Bill was fought through the House, with just enough haggling to deprive the appropriation of perfect graciousness.

Everybody, but MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE, seems to think the Government has done the thing shabbily. To be sure, the Government ought to know best.

Punch, with MR. FAWCETT, would have preferred that England should have paid every penny of the bill. India has certainly not invited the PRINCE, and is as little in a position to invite him as she is to decline his visit: is certainly *not* as well able to afford the expense of entertaining him as Canada was. As to the feeling of the Working-men (*Punch* is a representative Working-man, and knows), nineteenth-twentieths of them—as MR. BURT, with characteristic straight-forwardness, admitted—neither think, nor care a ha'penny about the matter: the other twentieth, including the blatant gentlemen who get up nasty noisy little mobs in Trafalgar Square, and who claim to speak for the Working-men, because they speak, peculiarly, for themselves, oppose the visit and the grant for it—as they oppose everything suggested by their betters, and, in particular, all grants to members of the Royal Family. They have found just enough voice in Parliament to show how thoroughly they stand opposed to general opinion.

SIR WILFRID, for once, was rather forced, than gracious, in his fooling. The only hit of his speech worthy of himself or *Punch* was the suggestion that, if the PRINCE's trip was to be recommended from the educational stand-point, it should be in the interests rather of Ministers than the PRINCE. For example, what a good thing it would be if the President and Secretary of the Board of Trade could have the opportunity of a voyage to India to learn something about shipping!



A DISCUSSION ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

SIR HERCULES FITZNAK ADMITS THAT WOMEN OCCASIONALLY RIVAL MEN IN INTELLECT AND CHARACTER, BUT CONTENTS THAT THEIR INFERIORITY IN STRENGTH AND STATURE WILL PROVE AN INSUPERABLE BAR TO THEIR EVER BEING PLACED ON A FOOTING OF EQUALITY WITH THE STERNER SEX. MISS MILLCENT MILLEFLEURS SAYS NOTHING, BUT THINKS A GREAT DEAL.

MR. BRIGHT'S was the happiest suggestion,—that the PRINCE'S unfailing and unforced courtesy, kindness, and graciousness might, perhaps, serve as a lesson to Anglo-Indian Officials, in their dealings with the "niggers."

This set up SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S back, and brought him on to his legs. Now SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL on his legs with his back up, is an animal so formidable that the House—faint and hungry, and hard on dinner-time,—absolutely howled in horror of the onslaught. They were reduced to submission by the Chairman's stern threat to clear the Bar—and then SIR GEORGE was allowed to clear the House without farther expressions of dismay.

At ten, progress was reported to allow SIR CHARLES DILKE to bring forward his Motion in favour of making our next Leap, not in the dark, but in as much light as inquiry can bring to bear on it. MR. FAWCETT and MR. GOSCHEN supported the Motion. MR. DISRAELI, author of the Ten Minutes' Bill, opposed it. "Anomalies!" Of course. We were a people, as well as Parliament, of Anomalies. Nothing in our political machinery worked so well as Anomalies. He would stand or fall by Anomalies. He declined to be bound by the judgment of any number of Quarterly Reviewers, which of the rival schemes for the representation of Minorities had least practical good sense in it. Only two things. He set his face against equal electoral divisions, and put his foot down on the Boroughs. The Boroughs would last his time. *Après nous le déluge.* He did not see what could be the good of a Royal Commission to inquire into antediluvial arrangements. That is about the English of the PREMIER'S highly educational, philosophical, and far-sighted discourse, which preceded the rejection of SIR CHARLES'S Motion by 190 to 120.

Friday (Lords).—Another suggestion (from LORD GALLOWAY) that we should pull up CARDWELL'S Army-seed, to see how it is growing. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE gave the usual warning—not yet often enough repeated, it would seem—that nothing can be so bad for the Army as constant change, or suggestion of change, which is almost as bad.

(*Commons.*) In Committee on the Labour Laws Bills. Fog of Tuesday apparently clearing up, but only to settle down again over the Bills at last, thicker than ever. The united wits of MESSRS. CROSS and LOWE have elaborated a new clause—of general application—in lieu of the Criminals Law Amendment Act, 1871 (the Picketing Act). It proposes three months' imprisonment "for intimidation, or serious annoyance, by violence or otherwise, with a view to compel any person to do or abstain from doing anything he has legal right to do or abstain from doing."

Everybody approved of the clause as a whole, and then proceeded to pick holes in every part of it.

It is objected that it would apply to the tradesman with a small account, who pervades MR. BRIEFLESS'S front door or club steps, with a view to the pleasure of an interview with that impecunious gentleman.

It really seems as if, in *this* Bill, the labours of CROSS, LOWE & Co. have only ended in making vaguer what was too vague already, and in stretching the law which they profess a desire to restrain.

Again, in the Employers and Workmen's Bill, MR. CROSS has succeeded in getting rid of imprisonment, only to bring it in at a further stage, as the remedy of the surety who has to pay damages for the defaulter.

ST. SWITHIN'S tail of fog has apparently invaded the House and the heads of Honourable Members. "Good intention and bad invention" seems the only appropriate description of MR. CROSS'S and the House's labours at these Labour Bills thus far. They might be called the Labour-in-vain Bills. The red-fire for the blaze of triumph (see our last Cartoon but one)—we sorely fear—has been lighted too soon.

The last battle of the Session, (it is to be hoped) over the Judicature Act. Grand triangular duel between those "eminent combatants," SIR W. H. HARCOURT, W. E. GLADSTONE, and SIR H. JAMES. SIR W. HARCOURT says the strength of the Bench is wasted by bad arrangements—that the number of Judges, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." MR. GLADSTONE said the same thing, and sang, to boot, the psalm and dirge of economy—a virtue once dear to statesmen, now (he says) respected and bewailed by himself alone. A fig for efficiency!

SIR H. JAMES, on the other hand, maintains that it is arrears, not Judges, that have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Who shall decide when Q.C.'s disagree? (*Evening Sitting.*)—Shannon navigation—the old old story. The O'CONNOR DON complains of extravagant plans, and useless expenditure. SIR M. H. BEACH complains, that though the Landlords are very willing to tap the national purse to the tune of hundreds of thousands, they refuse to drain their own pockets of a penny.

MR. BUTT draws the moral that the House of Commons is incapable of dealing with Irish Local affairs.

Mr. Punch is unable to draw any moral.

But he sees there never is any spending of money in or for Ireland, but it is 'sure to lead to a cross-fire of charge and countercharge of plunder, jobbery, and mismanagement, which tempts JOHN BULL to wish he *could*, with a clean conscience, and a clear balance-sheet, wash his hands of the whole troublesome and dirty business.

DR. LUSH urged the grievances of Army Medical Officers.

MR. HARDY showed a fair readiness to deal fairly with them.

THE PLAINT OF A PIGMY.



PITY me, kind Mr. Punch.

I am a small man, and am troubled by small matters, which to greater men may seem of insignificant account. Just now one of my annoyances is the custom which prevails of Ladies wearing high-heeled shoes, and piling up their hair in the very height of fashion, which at present is an altitude of highly inconvenient extent. Thanks to this, although I really measure fully five feet and four inches and a quarter in my stockings, I appear a perfect pigmy when I venture to a flower-

show or other fashionable place of feminine resort.

Although an energetic dancer, I rarely go to balls, for I dislike to dance with partners by whose side I look a dwarf. As for the Academy, all the pictures on the line are utterly eclipsed by the head-dresses in front of me, and I vainly stand on tiptoe to get a passing glance at what I came to see. So too at the Opera I can only catch a glimpse of *Amina*, or *Rosina*, or *Elsa*, or *Zerlina*, as they flit across the space between the piled-up curls before me. Indeed I seriously think that MESSRS. GYE AND MAPLESON should in charity reserve some few front rows of the Stalls, for the exclusive use and benefit of simple gentlemen of short stature, who are otherwise debarred from a full sight of the stage.

In common fairness, then, I hold that persons of the fair sex, if they would deserve that epithet, should diminish their unfair proportions when they appear in public places, and should abandon the unnatural excrescences of fashion which add so hugely to their height. At present, though in point of mere material fact they are looked up to, they hardly can expect to be held in high regard, at least, by those to whom their presence is so highly inconvenient as it now continually is to

Yours,

SAM SHORT.

P.S.—Somebody in SHAKESPEARE somewhere says something about the waves "curling their monstrous heads." Swell Ladies now are like the waves—the swells of the sex—when they are at their toilette and preparing for a party.

DIRT AND DOLLARS.

A Modern Morality (from over the Atlantic).

"TOUCH not pitch!"—an ancient saw!

Time has brought a 'cuter teacher.

Stir it well, then go to law,

(If you're a sensation preacher)—

Go to law, display the dirt,

Make parade of public laving;

Reputation may be hurt,

But in pence you 'll find a saving.

Easy dupes of holy gush—

Stuff to make old Mawworm blush—

There will press to make a purse

(Sickly cant finds ready scholars)

All your costs to reimburse:

Dread not dirt—it brings the dollars!

"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

An Apologue.

Ursa. Nice jungle that of yours, good neighbour Lion.

Leo. Humph! Glad you like it!

Ursa. I have ne'er set eye on

A neater. And your hunting-ground's extensive.

Leo. Yours is not narrow! Not to be offensive,

You're good at stretching!

Ursa. India Rubber beats

Mere Russia Leather at elastic feats!

Leo. Well, I've no wish to widen my domain;

But let them 'ware who'd trespass!

Ursa. 'Tis with pain

I mark suspicion in that dexter eye.

Some *Gobemouches* have been hinting I would try

That foolish game!

Leo. You'd hardly find it pay.

I look a drowsy brute, at least, by day,

But I have eyes,—and claws;—may seem to bungle,

But mean to be sole master of my jungle.

So, *verbum sap.*!

Ursa. Now, after all my labours,

Such hints do hurt me! We should be good neighbours.

Leo. Only too near me, please, don't poke your nose,

Or we may jostle.

Ursa. Why, you don't suppose—

Leo. No need for supposition, just at present,—

But among friends some elbow room is pleasant.

Ursa. A "neutral zone" you would perhaps encourage,

Wherein our Cubs might mingle, but not forage?

Leo. Thanks, no; they *might* get squabbling, and the quarter

Become a chronic kettle for hot water.

A neutral tint sounds safe, yet black and white

Might think the rival tints not balanced quite,

And then!—

Ursa. But is there *nothing* can be done

To keep the peace between us?

Leo. If each one

Stick to his jungle, we can hardly quarrel;

If not, there'll be a shindy,—*that's* a "moral"!

And, spite of talks and treaties,—by the past

I'm judging,—it must come to that at last.

Ursa. What, fighting?

Leo. No, the alternatives I mention.

But I shall seek no pretext for contention.

I've had enough of fighting in my time.

Ursa. Your calm indifference is quite sublime!

'Tis fine for you, who've collared all you want,

To cry "No grabbings!"

Leo. Well, I own that's cant.

Some of my backers talk a deal of bunkum.

I'd not fie-fie my—*friends*, we'll say,—nor funk 'em.

Between crass napping and a chronic scare

I'd take the middle course. This is my lair,

A crib I've fought for, and intend to keep:

I don't like fidgets, but I'm not asleep.

I guess I'm safe, but mean to watch my border,

With one eye open, and my claws in order!

Wimbledon under Water.

DRENCHED by Wednesday's and Thursday's incessant rain last week, the butts on Wimbledon Common must, remarked a donkey, have become water-butts. The continued down-pour of cats and dogs, however, put out no bull's-eyes, and failed to prevent competing riflemen from making sundry. But weather unfavourable to the presence of muslin, even under canvas, precluded the gallant Volunteers almost, if not quite entirely from the possibility of making any of those sheep's-eyes which many and perhaps most of them are prone to cast on every suitable occasion.

Prayer to Ladies with Parasols.

(At the Pig-pens of Agricultural Shows.)

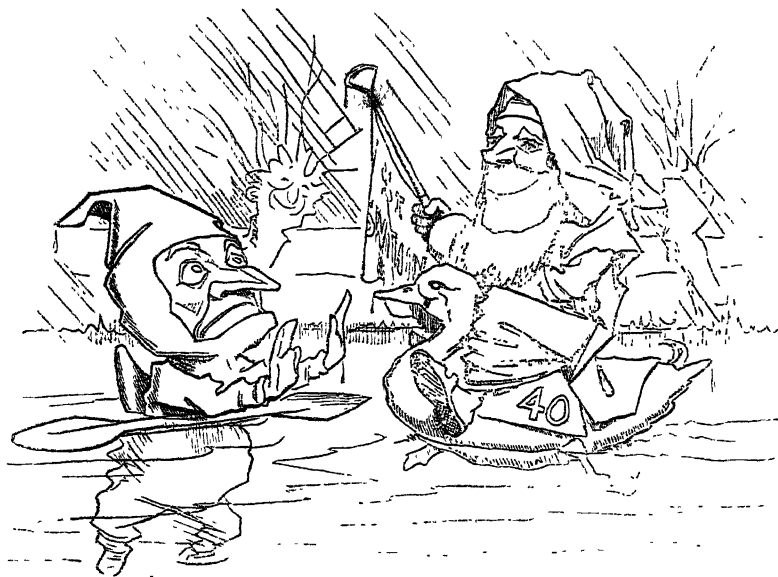
"THE rude four fathers of the ham let sleep."

M.P.'s MOTTO (TOWARDS THE RECESS).—"Fiat justitium,* ruat cælum." *Anglice*, "Adjournment, at any price."

* No, it isn't a misprint. "*Justitium*" is good Latin for a "cessation from business."

SONG ON ST. SWITHUN'S DAY.

(HAWFINCH sings.)



SING St. Swithun,
Pace be with un,
We've had too good call to say;
Rain a pourun,
Tempests roarun,
All droo-out his live-long day.

Rest and bless un—
I'd address un,
If so be dead Saints could hear;
Say unto un,
"Doan't 'ee rewun
All the whate, and wutts, and bere.

"Though the apples,
In their chapels
As the Popish Priesties says,
Thee hast christen'd,
Hope thee bissent
Gwiun to souse us varty days.

"Hay and clover
Scarce got over
Carryun droo the showers o' rain—
Ha' compassion;
Spare for thrashun,
Plaze doan't drench and spile the grain.

"Never scatter
From thy water-
Pot no wus than gentle drops.
Doan't upset un;
For to let un
Flood our fields and swamp our crops.

"Turmutts, mangul,
Swedes, thee spangle
Like wi' glitterun dimunds pure.
Flush the roots up,
Plim the fruits up,
Gie 'um what they wants—not moor.

"Safe the golden
Ears, a-holdun
Harvest-whoam in thankful frame
For fine weather,
Altogether,
Then we'll prize St. Swithun's name.

"Kill the fatted
Pig; wi' platted
Straa whilst all our heads be crowned,
Banquet dish up
Fit for Bishop.
Let the good strong beer goo round."

RIFLES AND TRIFLES.

It is no uncommon thing at our rural rifle-meetings to see some paltry little prizes "donated" (as our cousins say) by certain of the enterprising tradesmen of the district, who want to see their names paraded in the newspapers. Prizes of this sort are generally fitter for a raffle than a rifle-meeting, for they not infrequently consist of such small articles as a cigar-case, or a corkscrew, or a pair of leather gaiters, or a bottle of old port. With the knowledge that the eyes of all the "constant readers" in the country are upon them and their presents, MR. STITCHER gives a pair of his famed fifteen-shilling trousers, and his neighbour (MR. SCISSARS) presents one of his celebrated patent seamless shirts; while MR. PUFFER perhaps offers a small photographic album, and MR. DUFFER makes the gift of a pair of hobnail boots.

Everybody knows that prizes such as these are chiefly given as advertisements, and everybody knows, too, that there is a proverb about looking at gift-horses in the mouth. A walk through the prize-tent at Wimbledon this year will show that such advertisements have crept into the Camp, and, for the credit of the one great meeting of the year, it might be well to keep such little things in check. Unless more care be taken in revisal of the prize-list, we may live to see a Bath bun or a penny trumpet presented to be shot for, or perhaps a box of pipe-lights or an ounce of lollipops.

Nulli Secundus—"Seconded by None." (New translation by the Member for Peterborough.)

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

(Adapted to the present times.)

One, two,
At the Zoo.
Three, four,
Rifle Corps.
Five, six,
Ritualist tricks.
Seven, eight,
Adulterate.
Nine, ten,
Fast Young Men.
Eleven, twelve,
"Bills" to shelve.
Thirteen, fourteen,
Flirting, courting.
Fifteen, sixteen,
Porci pepsine.
Seventeen, eighteen,
Ladies skating.
Nineteen, twenty,
Humbug—plenty!

THINGS INDIFFERENT.

THERE is common sense in the declaration by the REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE in the *Times* :—

"I, for one, would hope that there are yet seven thousand men among us who have not bowed the knee to this Baal of passionate partisanship, and who would be equally ready to orientate and wear a chasuble to-morrow, or to adhere to the surplice and the north end, according to the interpretation which LORD PENZANCE may put on these conflicting and scarcely intelligible rubrics."

Sensibly said. Never mind how loudly the Baalites of passionate partisanship, right and left, cry out that this is the language of *Mr. Facing-both-ways*.

POEM BY A PARIENT.

On "Earth to Earth."

FRIENDLY Societies, afore,
Used to be called a ugly name,
Which now it won't be right no more
As Corfin Clubs to brand the same.

With wickerwork instead of wood
The corfins will be done away.
So much to a Insurer's good
More for to sack, and less to pay.

So, while the Missus rocks the kid,
I smokes my pipe, and bears in view
The cradle will but want a lid
To sarve the t'other purpose too.

RÉUNION IN THE RAIN.

THE Garden Party which was to have been given at Holland House on Wednesday, was postponed till Thursday, when, owing to the still unfavourable weather, it took place in-doors. This information we owe to an Irish correspondent, who adds, that had the Garden-Party at Holland House been given in the garden on either of those days, it would have been entirely a water-party on shore.

MR. GLADSTONE'S AWKWARD QUESTION.

THERE may be different answers to W. E. G.'s question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" but one thing is clear—the *jars* are ready.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

(MRS. WILKINS AND MRS. TOMKINS HAVE DETERMINED TO SPEND THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY, WITH THEIR FAMILIES, AT SOME FASHIONABLE FRENCH WATERING-PLACE. TO SAVE EXPENSE, THEY SEND WILKINS AND TOMKINS OVER FIRST, TO LOOK ABOUT THEM, AND TAKE CHEAP AND SUITABLE LODGINGS. TO SAVE TROUBLE, W. AND T. GO TO THE BEST HOTELS, AND LIVE AT THE RATE OF ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND A-YEAR EACH.)

MINE HOST WISHES TO KNOW "IF THE MESSIEURS ARE CONTENT?"

Wilkins. "'CONTONG!' JE VOO KRRAW, MON GARÇON!"

Tomkins. "'CONTONG!' JUSTE NE LE SOMMES NOUS PAS, VIEUX COQ!"

A "DAGGER-SCENE" OF TO-DAY.

A Dramatic Fragment.

SCENE—Seat beneath an old Cherry-tree in a "careless-ordered Garden." EDWIN and ANGELINA discovered—say, philosophising.

Edwin (pointing to thing of silk and sheen in ANGELINA's hand)—
"Is this a dagger that—"

Angelina. O spare your breath!
You've scarcely the physique to play *Macbeth*.
Leave that to MR. IRVING!

Edwin. Hyrcan creature!
Your words at least are lethal. But this feature
In—shall I say your *panoply*?—does stagger
Your most devoted.

Angelina. Frightened at a dagger?

Edwin. Ahem! Not quite; but what with *châtelaines*,
And bossy belts, and queerly clanking chains,
You girls are getting mediæval, very,
Not to say Amazonian!

Angelina (proffering fruit). Have a cherry?

Edwin (insinuatingly). Yes, of home-growth!

Angelina (brandishing dagger-sheath). Hold off, audacious man!
Or dread the— (Draws weapon.)

Edwin. By the powers of Love—a Fan!

Angelina. Ah, what a falling-off!

Edwin. I'm not so sure;

A lunge may be less fatal than a lure.

A well-played fan's a cunning captivator.

You see I've not forgotten my *Spectator*.

Angelina. Who's he?

Edwin.

Why ADDISON.

Angelina.

I think, "Eavesdropper"

For that *Paul Pry* had been a name more proper!

Edwin. Aha! he saw and heard too much! And yet

There *did* exist the species "*Fan-Coquette*."

Of course it's now extinct. I make apology

For my excursion into Palæontology.

Angelina. Please, don't be crackjaw!

Edwin.

Well, I swear, a fan

Hid in a dagger-sheath's none other than

Mischief in guise of Murder. Fancy *CIRCE*

Armed *cup-à-pie*, like *JOAN OF ARC*!

Angelina.

O, mercy!

You're airing *all* your lore!—and with the sun

At seventy-eight!—I'll doze till you have done.

(Covers her face with fan.)

Edwin (daintily lifting fan). Now for those cherries!

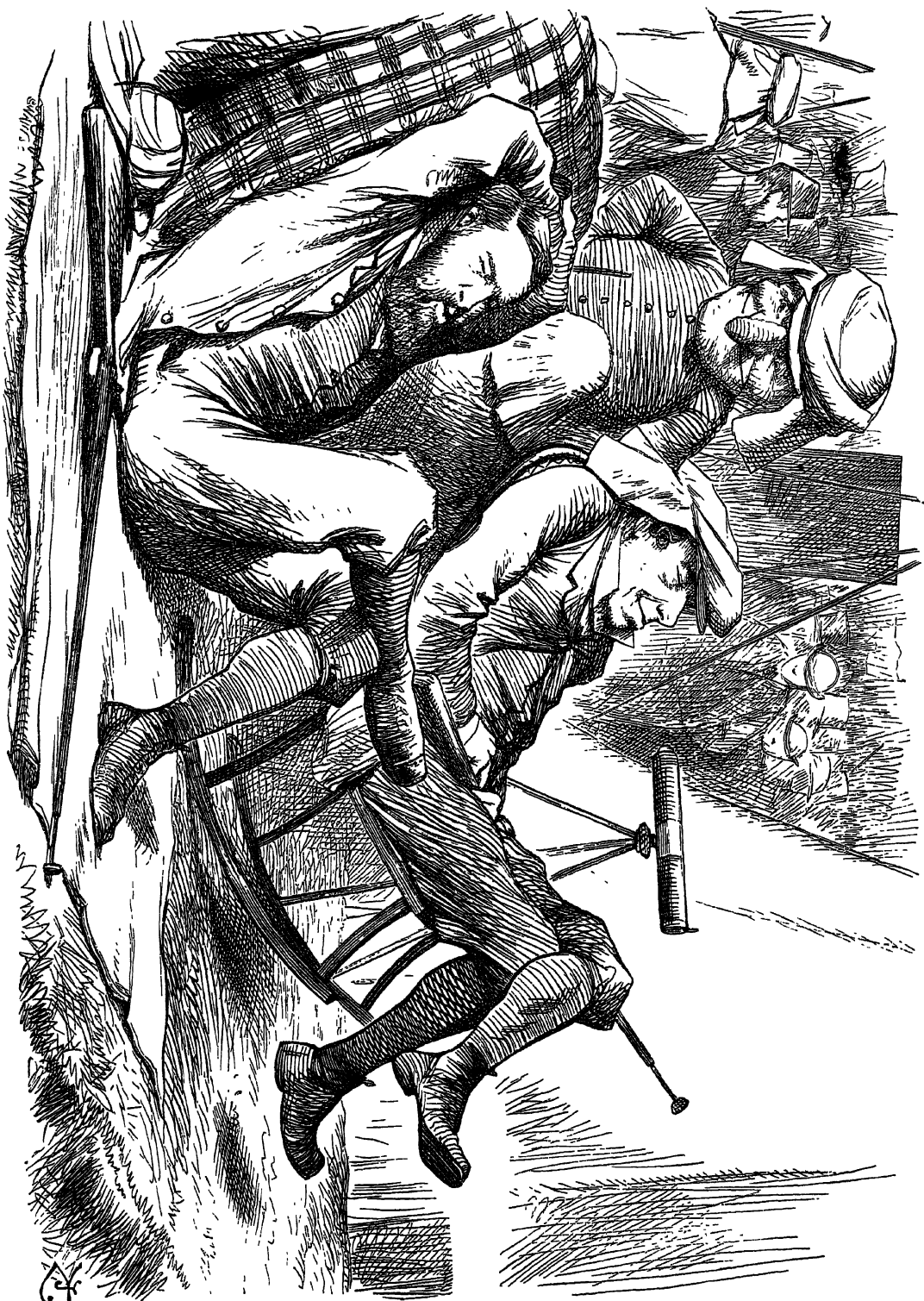
Angelina (starting up, and smiling him sharply). Sir! Upon my word!

Edwin (deprecatingly). I crave your mercy—not your *Miséricorde*!

"Virtue is its own Reward."

THE *Times* supplies this excellent illustration of the good old saw:—

LOST, a BROWN BUCKSKIN PURSE, in vicinity of Alliance Bank (Limited), containing £30 gold, &c. The finder will be liberally REWARDED by returning the same to —, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place.



“POSITION OPTIONAL.”

(THE COMMONS TEAM. WIMBLEDON, 1875.)

DEWEY. "WHAT POSITION SHALL YOU TAKE?"

HARTINGTON. "THE EASTEST!"

DIZZY. "SO SHALL I!!!"

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitancy Society.

At this point you will generally find in Grammars what is termed an

EXERCISE ON THE ARTICLE.

Our instances shall speak for themselves: e.g.—

I ride on a Chair. My Brother dances on the Table. Our Grandmother is rolling on the Hearth-rug. Your Sister is tearing a Window-sash. Tommy is kicking the Door. The Boy is thumping the Piano. The Girl is playing Cricket with the China Ornaments.

And so on.

Of Substantives and Gender in furnishing, we will not treat at present. Perhaps we shan't say anything about them at all. We'll see.

Number.—No Grammar of Decorative Art would be perfect were "Number" left out. There can, in furnishing, be any number of anything. This rule can be best comprehended by the following examples: e.g.—

We bought two hundred and sixty Pokers with brass handles. He bought fifty Stoves and seventy Side-

boards. She bought three hundred China Cups, seventy Ornamental Vases, sixty specimens of Wedgewood, and a hundred Louis Quatorze Tables.

This will give you some idea of Number in Decorative Art. There is also, as in Greek, the dual number. Things go in pairs, as candlesticks, sugar-tongs, &c., and cannot be sold separately.

Of the use of the *Adjective* and *Adverb* in Decorative Art not much need be said here. Everything is "O, quite too lovely!" "O, what a little duck of a thing!" "How deliciously frightful!" "How frightfully charming!" "How quite too inexpressibly horribly lovely!"

Adjectives are considerably used by the vendor, as e.g., "That little table there is really beautiful." "You couldn't get so perfect a pair of candlesticks if you were to try everso!" "That lovely escritoire, Ma'am, is a decided bargain at thirty-six guineas," &c., &c.

Possessive Adjectives.—The use of these is evident. You buy a chair and it's yours. This is,

by the way, how to make chairs into washing-basins. Do you see? Why, you buy my three chairs, and then my three chairs become evers.

"Ewer another!" as the sugar-basin said to the washing-basin.

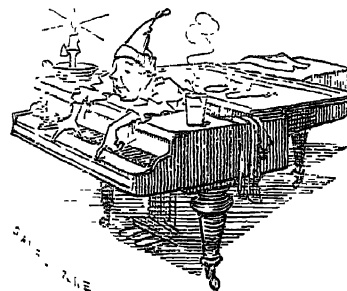
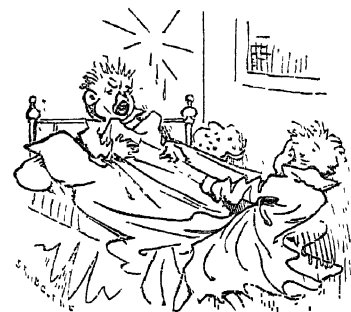
Exercise on the Possessive Adjectives in furniture is simple: e.g.—

Here, jump up! that's my Chair. Get out! that's my Bed. It's thy Table, is it? then thou wilt pay for thine. It's his Piano. I say, those are our Carpets you're beating so cruelly! &c.

Cases.—As for Cases in such a Grammar of Furnishing Decorative Art as this, there are various cases:—Book cases, writing cases, wine cases, spirit cases, music cases, cases, glass cases, &c., &c., which

we must notice in due order, that is, as you order them, beginning with wine cases—say a case of Pommery *très sec*. (Addressed here, of course, to the Author of this work.)*

If you would be really original, be guided by me, and never follow precedent for precedent's sake. For instance, if it strikes you that a grand piano would be admirably adapted for a four-post bedstead, do not hesitate to fit the mattress on to the strings, your pillow near the keyboard, space for your hands to pass through on to the notes, and, after a very little practice, your fingers would wander easily and lazily over the



octaves, and you could play yourself drowsily to sleep. A banjo upside down would form a first-rate looking-glass for shaving.

If a carpet would, in your opinion, serve better for a blind, have it up, and make a blind of it. If anyone says to you, "You can't make a looking-glass into a feather bed," at once seize the opportunity for trying it. Depend upon it, there are many uses to which glass may be put, at present quite unknown, because hitherto untried. Had the idiot, who laid down the maxim that "there is nothing like leather," been able to prevent anyone from using glass, we should still have been drinking out of the "leather bottle," and decanters would have yet to be invented.

* Opportunity for advertisement. Never were such times! I take the opportunity of informing Upholsterers, House Decorators, &c., that here is a splendid chance for advertisement. Being committed to no one taste in particular, I am open to the best offer, and am prepared to give, in the course of these useful hints, the names and addresses in full, with list of cheapest prices, of all those tradesmen who have the true interests of art in view. My artist will also execute designs for furniture, with the name and address of the maker appended. We, the author and the artist, are willing to take it out in part cash, part furniture, or articles of vertu, and our motto is "*Ars longa*, but business is business."

P.S.—The Editor takes this opportunity to warn tradesmen against the artist calling at their shops and undertaking to execute designs in this work on his own account for value received. He is unauthorised to do anything without the Editor. Share and share alike.

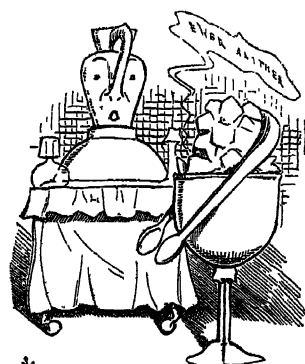
(To be continued.)

"THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE."

PARIS has got an International Exhibition of "Maritime and Fluvial Industries." It includes, in the French Export Department, "a trophy of Saddlery." For a moment we were at sea on reading this piece of information, and at a loss to account for the presence of Saddlery in a Maritime Exhibition; but then we remembered our old friends "the Horse Marines," and understood at once that the trophy must consist of their equipments.

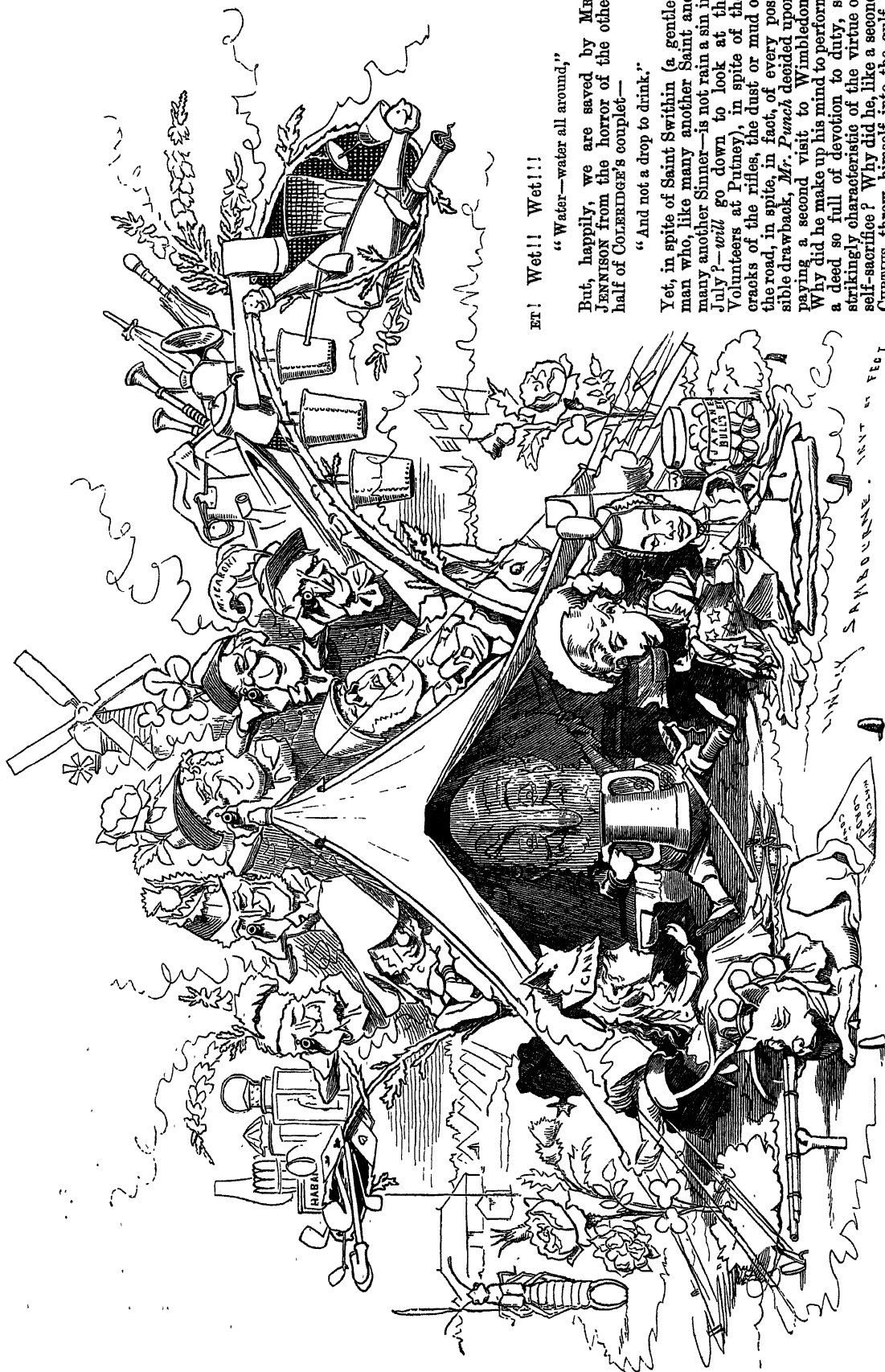
ECCESTASTICAL MEM.

WHAT the two great Church parties want to do to each other—Turn the Tables.



pillow cases, brush cases, cigar

PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



ET! Wet!! Wet!!!

"Water—water all around,"

But, happily, we are saved by Mr. JENNISON from the horror of the other half of COLERIDGE's couplet—

"And not a drop to drink."

Yet, in spite of Saint Swithin (a gentleman who, like many another Saint and many another Sinner—is not rain a sin in July?—*will* go down to look at the Volunteers at Putney), in spite of the cracks of the rifles, the dust or mud of the road, in spite, in fact, of every possible drawback, Mr. *Punch* decided upon paying a second visit to Wimbledon. Why did he make up his mind to perform a deed so full of devotion to duty, so strikingly characteristic of the virtue of self-sacrifice? Why did he, like a second CURTUS, throw himself into the gulf—he means the Camp? These questions

are easily answered. A few days since he received a letter, through the post, of a very remarkable character. Although the envelope was free from the penny postage-stamp, the emissary of LORD JOHN MANNERS who had carried it to Fleet Street had on this occasion neglected to put in a claim for the customary "tuppens." With some curiosity Mr. *Punch* opened the letter, and read the following words:—

DEAR PUNCH,

You are the best and kindest of men, and you know it. Look here. I have got an awful lot to do. What with speaking in the House, and acting as Umpire-in-Chief at Aldershot, I really can't attend to Wimbledon. Will you go there? If you do, wake them up a bit. Make 'em "smart," Sir! Ha! ha! I dare say you will make 'em smart! (Must have my joke, you know.) A propos of jokes, wasn't that a bit of fun at Aldershot the other day, when HENRY DE BATHE, you know, got into the town by a

W. O., *Wednesday Morning.*

back way, when we all expected him to knock at the front door? It amused the foreign *attachés* immensely. Can't write any more just now, as I am off to Shoeburyness to see some pretty, but rather expensive, fireworks. Don't forget Wimbledon.

Yours ever, GEORGE.

Mr. Punch, who is the most amiable of men, at once consented to comply with a request so becomingly expressed, and, without delay, travelled down to the Camp. At Clapham Junction he was invited to change carriages, and found that the Railway Companies, with that forethought for which they are renowned, had prepared a little preliminary puzzle for the Volunteers, evidently with a view to testing their knowledge of military tactics. The tunnel underneath the Station was in the hands of the plasterers; and as all the ordinary directions on the walls had been carefully painted out, it was a matter of chance if you turned up on a platform "right" for Brighton, or got into a train warranted to carry you all the way to Exeter in something less than no time. After an hour spent in a fruitless search for a conveyance bound for Wimbledon, *Mr. Punch* entered a vacant carriage, and soon found himself safely landed at Putney. The comparative dexterity with which this feat was accomplished, was strongly suggestive of a third-rate conjuring trick performed by a fourth-rate conjuror. However, *Mr. Punch* did certainly arrive at Putney, and Putney is, as everyone knows, but a step from Wimbledon. Remembering the beauties of the Cedars, and the fashions of the Camp, he begs to add that he found that step was the step that divided the Sublime from the Ridiculous. On his way to the ground the Great Creature was invited to have his portrait "done" by a Photographic Artist, who was "taking off" a gentleman of melancholy appearance, "*pour encourager les autres*." The offer was refused.



Passing the Camp gate, with its guard of policemen, *Mr. Punch* found himself in the enclosure. He noticed immediately that, in the majority of cases, the Volunteers, in pitching their tents, had neglected to follow the golden rule of camping out, "When in doubt (of the weather) dig a trench."

With a deep sigh, *Mr. Punch* gloomily pursued his way. "In spite of the camp flag of the Victoria Rifles, which I see, very appropriately, contains a skull and crossbones," said the Great Man, "I fear the Volunteers will never exactly understand the duties of real soldiers."

Stay, what have we here! headed, as a bold yeoman, in martial array strutted past, with all the majesty of a Lord Mayor, and more than the dignity of a suburban peacock. "Come, this is very fair, indeed," murmured *Mr. Punch*, approvingly. "Boots, tunic, helmet, and pouch-belt. And now for the side-arms. Ah! as I feared! That fatal, that death-dealing blow—an umbrella!" And *Mr. Punch* felt very much inclined to weep long and bitterly. Had he no cause for sorrow? Yes, indeed, indeed he had. On all sides the same utter disregard for appearances met his view. Volunteers in wide-awakes of all colours, and of every description, Volunteers in straw hats, Volunteers in "chimney-pots," Volunteers in caps! The same old story—careless-

ness and lack of discipline turning a magnificent force of patriots into a body of mock marksmen—into an army of sham soldiers!

Walking away from the absurd umbrella-bearer clad in a helmet, *Mr. Punch* prepared to enter one of the tents. There were beds of flowers on either side of the opening, and in one of the beds stood a board, bearing the inscription "CAPTAIN S. BOUQUET, 443rd Loamshire Rifles—the Soldier's Retreat." "Here, I say," murmured the proprietor, languidly, "you mustn't come in until you have wiped your feet." *Mr. Punch* left some mud on a cocoa-nut mat, and entered "The Soldier's Retreat." The soldier seemed to have retreated very comfortably. A thick carpet was spread over the boarded floor. On the carpet stood marqueterie tables, easy chairs, and a piano. The atmosphere was suggestive of a perfumer's shop; and the ensemble would have been invaluable to an artist drawing (for a periodical circulating in the kitchen) an illustration to a story of excessively high life. A sketch of the interior of the tent would have done nicely for a picture representing "The Boudoir of the Wicked Duke."



"Rather snug, eh?" said CAPTAIN S. BOUQUET, "next year I shall have the canvas papered and hung with pictures. Can't do more than that! You must rough it you know, when you get to Wimbledon."

"Enough of this," cried *Mr. Punch*, "I will have no more of it," and he hastened to the happy shooting fields where small bore men after firing their rifles become (if they can only secure an audience), big bore men, in their explanation of why they did not make a "bull" or wherefore they neglected to score even an outer.



He was particularly pleased with the new positions. They seemed to be both easy and effective.

"Must shoot in uniform," said a stout Rifleman, who seemed to shrink from "trying his size" for certain weighty reasons.



"Very proper regulation, indeed," commented *Mr. Punch*; and he noticed that one of the competitors (evidently a soldier every inch of him) had complied with this rule by wearing a complete suit of mufti plus a sword-belt attached to an umbrella.





"Come," said he, "that is what I call entering into the spirit of the thing! Would that there were more men like that Gallant Rifleman in Wimbledon!"

The wish of *Mr. Punch* was granted—he noticed before leaving the Camp that there were many more men like the Gallant Rifleman in question.

Clasping *Rifle Exercises and Musketry Instructions, Pocket Edition by Authority*, fondly to his breast (regardless, it will be seen, of the regulation printed on the cover, ordering him to carry it in his pocket), the Hero of a Hundred Shots continued to notice the shooting. *Mr. Punch* (easily tired with the monotonous occupation) was about to turn away when he saw his old friend Full Private (very Full Private) *BUFFLES* preparing to add another "bull" to his fast increasing score. He remembered the Full Private's saying in days gone by, "If you want to make a big figure at the targets, fire on the top of a good meal—never empty, my boy." And here was *BUFFLES* as large as (after dinner) life preparing to shoot in his accustomed style. His left arm rested on its habitual support, no one who looked at him could doubt it for a moment—*BUFFLES* was evidently firing on the top of a good meal!



And now *Mr. Punch* was fairly taken by surprise. The clouds gathered together into a compact mass, and, to his intense astonishment, it began to rain again! Rain at Wimbledon! Who ever heard of such a thing! And then it was that the skill of the tent-pitcher was tested. Those who had dug trenches and had cast their camp on the side of a hill were rewarded for their forethought; those who had done neither of these things, soon assumed the appearance of heavily-moistened sponges.

"CAPTAIN S. BOUQUET in 'The Soldiers' Retreat,' and the rest of the Bandbox Brigade, must be very, very happy!" and *Mr. Punch* laughed long and heartily.

The First General of his Age now waited for the rain to cease (those who know how long he had to wait will keenly appreciate his self-sacrifice), and hurried to his tent. The sun shone brightly as he made the champagne cup. The birds sang their best, and the

crack of the rifle in the distance was pleasant indeed. *Mr. Punch* sat down near his own tent-pole, and welcomed his guests—Comely Canada, Arch America, and Juvenile Japan. He pledged them with three times three (three cheers for each of them—*COCKEE*), and they were simply delighted. He saw near him, in happy fraternisation, *JOHN BULL* with his rose, *PAT* with his shamrock, *SAWNEY* with his thistle, and *YANKEE DOODLE* wearing the feather of a Macaroni. Everything was delightful, and Wimbledon never looked so well. And why was this? The question was easily answered. When *Mr. Punch* looked at Wimbledon for the last time, he was following the fashion, and wearing a pair of glasses. Those glasses (evidently with a view to counteracting the glare of the sun) were stained. The colour of the stain was—*couleur de rose*!

"CREDE BYRON."

"I desire that my body may be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial service whatever, and that no inscription, save my name and age, be written on the tomb or tablet."—*BYRON'S Will.* (See "*Times*," July 14.)

WHAT perils posthumous environ
The mighty Poet's radiant fame
Which fools and scoffers sought to shame!
The Churchmen, prejudiced and shabby,
Denied him entrance to the Abbey:
And wherefore so? Because, forsooth,
In Days of Sham he wrote the Truth—
Wrote it with keen, indignant ire,
In letters of eternal fire:

"Crede BYRON!"

When that strong soul began to tire on
Its upward flight, its haughty way,
Into the worlds where song hath sway,
He, thinking of his final rest,
Dreamt of the place he loved the best,
Longed that soft earth should crumble o'er him
Where slept his passionate race before him,
Nothing thereon except his name—
Two syllables of deathless fame:

"Crede BYRON!"

Clay mingled with his strength of iron:
But he was greater far than they
Who dare to call him wholly clay.
If England wishes something done
For her last Age's strongest son,
Be it his statue, calm and grand,
By the first sculptor of the land.
Touch not his homely churchyard stone—
"My Monument my Name alone:"

"Crede BYRON!"

What can we do for Him?

DIVING the other day into the columns of the *Times*, we happened to fish up this pearl of an advertisement:—

A Gentlemanly BACHELOR, of excellent social position and means, wishes to RESIDE, or become acquainted with any one who will introduce him into Wealthy Society. London, or within 20 miles preferred. Address, &c.

A man who can describe himself in florid terms like these can hardly, one would think, have a deficiency of cheek. Instead of losing time and money in advertisements, why does he not call upon LORD DUDLEY, or the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, or any other wealthy member of Society, and ask for introductions to their family and friends?

Working-Men's Questions.

WHY do the Workmen (some of them) rage against the proposal to grant £140,000 for defraying the expense of the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to India? Which of them will contribute more than a mite towards it, except by the consumption of intoxicating liquors?

TO LET, for Next Season, A FIRST-RATE MOOR. Applications to be made to SIGNOR SALVINI, Stage-Door of Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

SPIRITS OVER PROOF.—Printers' Devils.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Session closing in
jostle and jar:
A block of growlers
at Temple Bar:
Bills preat forward,
and nobody glad
of it:
Bills dropt that
earnest men go
mad of it;
Hunting with
hounds, and run-
ning with hare;

The best fight a Cross-fight, everywhere,
Till BENJAMIN'S mess, swelling more and more,
Threatens the Parliament Pot to boil o'er!"

"*Facit indignatio versum.*" Would
there were less reason in the rhyme.

Slavery may easily creep in under the
guise of apprenticeship. Knowing what
horrors have been perpetrated in unregu-
lated Coolie-traffic, under the Portuguese
flag above all (*Lords, Monday, July 19*),
we may be glad to learn, from the answer

to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY'S question, that since a Commis-
sion reported on that traffic, LORD CARNARVON is not taking the
matter coolly, but preparing an ordinance for the better protec-
tion *in transitu* of these ill-used black cattle.

Reaction in favour of Knightsbridge Barracks and the much-
maligned Six-foot Guards found a voice through LORD LUCAN
and H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. The soldiers' were
exemplary. The blackguardly beershops and music-halls in the
neighbourhood were the fruit of lax licensing, not of barrack
customers. The barracks were not fever-nests, though they were
not so sweet as they might be, if proper care and cost had been
expended on keeping them in repair. Lastly, strategical consi-
derations pointed to the site; and, as the Duke said, sensibly,
the houses had come to the barracks, not the barracks to the houses.

(*Commons.*) Now the summer exodus is about to begin, the British traveller may be glad to learn,
on Foreign Office authority, that passports are *not* abolished in Austria; that in Italy F. O. is
still writing about their abolition; that in France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and
Germany they have been abolished, but may still come in useful, to prove identity or stave off
suspicion.

The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition wants to know what are the business arrangements for
the rest of the Session.

The Leader of Her Majesty's Government not knowing, cannot say. All he knows is, that
they mean to go on with Committee on Agricultural Holdings Bill; then with Merchant Shipping
Bill (*vide* the scene of Thursday); then with Land Transfer and Judicature; and then with any
little unconsidered trifles there may still be time for whipping up, in the fog end of any odd days
or hours that may still be left over.

With that love of labour which distinguishes him, the Marquis congratulated the House on a
programme that promised to carry the Session well into September. A general chorus of groan
and grumble, in which an undertone from the Government side was distinctly audible.

MR. WHALLEY complained he could not get a Seconder for his inquiry into the Jesuits, so
completely had the underhand machinations of the Order paralysed the House itself!

MR. DISRAELI protested against being expected to jump up "in a harum-scarum manner," and
doom Measures to death without full consideration. As to the Jesuits, he always understood it
was one of the dodges of the Order to keep a lay brother to go about abusing them up-hill and down
dale. He left it to the House to draw the inference.

The rest of the night was devoted to talk on the Motion for going into Committee on the Agri-
cultural Holdings Bill, when a great deal of fire was wasted that should have been kept for
Committee.

SIR T. ACLAND said the Bill would not do for Devonshire.

MR. ASSHETON that it would not suit Lancashire.

MR. GOLDSMID that it wasn't at all the thing for Kent.

LORD ELCHO condemned it as big with the germs of rank socialism, and looked on it with alarm,
not for what it contained, but what it would lead to.

SIR W. HARCOURT approved of it for the very same reasons. Then there was a fight for adjourn-
ment, and finally progress was reported before any progress was made.

Punch is really inclined to think better than he did at first of a Bill that partizans and hobby-

riders on all sides seem so dissatisfied
with. At the same time, he must
say nobody seems to want it.

Tuesday (Lords).—The DUKE OF
RICHMOND declined to reassure LORD
CAMPERDOWN against an indefinite
increase of water-rates, *pari passu*
with assessment-valuations. London
is to be congratulated on the pro-
spect of unresisted and irresistible
"pilling and polling" from both
Water Companies and Vestries!

(*Commons.*) Conspiracy and Pro-
tection of Property Bill huddled
through Committee, under protest
from MR. LOWE that he felt humili-
ated to be Member of a Parliament
that had passed the Bill as it stood.
The Bill has been drawn as might
be expected of a measure meant to
carry out Cross-Purposes. Thus
when MR. PLIMSOLL moved to in-
clude Seamen in its operation, MR.
LOWE had to show him that Sailors
were the only persons exempted from
the penalties of the Act to which
their champion wished to subject
them.

In Committee on Agricultural
Holdings Bill a long and desultory
preliminary fight over SIR G. JEN-
KINSON'S Motion to exempt all hold-
ings held under written agreement.
Evident division of opinion in the
Government camp; MR. DISRAELI
fighting shy. His Party clearly
suspicious of the Bill; and, if they
could have their way, glad to wash
their hands of the business alto-
gether.

MR. HUBBARD, on Local and Im-
perial Taxation, counted out just
after nine. The House tired to
death, and MR. HUBBARD, on any
of his hobbies, a decidedly heavy-
goer.

Wednesday.—The regular hobby-
riders protesting, of course, against
the cruel discipline of the Count-
Out, as administered the night
before.

MESSRS. NEWDEGATE, WHALLEY,
MONK, P. A. TAYLOR, and MIT-
CHELL-HENRY, very plaintive on the
practice—

"They best can paint it who have felt it
most."

The House knows better what its
time is worth, and how precious is its
one weapon against the ever-threat-
ening bore.

MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING moved
his Bill to make Irish paupers irre-
movable home after a year's residence
north or south of Tweed. MR.
DOWNING wants not only "Ireland
for the Irish," but so much of Eng-
land and Scotland as the Irish pauper
stands on. The whole subject of
settlement and removal for Scotch
and English as well as Irish paupers
will have to be considered during the
recess; and on this understanding
the Bill was thrown out.

Thursday (Lords).—Sale of Food
and Drugs Bill passed without the
"knowingly," but with a provision
that a seller of falsified articles should
escape penalty if he could prove he
did not know of the falsification. If
the Bill as passed is not all it should
be, it is at least better than it was—
thanks to Her Majesty's Opposition;
and so *Punch* may say of the



"CANTAT VACUUS."

Armed Burglar (to Brown, who had pawned his silver Watch and his only Tea-spoon that afternoon to pay the Water-rate). "IF YOU DON'T INSTANTLY GIVE UP ALL YER PLATE AND JEWELRY, I'LL BLOW YER BRAINS OUT!"

Friendly Societies Bill, in which LORD ABERDARE has restored the provision to prevent parents from making profit of their babes' deaths by excessive insurance in burial clubs.

LORD DERBY gave an instructive history of the French folly, by which £800,000 in the shape of bounties is added to the price of refined sugar, but wisely declines to crown that folly by any retaliatory folly on our part in the shape of a duty on French refined sugar.

(*Commons*). After a long cross fire of question and answer, crowned by an inquiry peculiarly *à propos* to the present state of Parliamentary business, as to the prospect of the Infanticide Bill, MR. DISRAELI rose to announce the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill, overlaid by the Agricultural Holdings Bill. What are losses of life to leases for life? The scene which followed is no subject for comic comment. *Mr. Punch* will only express his deep sympathy with MR. PLIMSOLL, whose indignation at seeing once more dashed from his lips the hope of remedying a great wrong, to the righting of which he has devoted his heart and soul and strength, overcame his self-control, and led him into a fierce defiance of the rules of the House of Commons, for which, in his cooler moments, he will be the readiest to ask pardon. The House behaved well throughout the painful scene. But what does MR. PLIMSOLL mean by being so terribly in earnest?

Friday (Lords).—Angry attack on the Examination turnstile, admitting to Commissions. EARLS HARROWBY, STANHOPE, GREY, and LORD STRATHNAIRN can no more understand the connexion between CHAUCER'S *Canterbury Tales* and a Commission than LORD DUNDREARY could that between cows and shrimps. A good deal of dirt was flung, by the way, into CHAUCER'S "pure well of English undefiled." H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief and LORD CARDWELL both explained that the examination was meant to test, not military, but general education. As it was found that the best officers came from the Public Schools, the point was to examine in what the Public School taught.

The EARL OF HARROWBY was curious to know in what public school CHAUCER was now read?

LORD GRANVILLE frankly admitted that not one word of English was taught in the public school in which he was.

(*Mr. Punch* is bound to make the same admission. Things may be better now. If the public school curriculum is to be the guide to the Examiners for Com-

missions, it seems to *Mr. P.* that rowing, cricket, football, and hockey ought to be the telling "subjects" for marks in the competitive examinations. And not at all bad ones either. The complaint is that there is too little of that sort of thing in the "exams" as they are; that being conducted by bookworms they are naturally bookwormish, and calculated to bring bookwormish boys to the top. If they sifted out the lads who come to the front by "natural selection" in our public school playing fields, they would give us just the right raw material for soldiers—the JOHN BULL instead of the JOHN CHINAMAN element of England's youth.

The whole subject of competitive examination wants overhauling by the light of common sense. Standing between our public schools and our public service, it ought to be working to the improvement of both. But it may be worked to the advantage of neither, and by and for that pernicious person, the crammer, wholly and solely. Is it? This is what their Lordships want to know. And the country has a right to know too.)

A long and instructive discussion on the Constitution of Natal. That colony, like the rest of the lot, seems in uncommonly capable hands while LORD CARNARVON looks after them. He gave a screed of excellent advice to the Natalians (from the Bishop downwards)—to bury the war-hatchet, and "take up de fiddle and de hoe"—tools of good fellowship and industry.

(*Commons*). Lengthy, and let us hope, instructive discussion on manures, crops, seeds, chalking, and other points of agricultural chemistry. Pleasant to see how anxious Honourable Members seem, like Honourable Lords before them, to be left free to contract themselves out of this best of all possible bills. If tenants are equally anxious, *Mr. Punch* is puzzled to think who will not be contracted out of the Bill.

Long argument on the nice question—has MR. MAPLESON got the whip-hand of the Board of Works, or the Board of Works the pull of MR. MAPLESON, in settling the arrangements for the site of the New Opera House? If the end is a model Opera-House, *Mr. P.* would not consider the matter too curiously. London will be the gainer.

If MR. GREGORY and the Commission whose report he quotes are sound in their conclusion that there are a million of acres in England fit for enclosure and cultivation, he is right in moving that the schemes of the Enclosure Commissioners, embracing 83,000 acres, and now waiting for Parliamentary sanction, ought to be proceeded with. With two provisos: First, that the Enclosure Commissioners don't play any tricks such as the Office of Woods proposed to play with the New Forest (happily, as we see by the Report of the Select Committee, to be placed beyond further risk of desecration); and, secondly, that for every acre given to the Lord of the Manor a liberal equivalent is secured to the poor whose rights will be ousted by enclosure.

In this connection, MR. FAWCETT is quite right. Before any enclosure schemes are proceeded with, the Enclosure Act ought to be amended, with a view to better provision for the rights of the public and the poor.

THE STUDY AND THE CAMP.

(*A Contrast, in Two Letters.*)

LETTER I.—*The Study. Fancy.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I WRITE to you because I wish to air my theories, and I do this in spite of my knowledge of the fact that whatever you publish is published to all the world. What of that? I must do something. Accordingly, as I have allowed my sword to rust in its dust-covered scabbard, I am all the more anxious to use to advantage my more natural weapon, the goose-quill. "Honesty is the best policy," and there you have my case in a nut-shell.

I write in my library. I am wearing at this moment an easy dressing-gown and a pair of satin-quilted slippers, and reclining in the easiest of air-cushioned arm-chairs. I enter into these details so that you may understand that my body being perfectly comfortable, I am able to give my mind (such as it is) entirely to the task I have before me.

I wish to prove to you and the world generally that

our Army is utterly valueless. I insist upon it that our soldiers are merely children of tender years and no stamina—that their number is as limited as their powers of endurance.

You may tell me that the Authorities declare (a declaration not without proof) that the recruits are excellent and numerous, that the Summer Manœuvres are a perfect success, that, in fact, everything I advance is reckless and wrong.

To these assertions I return the unanswerable reply: All these statements may be perfectly correct (I have no doubt they are), but—and here comes my point—I don't think so.

Although I have said above all that I can say upon this subject, and all that I have ever said upon this subject, I would still write a great deal more about it, were it not that I am now going quietly off to sleep.

Yours, very dozingly,

S. BOUQUET MUTTONHEAD,
General Half-Pay.

LETTER II.—The Camp. Fact.

MY DEAR BILL,

I WRITE to you because you asked me to; but I tell you what it is, my boy, we haven't much time for scribbling. No, my lad, what *we* have got to do is to work; and, though I say it who shouldn't, work we do with as good a will as needs be.

We have had such a time of it at Aldershot! Rain day after day, and march morning after morning; and marching in "heavy order" is no joke. Do you think we minded it, my boy? Don't you make no mistake. Why, we were as cheery as possible, a doing the work of horses, and such like, as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world. Grumble? Not a bit of it! Why, we don't know how to; but I tell you what, my boy, the singing in the camp was something to listen to, and the laughter would have done your heart good if you'd been there to hear.

And then on the march! Why, the only thing as really was unpopular was the Ambulance Cart. You see it was no manner of use to us. We weren't a going to get into it—not a mother's son of us!

Ah, BILL, they write a deal of nonsense about us. Why, the other day, my lad, as I looked at the old Rag on parade, with "Waterloo" and "Inkerman" and the rest of them a fluttering in the wind, I couldn't help a thinking of the chorus of an old song I heard sung a long time ago. It was something like this:—

"What Old England once has done
Why can't she do again?"

There's a deal of sense in that chorus, I can tell you. But there—I hear the bugle a calling me back to work. So no more at present from

Yours all right, and no mistake,

TOMMY ATKINS,
(Private—full pay.)

WISE MEN ON VACCINATION.



THE COURT of Queen's Bench has sat its last, if it can now no longer punish Contempt of Court. Can it? This question has been raised by the Wise Men of Keighley.

The *Bradford Observer* reports a meeting of these Wise Men, to wit the Guardians of Keighley Union, held the other day in the Board-room of the Workhouse. The Sages met to deliberate upon

THE MANDAMUS!

This Writ, issued against the Keighley Guardians, recites, that they have neglected to carry out the Vaccination Act, and commands them forthwith to make their Vaccination Officer do his duty, or to show cause to the contrary. It is signed by LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN. The Wise Men's

Clerk having presented it to the Wise Men, who in their wisdom object to Vaccination, there ensued a debate which had a most apt sequel. But many wise things were said first.

The Chairman, MR. MILNER, read a number of wise resolutions which he had received. One, from a public meeting at Bingley,

denounced the vaccination laws, thanked the Keighley Guardians "for fighting for the freedom of the people," and promised "to support them in every way required." In another, from Middleton, "admiration for and sympathy with the Keighley Guardians were expressed for refusing to be made the ignoble tools of the Local Government Board." Also, the Cheltenham and Gloucester Anti-Compulsory League sent to say, through their Secretary, "that they had contributed to the defence fund." Were not they of the wise of whom it is said that they and their money are soon parted?

A Wise Man, MR. CRABTREE, "asked if the last was from the Magna Charta Association?" This eminently wise question excited "laughter;" and then another Wise Man, MR. JEFFERY, answered, "No, we have nothing to do with that lot." More laughter. The Wise Men laughed at something in which they saw wit—surely not at the suggestion of fellowship with the Magna Charta Association and the "lot" who follow WHALLEY the Wise and KENEALY the Conscientious.

MR. JEFFERY went on dropping pearls of wisdom. The non-prosecution of vaccination defaulters had been practised at that Board for twenty years. The Local Government had only now discovered that it was illegal. The only difference was that previously the majority of the Board had been for prosecutions, and now all the breaches of the law took place when there was a majority that voted against vaccination. Those opposed to prosecutions had been returned to the Board by a majority of one thousand in most cases. The people who so elected them believed that disease was engendered in their children by vaccination, and in some instances the children had been brought to the grave by it:—

"For his part, he could not see that they had done any wrong. There had been some talk about breaking the law, but they had only voted on the question of *pro* and *con*., the only difference being that a majority was now opposed to vaccination. He would give the Court of Queen's Bench that answer."

Time was when that answer to the Court of Queen's Bench would have got a rejoinder which the Wise Men might not have liked. Will it yet? The Wise Men will see.

MR. JEFFERY added that:—

"He gave them his ideas in bits and chops, and other gentlemen could put it into shape?"

The Mandamus having now had paid to it all the attention which the Collective Wisdom of Keighley thought it deserved, thus spoke

"The CHAIRMAN (after a pause): Unless any gentleman has anything to move, I'll pass on to the next business."

But a Wise Man, wise otherwise than his colleagues,—

"MR. REDMAN begged the Chairman's pardon. Here they had a Mandamus calling upon them to obey the law, which in this matter was interpreted by the Judges to be absolute, and they had the first opportunity of answering it by showing cause."

In this strain MR. REDMAN proceeded to point out the wisdom which the Wise Men would exercise by treating the Mandamus with some degree of respect, and he proposed a Motion accordingly. This occasioned an argument replete with logic, of which space only allows a specimen. Wise Man JEFFERY having said that "he did not believe it was the law that they could be forced," this dialogue followed:—

"MR. REDMAN. The Judges say so.

"MR. JEFFERY. O, yes, the writ says so, but we don't believe it.

"MR. REDMAN. We had better ask the Law Clerk's opinion.

"MR. JEFFERY. No, no; he has already given his opinion. He stands as a pivot between us, and does fair by both parties. But what this paper says is that we are to show cause.

"MR. SEDGWICK. We may do so or not.

"MR. JEFFERY. We are to make a return."

Then the Chairman uttered words of wisdom concerning the communication of diseases by vaccine lymph—wisdom mostly unutterable except to a Board of Guardians. And he said, meaning either the Vaccination Act or the Mandamus—

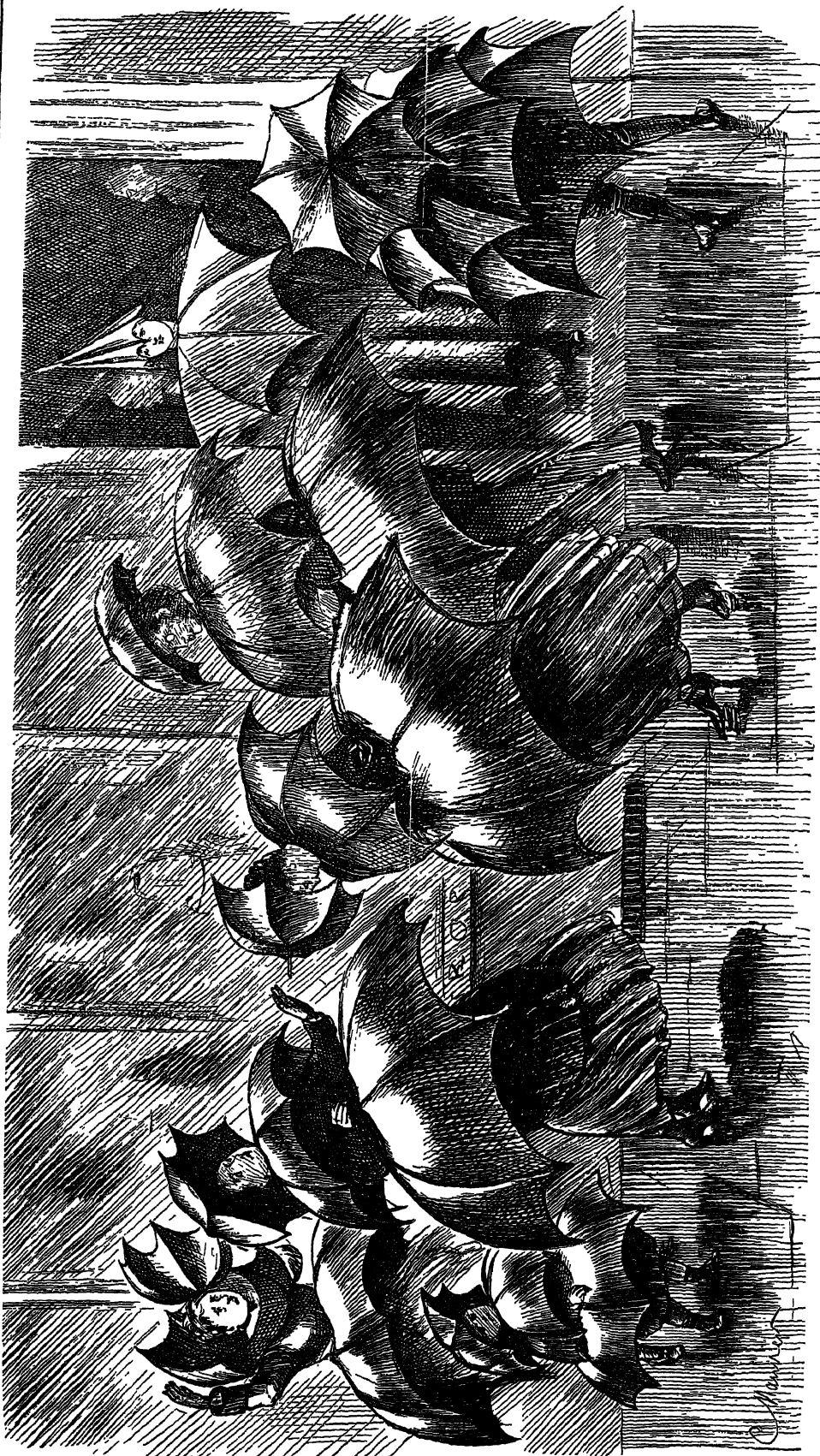
"He really hoped that they would pass on to the next business, and not take any notice of such a law. He moved that they do so accordingly."

The motion to pass on to the next business having been carried against MR. REDMAN's amendment by eight to five—

"The Board immediately after arranged to visit the West Riding Lunatic Asylum at Wakefield, on the 27th inst., and to apply for a Magistrate's order for admission."

An appropriate end of their proceedings!

A wise "commencement" was succeeded by "an answerable sequestration." No doubt the Wise Men of Keighley have since visited the Lunatic Asylum. Of course the Magistrate to whom they applied instantly granted them an order for admission. Any medical man would have written them a certificate. The only question is—Have they been let out again?



FOR WET WEATHER.

WATERPROOF CLOTHING IS SAID TO BE UNHEALTHY. WHY NOT ADOPT SOME SUCH COSTUME AS THAT DEPICTED ABOVE?

SOMETHING LIKE A LIFE-BOAT.

Thus writes the *Times* Correspondent on the Exhibition "*De l'Industrie Maritime*" at Paris:—

"There are said to be two hundred and fifty Exhibitors, but, to tell the truth, not one is ready. When I say not one, I make a mistake, for, as I was passing through the department, a gentleman arrived, having a parcel some four feet long under his arm. He was immediately surrounded by numerous tilters, and, in less than three minutes, he had opened his parcel, and produced a waterproof boat, with oars, seat, and bottom boards, and capable of holding three or four persons. In appearance this portable boat had a certain look of security which augured well for its practical use on the water. It is the invention of the Rev. E. L. BERTHON, of Komsey, Hauts."

A boat that can be carried under one person's arm and yet can carry three or four

persons safely beats Berton's swimming-suit hollow. When *Punch* emigrates, may he have his berth on the ship that carries Berton's collapsible boats!—in which lies, as *Mr. Punch* honestly believes, the solution of the problem—as yet practically awaiting a solver—how to carry boats enough aboard an emigrant or troop-ship to accommodate all the passengers, without hopelessly lumbering the decks.

CONTRIBUTIONS THAT MIGHT BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

We have been inundated with a flood of bad jokes—if possible, in taste worse than the jokes—about Toulouse and the inundations there. The funds for the sufferers by the French floods would be largely increased if our correspondents would send to the Mansion House the amount of their contributions at their own valuation.



APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

(ON THE BABY FARM.)

MRS. BENJAMIN. "WHY NOT PUT 'EM OUT O' THEIR MISERY?" NO, MRS. ARLINGTON, MEM!—WHAT I SAYS IS, LET THE POOR INNOCENTS LIVE AS LONG AS THEY CAN! THEY 'LL BE TOOK SOON ENOUGH, BLESS 'EM!—WHICH IT'S WELL BEKNOWN, MEM, BOTH TO YOU AND ME!"

A NOVEL EXHIBITION.



og Shows and Donkey Shows, Horse Shows and Hound Shows, Cat Shows and Cattle Shows, have been plentiful of late; and at last by way of novelty the Crystal Palace has been tempting us to go and see a Goat Show. Baby Shows we have beheld, which some may have called Kid Shows; but a Goat Show is a new thing in the way of Exhibitions, and if it be found successful, it will doubtless be succeeded. Perhaps we may ere long be treated to a Bore Show, and this, if got up properly, would we daresay prove attractive. The only fear is lest the Bores, being mostly private persons, would not quite like to be exhibited in public; and though each of them is perfectly well used to make an exhibition of himself, we may doubt if they would wish to be advertised and shown "en masse." The Crystal Palace is quite welcome to our notion of the Show, and we venture to append a catalogue of Bores, who might with great propriety apply to be exhibited.

if "got up properly, would we daresay prove attractive. The only fear is lest the Bores, being mostly private persons, would not quite like to be exhibited in public; and though each of them is perfectly well used to make an exhibition of himself, we may doubt if they would wish to be advertised and shown "en masse." The Crystal Palace is quite welcome to our notion of the Show, and we venture to append a catalogue of Bores, who might with great propriety apply to be exhibited.

That the Show would be attended well we entertain no question. Indeed there cannot be a doubt that their friends would all flock thither to see—at a safe distance—such immense Bores as the following:—

The Bore who interrupts your story with irrelevant remarks, and asks, "Well, what happened then?" when you have come to what your emphasis has shown to be the climax.

The Bore who fancies he is gifted with poetic inspiration, and publishes small pieces "for private circulation," and expects to hear them quoted by his friends.

The Bore who takes you by the button-hole when he meets you at the Club, and bothers you to death by asking your opinion on some family affair, which he describes with such prolixity that long before he finishes you have utterly forgotten what he said at starting.

The Bore who falls asleep behind you in the Stalls, and, by his snoring *obligato*, spoils your hearing of the Opera.

The Bore who, having spent a fortnight in Calcutta, seizes every chance of lugging in allusions to his Indian experience.

The Bore who has the fame of being "such a funny fellow," and thinks himself obliged to sustain his reputation by making silly puns and senseless practical jokes.

The Bore with a big voice who bawls your name out like a toast-master when he sees you in society, and slaps you on the back when he accosts you in the street.

The Bore who always tries to travel with the carriage-windows shut, and kicks up a great row if you insist on opening one of them.

The dyspeptic Bore who takes delight in talking of his ailments, and often ends by making you feel out of health yourself.

The æsthetic Bore who worries you with lectures on fine Art, and tempts you to buy pictures which you think extremely ugly, but which he assures you are "worth their weight in gold"—which, if you were to weigh them, would not come to very much.

The Bore who, somehow or another, always manages to forestall you in telling the good thing which you were told the other day, and which you meant to tell yourself if you could anyhow lead up to it.

The Bore who waltzes at a pace peculiar to himself, and causes endless collisions in his circle of (dance) acquaintance.

The Bore who, if he hears you say that you like music, treats you to a sermon upon *Lohengrin* and *Wagner*.

And, finally, the Bore who with some vehemence starts off talking "shop" while you are talking "shop," and you discover, to your horror, that his shop is not your shop!

PARAPLUIE v. PARASOL.

'T was the voice of the Sunshade, I heard her complain,
"I'm of no use at all, for we've nothing but rain!
Bright Sol is deposed by the Demon of Damp,
And I'm put in the shade by that odious Gamp!"

Stout Gingham laughed loud till her ribs seemed to split.

"Aha! Madame Upstart, you're *lowered* a bit.
Your flauntings and flirtings with Phœbus are over,
I warned you the God was a changeable lover!

Hoho! but you used to look down upon me,
As the symbol of Dowdiness! Fiddle-de-dee!"

No doubt your supreme self-conceit, Miss, it vexes

To see me the favourite friend of *both* sexes;

In the sunshine of fortune so upstart and proud,

What a poor thing you are, now you're "under a cloud!"

THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL AMONG THE SPECTACLE-MAKERS.



THE Honourable Company of Spectacle-Makers gave SIR GEORGE AIRY a dinner the other day. He in return gave them some good advice, which was—to learn to make Spectacles! "He knew only one capable maker of glasses." This advice, strange to say, was very kindly received; and, after dining last week at the Castle at Richmond, the Spectacle-Makers determined to turn over a new leaf and study their business. Hitherto, evidently, the blind have been making glasses for the blind. But *Mr. Punch* begs leave to inform his friend the Astronomer-Royal that when his keen sight

fails, if anything so improbable should occur, he will ask him for the name and address of that "ONE capable maker of glasses" already in existence.

Competent judges, if invited to dinner by other Honourable Companies, might give them equally useful and appropriate advice—*Cuque in sua arte credendum est*. The best dressed man in England (commonly reputed to be the Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds) should be banqueted by the Merchant Taylors, that he might give them his opinion as to how many of them can cut a coat properly. The Lorimers should certainly invite the Chairman of the Four-in-Hand Club, who could tell them what he thought of their bits and chains. The Bowstring-Makers could not do better than entertain the Member for Orton, as he draws the long bow with fatal facility. As to *Mr. Punch*, he reserves himself for the Vintners, who may rely on his being quite as candid and instructive as to the difference between sound and unsound liquor, and the importance of the choice of houses, as affecting your chances of getting one or the other, as SIR GEORGE AIRY on the qualities and makers of spectacle-glasses. The Vintners' glasses, by the way, have this advantage over the spectacle-makers—that they make one see double.

New Reading of an Old Rhyme.

(Written under St. Swithin's Wet Blanket.)

DIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November,
And from February until May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a single gleam of sun;
And if any should have thirty-two,
They'd be dull and dirty too.



"NO FEAR."

Fisherman. "TAKE CARE, DONALD—YOU'LL BE DROWNED!"

Donald. "TROONED!—IN A DUB LIKE THUS! IF I WAS, I'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOW MY FACE IN OBAN AGAIN!"

THE BYRON STATUE.

SCENE—No matter where. TIME—No matter what. The Statues are heard speaking in Voices of the Night.

George the Third (Cockspur Street). What—what—what! Another—another—another! They are going to give BYRON a statue. Yes, BYRON a statue. Bad style of fellow, I'm afraid! What, what? *Don Juan*, you know—naughty—naughty. Eh, eh, eh!

George the Fourth (Charing Cross). And why not, Sir? He added something to the glory of my glorious epoch. Besides, he knew how to dress—not exactly in my style, perhaps, but still deuced effective. By all means let him be rewarded—moderately.

Shakespeare (Leicester Square Fountain). In good time. Thrice a hundred years had passed, e'er this fountain, crowned with my statue, rose to testify to those who listened to the weekly band of Leicester Fields that MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was still remembered in the city he loved so well.

George the Third. There—there—there! What—what—what! You literary gentlemen are so jealous! I say, so jealous!

Shakespeare. Jealous!

Milton (Park-Lane Fountain). Jealous!

Prior (Westminster Abbey). Ha, ha, ha! Jealous!

George the Fourth. Don't quarrel, gentlemen, I beg. I am sure literary men are all very well—as long as they don't write memoirs like—h'm—I've no patience with the rascal—or political squibs, like that clever little rascal TOMMY MOORE—

William the Fourth (King William Street, E.C.). Hear, hear, hear! Bravo!

George the Fourth. In fact I always rather liked 'em. There was poor old SHERRY and TICKELL, always sadly out at elbows, both of 'em—but most amusing dogs. But about BYRON. I wonder how they'll turn him out? On foot, of course. He mustn't have a horse. Chargers are reserved for warriors like myself and my gallant comrade WELLINGTON—the twin heroes of Waterloo, you know.

EPITAPH ON THE INNOCENTS.

"Whom the Gods love die young"—
"Gone to a better place!"
As the keeper said, when he hung
O'er the dead outang's face!

Sleep, slaughtered Babes, in peace!
From troubles and woes and ills;
Why mourn such blest release?
Rest ye, poor little Bills!

On the tomb of one or two
"Resurgam" we may write;
"Death, Life's gate" passing through,
Again to see the light.

Innocents, pure of wrong!
As doth the name express,
Had your lives been more long,
We might have mourned you less.

A PAIL SHERRY.

In a newspaper advertisement invalids are invited to try what, in parliamentary language, must be called an intoxicating liquor, being described as:

"Koumiss, a Real Milk Wine."

Milk Wine may be presumed to have, in a degree, the same properties as those of milk punch, and, in excess, to produce the same effects as those which milk punch produced on *Mr. Pickwick*. There are beings who will not scruple to suggest that a real milk wine ought to yield genuine cream of the valley; but that kind of cream is not to be obtained from Koumiss. They may, however, some day catch a Tartar, who will inform them that the original Koumiss is obtained from mare's milk; as MR. BRALLAGHAN says, by a curious coincidence. He hopes this Koumiss may prove a hit in the bull's-eye.

Sors Shakspeariana.

(For the London and Westminster Bank, à propos of some recent proceedings.)

"And passion having our best judgment collied,
Essays to lead the way."—*Othello*.

Duke of Wellington (Hyde Park Corner), with a dry chuckle. Ha! ha! ha! You a hero of Waterloo, indeed!

George the Fourth. Come, come, my dear ARTHUR, pray don't begin that sort of thing. You know how it irritates me! Besides, if they give him a horse like mine, he will never be able to ride it. I have taken half a century to grow accustomed to—

George the Third. Yes, yes, yes! Very comical indeed. They gave you no saddle! No saddle—and no stirrups! How do you manage to keep your balance? Eh, eh, eh?

George the Fourth. Sure, you are pleased to be facetious! At any rate, I am not riding a prancing screw; I am not taking off my hat gracefully, in recognition of the indifference of a local crossing-sweeper; I am not wearing a projecting pigtail! No, thank goodness!

George the Third. Eh, eh, eh? What, what, what! Pigtail, indeed! Who wears a wig and a Roman tunic? Pigtail, indeed!

Victory (Waterloo Place). Pray don't quarrel in the presence of a lady, Gentlemen! Look at me!

George the Third. What, what, what! Look at you? Look at you? Eh, eh, eh? I can't. My head's turned the other way—turned the other way!

Victory. For nearly twenty years I have been standing on the summit of a monument, at the end of Waterloo Place, mournfully offering to passers-by a few quoits, myrtle-wreathed like the sword of HARMONIUS, and no one will take them! Alas, poor Victory!

Viscount Nelson (Trafalgar Square). Shiver my timbers, Madam, but you are out in your reckoning! I read in the newspapers the other day (you know I can see most things from here), that you are not Victory at all! They put you there for Honour.

Victory. Put me here for Honour! Impossible!

George the Third. Yes, yes, yes! They have queer notions now-a-days. But where will they put BYRON? Eh, eh, eh? What, what, what?

Shakespeare. There is room for him at my side.

Milton. Or mine.

George Peabody (behind the Royal Exchange). Or mine—if he have no objection to the City.



TRUE DISTINCTION.

Mamma (improving the occasion). "I LIKE YOUR NEW SUIT IMMENSELY, GERALD! BUT YOU MUST RECOLLECT THAT IT'S NOT THE COAT THAT MAKES THE GENTLEMAN!"

Gerald. "NO, MAMMA! I KNOW IT'S THE HAT!"

Duke of York (Waterloo Place). Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing when I look at you poor devils down there in the fog. What has poor BYRON done that he should be brought down to your level? If they must give him a statue, better give it a lift—well out of sight—like mine.

Viscount Nelson. No, no—must be a Sailor, your Royal Highness, really to like going aloft. I don't believe your Royal Highness is particularly comfortable up there.

Duke of York. Nonsense, my Lord. I consider myself the most fortunate statue in London—no one owes so much—

George the Fourth. Gad, that's true, Bishop!

Duke of York. Hang your wit, GEORGE. How about your own bills?—Owes so much to his situation, I was going to say. I stand here on my capital—

George the Fourth (sotto voce). Your creditors', that is—

Duke of York. Above the smother of the London fog, beyond the fire of contempt, and out of the range of criticism! Which of you, except NELSON, can say as much?

[*Morning breaks. Cock crows. Voices of the Night are heard, no more.*]

HYMN AGAINST HUMBUG.

IN a letter to the *Times* on the American Revivalists the REV. CHARLES N. EDGINGTON animadverts on "one essential characteristic of MR. MOODY'S teaching," to wit, "his persistent preaching of religion without righteousness." There appears to be a good deal of that religion in America, and perhaps we have not a little amongst ourselves. Let us hope that little has not been increased

A PLAINT TO A SAINT.

DAMP Saint, whom we Protestants even invoke,
Is not this sort of thing a great deal past a joke?
May not the most patient of Jobs complain
Of this far too long protracted rain?
Oh remember, ere past the season's prime is,
That excellent maxim, "*Ne quid nimis.*"
Our climate once could boast to be various,
Now all signs are merged in one—*Aquarius*.
Monopoly so monotonous misses
Approval of all the signs but *Pisces*!
Taurus (JOHANNES), at the Camp,
Has been ploughing an ocean of dirt and damp,
And only in damming and trenching been hearty;
Virgo's done out of her garden party;
Leo, Lion's occupation vain,
Shakes damper than dew-drops from his mane;
Libra feels these superfluous showers
The balance upset of the skyey powers.
So does *Punch*, and prays that the Zodiac soon
May recover the equilibrium of June.
But for *you*, chief cause of our complaints,
The wettest blanket of all the Saints,
Our Nature already is far too fond
Of playing NIOBE. Beyond
Her spontaneous tribute to the tearful,
Urge not one already none too cheerful:
Her waterworks need no aid from you:
So drop your water-can,—damp Saint,—do!

AN ELEMENT OF CONFUSION.

FROM a Report just issued by a Committee of the Society of Arts, on the Application of Science and Art to the Street Paving and Street Cleansing of the Metropolis, it appears that the Streets of London lie for those purposes under the divided jurisdiction of some fourteen separate Vestries, who mend their ways indifferently and in vicious independence of each other. Their agency for misrule in the regulation of the thoroughfares the Report denominates the Vestral element. But, inasmuch as parochial maladministration is mainly selfish, ought it not rather to be called, in the aggregate, the Nostral element? Chemically, that element might be styled Bumbleine.

REGIMENTS IN THE RAIN.—BOTH the gallant troops at Aldershot, and Volunteers at Wimbledon, have given their country good earnest of their conduct in the face of an enemy. No doubt they would behave as well under fire as they have been lately behaving under water.

by the preaching of MR. MOODY. Indeed MR. EDGINGTON, in arguing that it has, adduces a quotation which may be thought to prove the reverse. Speaking of MR. MOODY'S sermons in general, he observes: "The burden of his song is expressed in the Revivalist hymn, which was one of his collection,—

'Doing is a deadly thing;
Doing ends in death.'

When we consider how many hearers of MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKER were retail shop-keepers, too probably in the habit of "knowingly" practising adulteration, and using false weights and measures, we may deserv a possibility that the burden of MR. MOODY'S sermon, and MR. SANKER'S hymn, has impressed with the fatal consequences of "doing" some converts, who, before their conversion, did whomsoever they could, and without any sense that "doing" was otherwise than part of the whole duty of (shop-keeping) man.

Ireland's Victory.

Wimbledon, July 22, 1875.

WE know that Irish bulls have long been famed in Irish story;
And Irish bulls'-eyes now may claim their share of Irish glory.

Sir R. Phillimore's Judgment.

(See MRS. JENKINS'S *Evidence*, in *JENKINS v. COOK*.)

"LET him say, 'I believe in Old Nick'—and I give in that minute."
—If that's good Christianity, why then—the Devil's in it!



"THE JESUITS!"

Officer of Militia. "WELL, SIR, WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Excited Citizen. "MR? I'M THE BAILIE—THE HEID BAILIE, MON! I CATCHED THIS WEE LADDIE FESHIN' ON THE SAWBATH DAY! 'SAYS HE'S A CAATH'LIC—A ROOMAN CAATH'LIC!! E-E, IT'S JUST DREADFU' TO THINK O'—FESHIN' IN A PROTESTANT LOCH!! AND O' THE SAWBATH! LORD SAVE US!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN EXPEDITION.

(A Circular translated from the Russian.)

THE Russian Government, always anxious to spread the blessings of civilisation in every quarter of the globe, beg to inform the World in general and Great Britain in particular, that the Expedition recently dispatched to Central Asia has been organised merely and entirely with a view to advancing the interests of Science and Art.

The Artillery (when not engaged in action) will seize every opportunity of collecting geological specimens from the breaches made in the fortresses captured on the line of march.

The Engineers will be careful to mark in the maps of the countries through which they may pass all hills, forts, rivers, stockades, and military stations they may find *en route*, so that the charts may subsequently prove of the utmost utility to the men of science, on whose behalf principally they will have been prepared.

The Infantry will preserve the skeletons of the strange beasts they may shoot down in the course of an engagement, for presentation to the Anatomical Museum at St. Petersburg.

The Cavalry will burn villages that have been built without taste, so that towns of more refined architectural character may be built on their sites.

That Central Asia may be thoroughly examined from a scientific point of view, the country may have to be occupied for an indefinite time. Should this expedition prove successful, a similar experiment will be made in Afghanistan and the other provinces intervening between the Russian frontier.

JUST LIKE 'EM!

ST. SWITHIN'S day was carefully selected this year for the last grand *fête* at the Royal Botanical Gardens! The band played "Long to rain over us!" with enthusiasm.

A PLEA FOR PLIMSOLL.

WHAT though the passion in him tore away
The dams and dykes of senatorial phrase?
What though the words that spoke his mind outweigh
The weights of Parliamentary dispraise?
What though, brain-wrung by stress of ruth and rage,
And sudden-baffled hope of help, long nursed,
Against all rules of the St. Stephen's stage
Forth in accusing earnest wrath he burst—
Of greed that, ghoul-like, feeds from watery graves,
Of homes and hearts that desolate abide,
Of brave men's lives foredoomed for gain of knaves—
And, so denouncing, flung his charges wide,
And gave his enemies a scoff and boast,
"Lo! you, the Sailors' champion!" Through their sneers,
Still let his bitter cry ring in our ears—
"They drown by hundreds round our England's coast!"

Absit Omen!

MR. PUNCH was rather startled the other day by reading an announcement at a certain Railway Terminus that "during August and September, Excursion Trains will run asunder." It was a relief to be informed by the Traffic Manager that "as under" was intended to be the reading of the latter portion of the announcement.

EMBARRAS DE CHOIX.

OF two pain-killers doctors ask whether
Is better, but patients may say
"How happy could I be with Ether,
Were Chloroform out of the way."



"USED TO IT!"

Officer at firing-point (who thinks that it's raining). "SERGEANT MAUCHLINE, HADN'T YOU BETTER WEAR YOUR GREAT COAT TILL IT'S YOUR TURN TO FIRE?"

Sergeant Mauchline (from the "Land of Lorne"). "HOO! NO THE NOO! I'LL PIT IT ON WHEN IT COMES WAT!"

CABMAN EXTRAORDINARY.

It is not always that Virtue is its own reward, and gets no other. At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, one JOHN MORRIS, a shoemaker, who had stolen a purse containing £1 10s., the property of GEORGE HARDWICKE, from his person, was brought to justice. This satisfactory result was owing to the exceptional courage, steadiness, energy, and self-denial—if not honesty—of a certain cabman, badge 5665, living at No. 17, Great Warner Street, Clerkenwell. The offence was committed on the person of an old gentleman taken into 5665's cab. The old gentleman was drunk and incapable. He and the prisoner together were taken into the cab at Cockspur Street, and 5665 was directed to drive them to Moring's Hotel, Dean Street, Soho. Suspecting the old gentleman's companion, 5665 on the way was led to lift the trap on the top of the cab, and peep in, to see what he was about. That, he perceived, was picking the old gentleman's trousers' pocket. Thence the prisoner extracted a purse of gold. He transferred it to the pocket of his own waistcoat. Cabman 5665 called out to the prisoner that he was robbing the man. The prisoner offered him a dollar to pull up short of, or beyond, Moring's Hotel. The Cabman indignantly refused the bribe, and threatened the thief that he would give him in charge. Hereupon, the thief jumped out and bolted—5665 after him, leaving his cab in the street, unattended. When he came up with him, the thief threatened violence if he followed further, and 5665 saying he would do so, struck him a violent blow in the face. The Cabman, showing fight, the thief took to his heels.

"It's no use your attempting to get away," said 5665, "for wherever you go I'll follow you."

He accordingly followed him through several streets about Soho for nearly half-an-hour. At length a policeman was found. What a wonder! The prisoner of course was collared.

In the meanwhile 5665's cab had stood where he left it, taking care of itself. After a long search it was found with the old gentleman safe inside. There is a sweet little cherub that takes care of drunken men and fools. "The prisoner expressed his

willingness to go to the station-house, but wished to go there in the cab with the prosecutor." But—

"The cabman appeared to have had considerable acuteness here, for he told the policeman that if he was allowed to go in the cab with the prosecutor alone, there was no doubt that he would put back into his pocket the money he had stolen from him."

No less downy than valiant and true. The thief having been found guilty, the true man received at least some recompense besides that to which virtue is proverbially limited. The Assistant-Judge then ordered him to stand forward, and said that "the Grand Jury by their presentment had expressed their high approbation of his conduct, and of his great energy and skill in apprehending the prisoner." The Judge added that—

"He had much pleasure in endorsing their approval, and should order him to receive a reward of £2, in addition to his ordinary expenses."

Virtue thus, for once in the way, got £2 reward in addition to its own. It remains only to state the name of the gallant, resolute, and honest Cabman, 5665. He is named SAMUEL ISAACS. There! And we should not be surprised to hear that he had a hooked nose. This is only a surmise; but we mention it in order to take an opportunity of doing all possible justice to hook-nose gentlemen of the name of ISAACS.

Appeal for a Lincolnshire Worthy.

(Once on, now under, the Turf.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

A CHURCH is about to be erected to the memory of the late "MR. LAUNDE." May I suggest that it should be dedicated to St. Leger, and that the Bishop of the Diocese should lay the foundation-stone during the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Saint at Doncaster during next September. Is an *Apology* necessary if I ask for subscriptions?

HOLY FRIAR.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OUR Irish Peers! LORD BEAUCHAMP informed the Lords (Monday, July 26) that HER MAJESTY did not mean to

interfere between them and the wicked will of their cruel brethren of the Upper House.

Prince Edward's Island (LORD CARNARVON tells us) was raffled for over here, in lots of 20,000 acres, more than a hundred years ago. The present freeholders of the Island represent the absentee winners of these lots. Naturally enough, the resident tenants have long kicked

at paying them rents; and, holding the best cards in the Local Parliament, have at length, after a protracted squabble, forced on the Legislature of the Dominion a Bill for enforcing compulsory sales by the proprietors. The Governor-General thinks it best for all parties to sanction the Bill, which appoints three Commissioners (the one of the Governor-General's appointment being "our" MR. CHILDERS) to assess the compensation prices to be paid the ousted proprietors. LORD DUFFERIN and

his nominee may be trusted to make the best terms for the proprietors that the case admits, and to sanction no arrangement glaringly unjust to them. All parties (proprietors included) will be so much the better for the healing of an old raw, that the proprietors and their friends will, probably, be wise not to haggle over the conditions—though they may not get all they think justice. The tenants, probably, don't quite see it as they do.

LORD STRATHEDEN is a pertinacious person, with no sense of humour, who will insist on poking into awkward questions in a way very troublesome to the Foreign Office. At present, he wants to know if LORD DERBY has not been putting the national dignity in his pocket, and knocking under to the three great northern Powers, *in re* those troublesome Roumanian provinces, with which Austria, Russia, and Germany have concluded commercial treaties, as if they were Sovereign, not suzerain, States. The Porte says the provinces have no right to conclude such treaties without leave of the SULTAN, and LORD DERBY admits as much. Austria, Germany, and Russia do not see the need of the SULTAN's leave being asked. The Porte says, "Only let the Powers ask leave for the Provinces to conclude such treaties on their own hook, and we will issue a firman to that effect," and begs LORD DERBY to back up the SULTAN in insisting on his right to at least so much show of diplomatic deference. LORD DERBY submits the suggestion to COUNT MÜNSTER, with a friendly "Come, can't you oblige the poor dear SULTAN?" COUNT MÜNSTER, with a masterly inactivity, feels no more bound to favour LORD DERBY with an answer than the SULTAN with a request for a firman, and LORD DERBY, after waiting a week, recommends the Porte to issue a firman, without waiting to be asked for it. The Porte declines, and its Foreign Secretary may be asking LORD DERBY, not without reason, "Call you *this* backing of your friends?"

But when these very big Powers will have their way, what is left for poor little England (in LORD DERBY's hands), but to knock under; and after all, this is only a diplomatic snub, and JOHN BULL does not get savage over snubs in diplomacy. He waits till the row begins. Quite time for him to get his blood up when he sees the red rag, or smells powder. "A stitch in time does not save nine" in Foreign Office correspondence.

Labour Laws Bill read a Second time, after LORD CAIRNS had tried his hand at a final tinkering of the Penal Clause which MR. LOWE and MR. CROSS have so failed to make a good job of.

Query if LORD CAIRNS have not left the quibble-pegs as big as ever.

(Commons.) The undertow of MR. PLIMSOLL's out-of-doors wave of popularity evidently sweeping the House strong in the direction of Merchant Shipping Legislation.

MR. ROEBUCK moved the Second Reading of MR. PLIMSOLL's Bill for Thursday.

SIR C. ADDERLEY gave notice of the Government Stop-Gap Bill (hurriedly knocked up to block PLIMSOLL's) for Wednesday. MR. DILLWYN gave notice of a motion for precedence for MR. PLIMSOLL's Bill on Thursday.

Savings Bank Bill, Rivers Pollution Bill, Offences Against the Person Bill, sacrificed by their Parliamentary Parents. If only they would *not* give reasons. But when MR. CROSS talks in a breath of "panic legislation," and the mass of information from Judges, Stipendiaries, Chief Constables, &c., English and Scotch, on which his withdrawn Bill was founded, he is performing LORD CASTLEREAGH's famous feat of "flying in his own face." Why not manfully confess the truth, that the Bill is a bungle, and better withdrawn?

MR. HARDY, *Punch* is glad to hear, does not mean to throw on officers and men the cost of making good the damages caused by Summer Manœuvres and St. Swithin together to uniforms and accoutrements.

Then the House plunged into the sea of the Agricultural Holdings Bill; and of the cheerful subject of Manures and the effects thereof, "found no end, in wandering mazes lost," till nearly three in the morning.

Tuesday.—A whiff of the Plimsoll breeze ruffled the smooth waters of the Upper House! LORD CARLINGFORD wiggled the Government for their abandonment of the Merchant Shipping Bill, for which they were now about to "do penance" (see *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon) by what he feared would prove "hasty, wild, and bad" legislation.

MR. DISRAELI's defence was undertaken by LORD MALMESBURY and LORD CAIRNS—*impar congressus*.

(Commons.) Morning Sitting devoted to smoothing the way for MR. PLIMSOLL's apology on Thursday, and to securing the introduction of the Government Stop-Gap Bill to-morrow, in time for some detailed information as to its contents.

In the Evening, the House up to its neck in the dung heap till nearly two.

Wednesday.—After a few hours on Agricultural Holdings Bill, in which an attempt to limit freedom of contract (on motion of MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN) was defeated by 178 to 116, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY—the Whipping-boy of the Government, for its big sin of the Session,—rose to take his punishment meekly, after his manner. Judiciously blinking the fact that, but for the universal voice of popular indignation, the Stop-Gap Bill would never have been heard of, he proceeded to describe its meagre features,—yet harsh as they are meagre. It will authorize the Board of Trade to appoint surveyors, armed with the full powers of the Board to stop ships they have reason to believe unseaworthy, whether from improper loading or otherwise, and will empower one-fourth of a crew to complain of unseaworthiness, without giving security for costs, or the preliminary desertion of any of their number. SIR CHARLES gave statistics strongly corroborating the worst MR. PLIMSOLL has charged against ship-knackers and coffin-ship-owners, and striking away all justification of the Government which abandons a measure called for by malpractices involving such risk and sacrifice of life.

He did not state how many of the detentions of unseaworthy ships by his Board were due to PLIMSOLL's persistent poking up.

No man need wish to see his worst enemy in a more humiliating position than the Head of Her Majesty's Government has made for himself in this matter. *Punch* will not aggravate his penance, or embitter his humble-pie. He hates hitting a man when he is down.

MR. GOSCHEN, in tempered terms, pointed the moral of the moment, and complained,

as did everybody who spoke with any weight of knowledge, of the insufficiency of the Bill as described.

MR. REED announced his intention of supplementing its deficiencies, by so much, at least, of MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill as prohibits deck-loads and the stowage of grain cargoes in bulk—two of the most common causes of wreck in winter. JOHN BULL and Jack Tar may not be able to get more, but, as the Cheap Jacks say, they "will positively take no less."

Thursday (Lords).—Labour Bills got through at last, with the LORD CHANCELLOR'S last touch to that *crux* of a clause which attempts the definition of offences in the nature of picketting, or rattening.

(*Commons.*) A perceptible marine flavour pervading the House. Questions as to cases of unseaworthiness flying about. The House artistically wrought up for the appearance of MR. PLIMSOLL in the character of apologist, which he performed in a manly and dignified fashion, but with a due reserve, withdrawing and apologising for all such terms and expressions as were in transgression of Parliamentary usage, but not withdrawing any statement of fact.

MR. DISRAELI received the apology, so becomingly offered, in a manner as becoming—and with a graceful (apparent) unconsciousness of the fact that it was the Government's abandonment of the Bill on which MR. PLIMSOLL had set his hopes of ameliorating the lot of the merchant seaman that had led to the offence for which, as the representative of the House, he now accepted the offender's apology.

How do the maker and the acceptor of that apology respectively stand at this moment in the estimation of the country?

MR. BENTINCK and MR. NEWDEGATE expressed themselves not quite so satisfied with the apology as MR. DISRAELI. They wanted a further withdrawal of all charges implicating honourable Members.

MR. PLIMSOLL may safely say his charges were never meant to include honourable Members.

Before getting to Agricultural Holdings, MR. DILLWYN made an ill-advised attempt to force Government to take up MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill, and complaining of Government waste of time, laid himself open to a well-planted "counter" from MR. DISRAELI.

The House was drifting into personalities, when MR. LEWIS stopped it by announcing MR. PLIMSOLL'S wish that his Bill should give place to the Government measure, to which MR. REED announced his intention to tack certain of the clauses from MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill, for the prohibition of deck-loads and stowage of grain in bulk, and perhaps for a compulsory load line. Then the House plunged once more, with apparent enjoyment, into the marshy waste of the Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Friday (Lords).—The evils of our own old unregulated system of Factory labour are growing up with the growth of the Cotton manufacture in India. LORD SHAFTESBURY does well to call attention to them. We are glad to hear from LORD SALISBURY that Government have their eye on the Indian factories—are aware of the gradual growth of over-work and oppression of Indian innocents, and mean to do their best to put them down. Their difficulty is the native notion that all we do to protect Indian women and children in the cotton factories is a hypocritical sham, meant to mask our determination to sustain Manchester factories against Indian competition.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH has not only given £3000 a year to found scholarships in mechanics and the cognate sciences, but wishes to hand over to the nation an estate of that value for their perpetual endowment. He sets as good an example in his way of giving as in his gifts, for he empowers Parliament at any time to overhaul his foundation and bequest. There can be no objection to relaxing the Mortmain Acts for the purposes of this wise and magnificent act of public spirit. For this the LORD CHANCELLOR now introduces the necessary Bill.

(*Commons.*) Morning Sitting on the Stop-Gap Shipping Bill. A very practical morning's work, creditable to everybody concerned: Government, by SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, agrees to allow of the discussion—presumably with a view to acceptance—of grain-cargo and deck-load clauses, but objects to doing as much for clauses securing compulsory survey and load-line. MR. REED will have a fight for their introduction. MR. PLIMSOLL and MR. GOSCHEN want full discussion, at least, of these clauses. MR. DISRAELI made one of those masterly changes of front which leave us all so proud of the tactician, whatever we may think of the statesman or legislator. By a dexterous twist he gives his penitential sheet the hang of a triumphal robe; and calmly and complacently thanks the public for the roar of execration which has "assisted" the Government to bring in its Stop-Gap Bill!

Now this is *really* clever.

Before the House got to Merchant Shipping, a merchant shipper, MR. BATES, the Member for Plymouth, very properly asked for a Select Committee to inquire into the charge MR. PLIMSOLL, by implication, at least, brought against him of being a "ship-knacker."

MR. PLIMSOLL'S worst fault as a strategist is his readiness to

make and endorse specific accusations. It shows his good faith as a man, but gives a powerful handle against him as a Parliamentary tactician. Dirt flung in the House is pretty sure to splash back in the face of the flinger. Better overlook it than stoop for it, in nine cases out of ten.

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.



COURTEOUS MR. PUNCH, I TRUST that your known gallantry and gentlemanly interest in the wrongs of Suffering Humanity—or, I might even say, Womanity—will induce you to spare a very *tiny little* of your *valuable* space for the insertion of this paragraph, which I read lately in my newspaper:—

"Originally, ladies were eligible to become members of the Order of the Garter. HENRY THE EIGHTH decreed that they should no longer enjoy this privilege. CHARLES THE FIRST and GEORGE THE SECOND proposed to restore the old arrangement, but the project in both cases was never executed. After they shall have attained the Parliamentary franchise, women may agitate for the restoration of their ancient right to have the Garter bestowed upon the wealthy or well-born of their sex."

I fear extremely that a sneer is latent in these last few words, though wherefore this should be so I am puzzled to imagine. Why should not we poor women have the franchise granted to us, and the Garter also, if we so desire it? Why should honours such as these be reserved for only men, and we who pay our *coal bills* and our gas and taxes are not so much as suffered to sit upon a Jury?

Hoping somebody in Parliament will be chivalrous enough to take the matter up, and get our ancient rights restored to us, believe me, Mr. Punch, your weekly reader and adorer,
Minerva Cottage, Friday.

SOPHONISBA SMITH.

P.S.—That monster HENRY THE EIGHTH! I always have *detested* him, and now I'm sure we Ladies all must hate him more ferociously than ever.

THE SERVANTS' COLLEGE.

MR. PUNCH rejoices to hear that "the greatest plague of life" has a slight chance of being abated by the establishment of a College for Servants, who will be educated in the most careful way to do justice to their employers—the main idea being that most lucidly stated by the Dean of Saint Patrick's, that it is the chief duty of every Servant to ascertain the full amount of his master's income, and to spend the whole of it on his own department. Having been favoured with an early copy of the subjects with which the courses will commence, Mr. Punch is glad to give to this useful undertaking the advantage of his world-wide publicity.

CLASS 1. *Lady Housekeepers.*—"How to manage a Widower with young Children. In three heads: 1, Domestication; 2, Flirtation; 3, Temptation."

CLASS 2. *Cooks.*—"How to make the Kitchen-fire too hot for the Missus, and too cool for the Sirluin."

CLASS 3. *Butlers.*—"How to substitute Marsala for Madeira, and *Vin Ordinaire* for Château-Lafitte."

CLASS 4. *Lady's-Maids.*—"How to look much prettier than the young ladies when there are visitors in the house."

CLASS 5. *Footmen.*—"How to make a fortune out of six feet two in height, and calves nineteen inches round."

CLASS 6. *Men and Wives.*—"How to keep their quarrels to themselves, and feed their 'incumbrances' in the neighbourhood."

CLASS 7. *Coachmen and Grooms.*—"How to make the corn supplied to the stables more useful than if wasted on dumb animals."

CLASS 8. *Housemaids.*—"How to train that noble animal, the harmless necessary cat, to break glass and snap up unconsidered trifles."

It can scarcely be doubted, from this preliminary syllabus of lectures, that the new Institution will do much for the comfort, economy, and refinement of our households.



RATHER VAGUE.

"EVA, DID YOU HEAR THAT LADY'S NAME THAT'S COME TO SEE MAMMA?"

"YES. MRS. ABEL."

"I WONDER IF SHE'S THE MOTHER OF THOSE TWO BOYS MAMMA TOLD US OF. AND ONE OF THEM WAS NAUGHTY, YOU KNOW, AND KILLED HIS BROTHER."

"WHAT NONSENSE, EVA! WHY, THAT HAPPENED EVER SO LONG AGO! IF SHE'S ANYBODY, SHE MUST BE THEIR GRAND-MOTHER!"

NICK OR NOTHING.

[The following lines have been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* Letter-Box. The signature is partly undecipherable, but, from internal evidence, and a certain unusual odour about the sealing-wax, he conjectures that the missive may have emanated from the personage whom MR. DISRAELI euphemistically called "a peculiar potentate." *Mr. Punch* prints the communication without further comment.]

MR. PUNCH,

You are getting most iconoclastic,
You mannikin mortals, but *this* is too strong—
A new dose of dogma exceedingly drastic
Such sceptical laxness will call for ere long.
Tradition and Tale you have turned topsy-turvy,
But this last attempt to cut me from your creed
Is far worse than wicked—it's stupid and scurvy,
Although—please the parsons!—it shall not succeed.

I've had many flouts in my time, but, like DIZZY,
(*Nous autres* admire him!) I care not for those;
Saint Dunstan declared he once made himself busy—
Of course the old Mulciber fibbed!—with my nose.
But granting the tongs and the tweak, they were trifles
Compared with this insult from Clifton that comes;
I swear indignation my voice fairly stifles
When I hear myself branded as chief of the Hums!

Ah, JENKINS of Clifton! *your* future *my* care is!
You think me—O Lucifer, here is a fall!—
A sort of a swart subterranean *Mrs. Harris*,
And doubt if there's "any such person at all!"
If seeing's believing—aha!—but no matter,
The parsons *plus* PHILLIMORE bay on your track,
A victim to clerical chasing and clatter,
Might envy Actæon his peacefuller pack.

I'm safe, for the orthodox can't do without me,
The *sine qua non* of their Church and their creed,
To serve me would shock them far less than to doubt me,
To Niebuhrise me were destructive indeed.
I'm the parson's own pet, and these reckless attackers
Of me will find *them* at their heels double quick,
With the sinners for thralls, and the saintly for backers,
A fico for JENKINS!

Yours gaily,

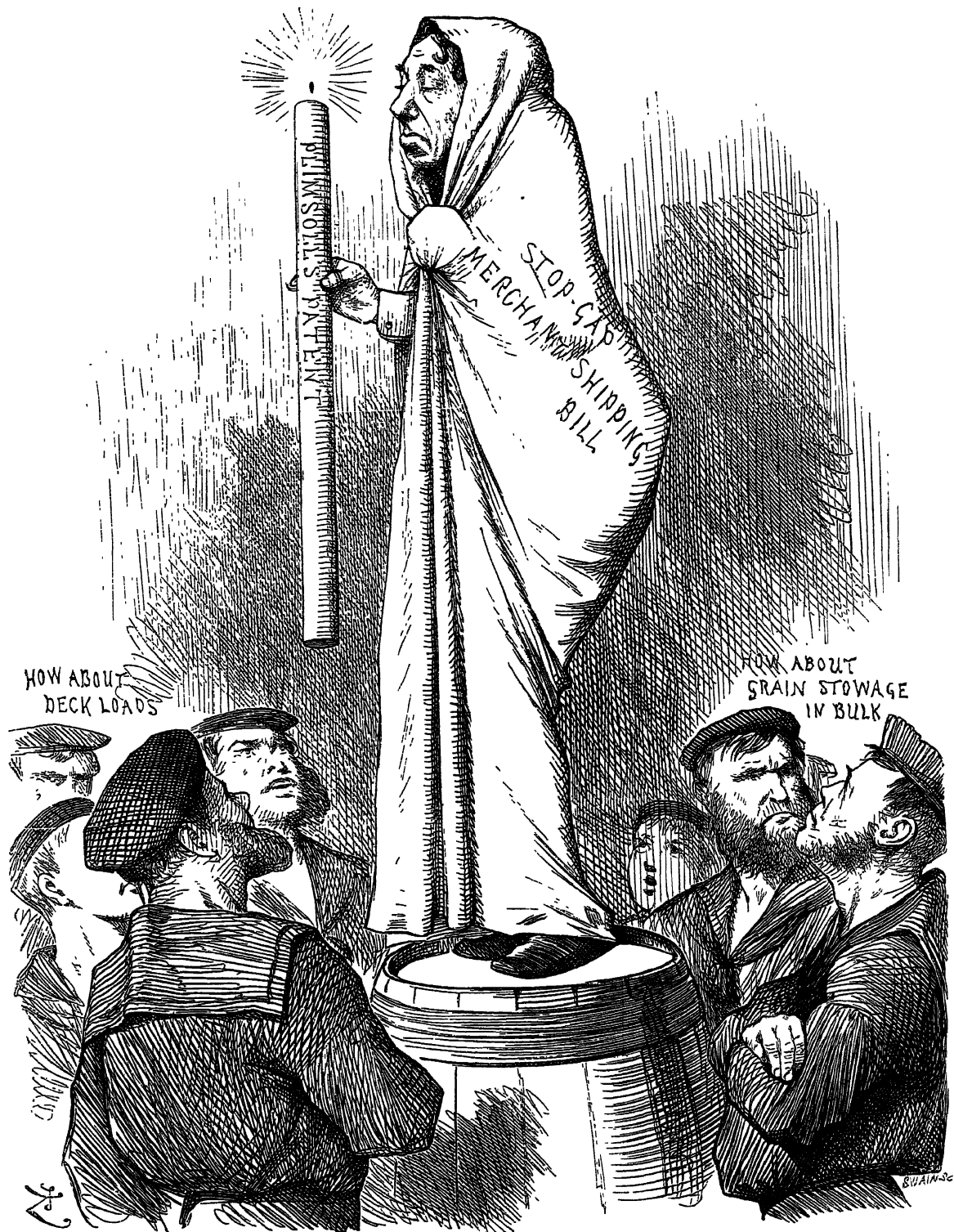
OLD NICK.

NONAGE AND DOTAGE.

AT the Maidstone Assizes, the other day, a British Jury, on a case of breach of promise of marriage, actually found a verdict for the defendant. But they had no choice. Defendant's Counsel pleaded infancy, and proved his client to be under twenty. The learned gentleman argued "that an infant was only liable for necessities supplied to him," and that "marriage could not be treated as a necessary"; and JUDGE DENMAN put the question of infancy as the only one to be tried. It is quite clear that a wife cannot be a necessary anyhow for an infant, unless a very forward one, but a nurse may and generally is. Sometimes the defendant in a breach of promise case is an old man in his second childhood, who, if he wants a wife at all, wants her only as a nurse. On behalf of an aged ninny in cases of this description, would it not be advisable to legalise the plea of infancy?

The Situation in Spain.

THE Alphonists, by not cutting off supplies from the Carlists in their retreats, have been said to have given them a *modus vivendi*. They seem to have rectified that mistake by active measures through which they are giving their adversaries a *modus moriendi*.



“DOING PENANCE.”

A CITY MAYOR'S NEST.



LACE—*The Guildhall. TIME*
—An hour before the dawn on the 2nd of August, 1875. Gog, the giant of Progress, and MAGOG, the symbol of *Statu Quo*, discovered on Guard.

Gog. Well, Brother, I trust you are pleased. I really think the International Demonstration (taken as a whole) has been a great success. Don't you think so too?

Magog. Well, it wasn't so werry bad. It wos wot I call a himmertation—something like that there feed we 'ad when the furreign Suff'rings came Citywards in the beginning of this 'ere new-fangled centry.

Gog. My dear Brother, pray call their Majesties—Sovereigns. Look to your pronunciation, my good fellow, look to your pronunciation.

Magog. I tell yer wot it is—you leave my grammar alone, can't yer! Although you've taken up with the new style, I tell yer I 'old with the old. At the beginning of this 'ere new-fangled centry we called 'em "Suff'rings."

Gog. My dear fellow, we need not quarrel. I have no doubt (when I take into consideration the crushes at the old City banquets) that "Suffering" was not an inappropriate title.

Magog. An inner—wot? I tell yer what it is, Gog, I don't understand 'alf yer say. You've grown so werry fine of late years, that there's no knowing yer! Wot's come over yer?

Gog. I have merely marched with the Spirit of the Age. There is nothing absurd about an Alderman now-a-days.

Magog. Well, there never was, was there?

Gog. My dear Brother, you have the *entrée* to the City Library. I will give you a reply by asking a question. Have you ever looked at the back numbers of the periodical published at the Office of the Greatest Sage of this and any other century?

Magog. You mean *Mr. Punch*. In course I 'ave. Who ain't?

Gog. Pray use the aspirate, my dear Brother. You positively shock me. Your education must have been sadly neglected.

Magog. Neglected indeed! Now I tell you wot it is, don't you begin a chaffing me about my haches, cos I won't stand it.

Gog. I apologise. Let us change the subject. To return, you must have been pleased with the International gathering. It was better, far better, than the banquet given to the Allied Sovereigns, because it was held in the honour of peace. It was a congress of doves.

Magog. Right you are—turtle doves!

Gog. You are pleased to be facetious! But was not the sight most gratifying? Did it not prove that Municipal Government had received a new lease of power and popularity?

Magog. Guver'nment, indeed! A lot of guver'nment we 'ave in the City now-a-days! Why, 'aven't we been obligated to give up almost everything? Didn't they make us turn Smiffel into a butcher's shop? didn't they meddle and muddle with the Thames? and 'aven't they put down the men in brass? A coming into the City and turning of everything upside down!

Gog. I am delighted to say that everything that was capable of improvement twenty years ago is now greatly improved. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is no longer the laughing-stock of the whole nation.

Magog. And why shouldn't he be?

Gog. Because he has taken his proper place. He is the National Host, and the Head of Public Philanthropy.

Magog. Fine words butter no parsnips! I like the old style best. Give me the days when the LORD MAYOR and the Corporation did nothing but heat and drink and go to sleep in the Justice Room of the Mansion 'Ouse!

Gog. My dear Brother, I fear your tastes are unrefined.

Magog. I s'pose yer means "low." Low, yerself! Who hasks scribblers and hartists, and such like chaps, to dinner nowadays? Yah!

Gog. I rejoice to say that after many years of "black neglect" (I

quote from a recent speech of that distinguished novelist MR. DISRAELI, the City has redeemed its reputation by recognising the claim of Genius to share the honours bestowed upon the Soldier and the King.

Magog. Well, if that aint low, I don't know wot is! But it's too 'ot for rows. Let's go to Margate awhile nobody's looking.

Gog. Margate!

Magog. O, don't you be shocked. It's quite genteel now. Don't yer know as 'ow the Prince took 'is wife (bless 'er sweet face and kind 'eart!) with 'im the other day. Where 'is Ry'l 'Ighness can go, surely you and I can.

Gog. Well, really, I should like a little sea-air. Do you think we could get away without attracting attention to our departure?

Magog. In course we can! Now, then, down yer comes! 'Old 'ard! Get back!—just our luck!—ere comes a Peeler! We must wait for another hopertoonity!

[We may add that when our parcel was made up, the City Giants were still on guard, and London slept in peace.]

A SAINT'S WARNING.

YOUR Meteorologists may refer the late rains and floods to natural causes, but the truly weather-wise will know what to think when they read the subjoined extract from a Hampshire journal—the *Andover Advertiser*:—

"A startling rumour has lately been current in this county to the effect that the authorities of the Cathedral are about to disturb the repose of St. Swithin, by either removing the slab which is dedicated to him in the Presbytery, or by placing on the top of it the proposed cenotaph of BISHOP SUMNER."

It may be that this report is unfounded, for the deluge on St. Swithin's Day, and the subsequent floods, have been followed by some fine harvest weather. Or perhaps the authorities of Winchester Cathedral have abandoned a vile intention. But in so far as they are the same as those who, a few years since, turned the bones of RUFUS out of his grave, because towards the end of eight centuries they discovered that the tomb over it stood in the way, they are capable of anything. To be sure Swithin as saint had the advantage of RUFUS as Sinner. On the other hand, BISHOP SUMNER has the better of St. Swithin, by his reign of forty years to the Saint's of forty days.

Offence may also have been given to St. Swithin by the sale of Winchester House, and by the enlargement of the new diocese of Rochester, through the diminution of the old one of Winchester, now shorn of Putney, Mortlake, Wimbledon, Richmond, and Kingston-on-Thames. The Saint may have resented this curtailment of his old domains by throwing cold water upon that proceeding. However, his wrath seems to have abated; at least, his waters have. Should the former rekindle, and the latter be renewed, perhaps, with the view of appeasing St. Swithin, devotees at the approaching season, instead of going to Lourdes or Paray-le-Monial, might make a pilgrimage to Winchester. They would be heartily welcomed there by the tradesmen and licensed victuallers.

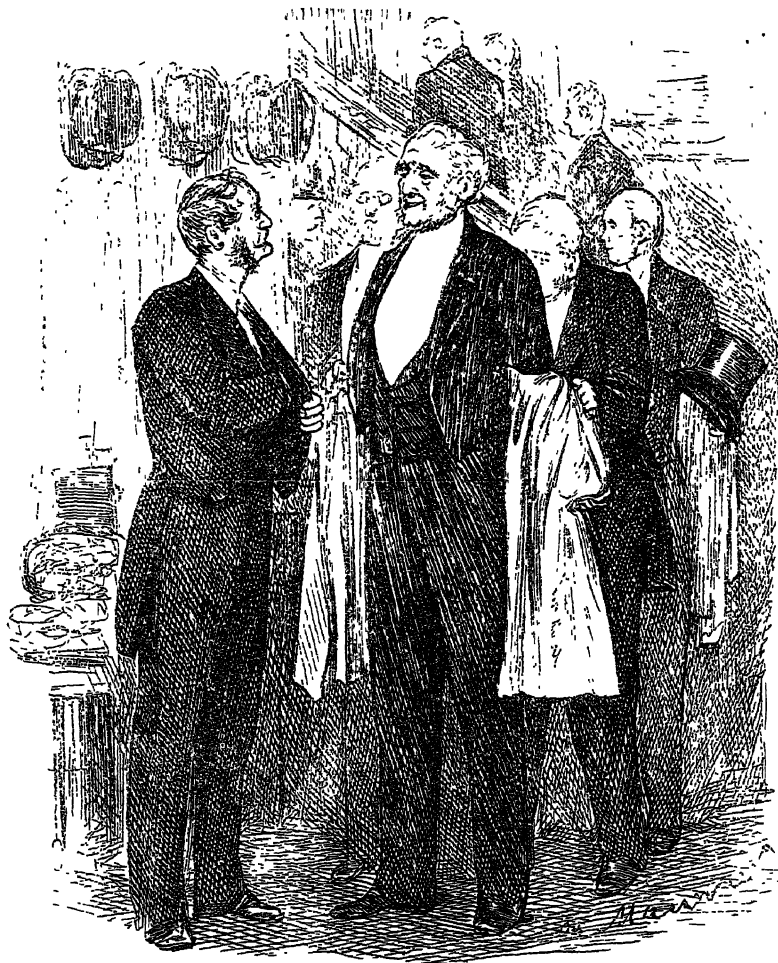
But as it is an ill wind that blows, so it is bad weather that brings, nobody good. If St. Swithin, as successor to Jupiter Pluvius, is injurious to the farmer, he is gracious to the mycologist and mycophagist. If he drowns the hay and wheat, he quickens the mushrooms and toadstools. Among these last, *Mr. Punch* is told, there is an esculent variety sacred to a Saint—the St. George's agaric,—which comes up on or about St. George's Day. But the Patron Saint of fungi and their eaters at large is clearly St. Swithin. In this connection it is remarkable that the general form of mushrooms is that of an umbrella.

NEW NAVAL MONSTER.

THE last new thing in naval architecture is a Russian novelty, the *Novgorod*, designed by ADMIRAL POPOFF, and highly commended in the *Times* by a no less authority than MR. E. J. REED. She carries armour eleven inches thick and guns of twenty-eight tons, goes eight knots an hour, has steamed from Nicolaieff round the south of the Crimea to the Circassian coast, thence back as far as Sebastopol, then on to Odessa, and lastly into the Sea of Azoff, through the Straits of Kerch in a depth of only fourteen feet of water. The *Novgorod* is described as a "Circular Ironclad." She does rather fast work for a sort of vessel that our old naval heroes would have styled a saucepan and a tub. In another kind of phraseology than the purely nautical, to wit, the horsey, or, so to speak, the horse-marine, she might be said to be "a rum 'un to look at but a good 'un to go," and the Admiralty might as well perhaps consider the possibility that the *Novgorod* might some day prove an ugly customer.

THE END OF THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.





"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED."

Our Reporter (before Public Dinner). "BEG PARDON, MY LORD! BUT COULD YOUR LORDSHIP KINDLY OBLIGE ME BY GIVING ME A HINT AS TO WHAT YOUR LORDSHIP IS GOING TO SAY, IN REPLY TO THE DUKE, WHEN HIS GRACE PROPOSES YOUR LORDSHIP'S HEALTH?"

His Lordship. "HOW CAN I TELL YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY UNTIL I'VE HEARD WHAT THE DUKE SAYS?"

Our Reporter. "O, I CAN OBLIGE YOUR LORDSHIP WITH WHAT HIS GRACE IS GOING TO SAY. I'VE GOT IT ALL IN MY POCKET!"

[*Produces Manuscript.*]

A BAG OF TRICKS!

PROFESSOR DISRAELI, Wizard of the East, Inventor of the "Asian Mystery," &c., &c., presents his compliments to the Members of both Houses of Parliament and the Public generally, and begs to state that he has recently added the following amusing tricks to his already extensive *répertoire* of Political Illusions:—

The Magic Mess.

The Professor will take a dozen first-rate Bills (collected haphazard from the ranks of the Ministry), and after allowing them to grow to an extraordinary size, will cause them to vanish, by the waving of a pen, into thin air. In the place of the dozen first-rate Bills will be found a small and unpopular Measure of the Professor's own construction.

The Phantom Paper.

In this trick the Professor will take a popular Bill and destroy it in the presence of the Public. A storm will immediately arise, upon which the Professor will speedily restore the Bill to what (the Public will believe) was its original condition.

The Changeable Order Book.

The Professor will cause the names of a number of Bills to appear on the pages of an Order Book. He will invite the World to get rid of them, and the invitation will not be accepted. Suddenly (when least expected) the page, at the Professor's command, will become a blank.

REPENTANCE.

(*By a Domesticated Stockbroker.*)

WELL, here I am, MATILDA,
I've brought you the fish and ice;
It isn't turbot, it's brill, dear,
And I hope that you'll find it nice;
And give me a chair, my poppet,
And something that's cool to drink;
And Eau de Cologne, dear—drop it
On my forehead before I sink;
And open the window wider,
And bring me my slippers, love,
And order a cup of cider,
And lend me your fan, my dove;
And where is the cool silk jacket
I purchased last year for ease?
If it isn't unpacked, unpack it,
And give it me, if you please;
And I think that I'll take a nap, dear,
Or at least just close my eyes,
And bring me my smoking-cap, dear,
And a pillow, and—drat the flies!
For all this blessed day long, love,
I've been toiling in the heat,
And I feel I've been very wrong, love,
As likewise have you, my sweet;
And we'd better make up our minds, pet,
That in future we'll promise not
To complain of the chilling winds, pet,
For to-day it is much too hot.

City Sports.

FOR some years past the all-absorbing amusement east of Temple Bar has been Kite-flying. Fashions will change, however, and this pastime has had to cede the palm lately to some very smart Cricketing,—in which many of the most successful Kite-flyers only came off second-best. Several of them were soon stumped—some experiencing a difficulty in finding their bails after they were bowled over.

On the side of the field, both long and short slips were found at the Banks—by no means their proper places. In some games leg was not square, and in one case he disappeared with the ball. The most effective bowling has been that of a *Young hand*, who has made several good catches, and seems the only player likely to reap at the same time honour and profit from the late City games.

The Perplexed Party.

The Professor will hold up a number of Measures before a Party, and will ask for the colour of the Measures. The reply of the Party will be "black." Immediately the Professor will prove that the Measures are "white," to the astonishment of all beholders.

Sound versus Vapour.

The Professor will take the Queen's Speech and pass it round for inspection. It will be found to contain a large number of promises. By an effort of will, the Professor will change all the promises into smoke.

The Vanishing Majority.

This remarkable feat (in which nearly seventy votes will be made to disappear in the most extraordinary manner) is in active preparation, and will probably be exhibited in the House of Commons shortly after the completion of the Recess.

The Professor pledges himself to perform the last-mentioned feat in a third of the time consumed in its accomplishment by his predecessor, DR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

On a Proposed Abandonment.

To massacre the Innocents,
We know's a sad affair;
But throwing Sailors overboard
Was more than we could bear.



SUMMER DRILLS. ALDERSHOT, 1875.

Inspecting Officer. "AUGH! WHAT THE DEUCE IS THAT MAN—AH—DOING THERE?!"
Captain. "O, HE'S ONLY LOOKING FOR HIS SADDLE, SIR?"

JOHN'S BAD DREAM.

JOHN BULL he sat in the Summer dusk,
 And brooded o'er his *Times*;
 The air was sweet with the rose's musk,
 And a sea-breeze shook the limes.
 But his heart was hot. "I've a precious lot
 Of bunglers," murmured he,
 Or things better would thrive, 'twixt dead and alive,
 On my "Silver Streak of Sea."
 "Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" JOHN looked, and lo!
 A Thing was standing there,
 With lantern-jaws, and legs a-how,
 And a tangle of sea-weedy hair.
 "Who are you?" quoth JOHN. With a laugh that fell
 Like the rattle of dead men's bones,
 Quoth the grisly thing, "You should know me well,
 For my name is DAVY JONES!"
 "A partner I in the shipping firm
 That is hight 'JOHN BULL & Co.'
 I'm the 'Sub-Sea Branch'—'tis the fittest term,
 For I manage affairs *below*!"
 "The deuce you do!" cried choleric JOHN.
 Said the Spectre, "Don't be rash,
 For our little games you must see are one,
 And our interests scarce can clash."
 "Of tars I have always taken tithe,
 But my 'perks' rise cent. per cent.
 Since we struck hands. O, my heart is blithe,
 And my maw well-nigh content.
 Auxiliars brave were the wind and wave,
 But to cram my locker full,
 Here's ho! for the shrewd 'ship-knacker' knave,
 And hurrah! for the rotten hull!"
 "For they came in hundreds who came in scores,
 Your 'Jacks,'"—(JOHN gave a groan)—

"From the 'Coffin-Ships' which leave your shores
 Bound for a port well known,
 For Death, in the pay of Mammon, is there
 On each o'erladen deck.
 There are few little spees so safe and square
 As an unseaworthy wreck.
 "All know BRITANNIA rules the waves,
 And her 'hearts of oak' are stout,
 And to send them down to watery graves
 Is a game that pays all out!
 Their deaths fill the black sheep's coffers full;
 For me, I pick their bones;
 So here's hurrah! for the ship-knacker,
 And his partner, DAVY JONES!"
 * * * * *

JOHN BULL awoke from a troubled dream,
 And he uttered never a word;
 But there was that in his eye's quick gleam
 Which showed that his soul was stirred.
 And if *still* his sailors to death are done,
 With an eye to greed, or grouse,
 MR. BULL will have a *very* big bone
 To pick with a certain House!

Kentish Fire.

(For the *Canterbury Weekly*.)

No. 1.

If you wanted to attract the attention of any two persons in Kent,
 where would you go to for that purpose?
 You would go to *beckon 'em* (Beckenham).

No. 2.

What song would the Kentish labourer sing in October?
 "After the Hop Era's over!"

[Exit swiftly our Kentish Kontributor.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OM CAMPBELL might
bid us—
Of PLIMSOLL and of
BATES
Sing the dubious re-
nown

When in personal debates
"Merchant Shipping" settled down.
REID and HUNT fiercely bandying
Pro and con.;
And SIR WILFRID hand to hand,
'Gainst SIR STAFFORD making stand,
While BENTINCK, big and bland,
Led them on!

Before getting to such 'serious business (*Commons—Saturday Morning Sitting*) as MR. PLIMSOLL'S imputation and MR. BATES'S refutation, MR. C. LEWIS and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had a small (but troublesome) bone to pick together. The said SMALLBONE appears to be an old rogue who, by proceedings which *Mr. Punch* prefers not to characterise in plain—or, rather, ugly—English, having put his brother's widow to heavy costs, for which she had a moral but not a legal claim on him, she was compelled to file a bill in Chancery against him. The result was that SMALLBONE was ordered by the Court to convey to her certain property which he had "conveyed" to himself, and to pay some £60 of costs. To defeat the claim against him, this amiable old gentleman made not the smallest bones of collusively getting rid of his property, after providing for the costs of the enterprising attorney who had assisted him in his equitable litigation. The upshot was that he found himself committed to prison by the County Court Judge, at the cost of a violation of form, and, through his own stupidity and that of his lawyer, was kept in durance eight months. Admitting the irregularity of the sentence itself, *Mr. Punch* can only say, "Served him right."

The most enterprising and active attorney in the House, MR. C. LEWIS (M.P. for Londonderry), has brought the case before the House with professional eagerness to avenge violated form, and a natural desire to make the most of his SMALLBONE. The House saw the last of it, it is to be hoped, on Saturday. MR. LEWIS wants to restrict the County Court Judge's power of committing fraudulent debtors. Suppose, instead, he were to try his hand at a Bill for restricting Attorneys' power of committing themselves, by bringing or defending fraudulent suits?

On Civil Service Estimates, a hawk unnaturally proceeded to pike out hawks' een, DR. CAMERON moving to strike off a grant of £200 towards chairs at Edinburgh and St. Andrew's for teachers.

The Scottish Schoolmaster might well have been abroad, and even aghast, at such a violation of the good old Scottish rule—the simple plan—

"That Scots should get who had the power,
And Scots should keep who can."

DR. PLAYFAIR rebuked DR. CAMERON, but the grant was withdrawn from the Estimate—a Cross having been set against it.

Then came a very different vote—£454,368 for National Education in Ireland. Where the National Exchequer gives £85, local contributors only give £14. Luckily the results of little PAUDREEN'S schooling are better than the "results" of old PAT'S payments, though even the best might be better. But JOHN BULL owes PAT a heavy debt for past blundering, oppression, and injustice, and will do wisely to pay it in the shape of education expenses. What Ireland wants are better and more loyal National School-teachers. What Irish National School-teachers want are better houses and better stipends; and we rejoice to know that Government is giving both, though still with too timid a hand. Even pensions to superannuated teachers are in prospect.

If the "results" of Irish National schooling are not as good as could be wished, both countries will find better payment by these "results" than any other that is likely to come of money spent for PAT out of J. B.'s pocket.

And then came regrettable debates *in re* BATES. The maritime Member for Plymouth, outraged by MR. PLIMSOLL'S question if he is, or is not, *the* MR. BATES who last year figured at a painfully high figure in the Wreck Register, wants a Select Committee to clear himself of the imputation which he feels—and, no doubt, rightly feels—to be implied against him, of ship-

knacking. As far as classification and insurance returns can clear a man, MR. BATES has cleared himself, but wants a Select Committee to go into the matter, and bring him out as clean as a man naturally wishes to stand before the House and the country, after the shadow of such an imputation has been flung over him.

MR. PLIMSOLL is in too excited and critical a state of health, we are sorry to hear, to be trusted with a "personally-conducted" debate, and MR. REED, on whom he leans, contrived to slip out a "*modus apologetici*," after much heated question how far MR. PLIMSOLL had retracted, how far he was bound to retract, and much collision of words and wit, in which the House took that eager and interested part which it may be trusted to take in a personal question. The late Constructor of the Navy showed all his acknowledged cleverness of construction, and his skill in avoiding misconstruction even by two of its most belligerent Baronets, SIR W. LAWSON and SIR C. DILKE, and some of its most amiable officials, as LORD SANDON, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, MR. WARD HUNT, and the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, besides less minacious outsiders, in the Resolution (accepted *nem. con.*)—

"That in the opinion of this House, no stain rests upon the character of the Honourable Member for Plymouth, in consequence of the statements made in this House by the Honourable Member for Derby on the 22nd of July."

The House has at least shown its sense by not crowning the waste of Saturday's discussion by the blunder of a Select Commission for an inquiry safe to be more personally conducted than the most tribulatory tour of too many Cooks in which broth was ever spoilt.

Best part of Saturday's morning sitting was consumed in this hot and heady fight. It was announced as a sitting for the dispatch of business. In one sense only business was dispatched—it was very effectually killed by overlaying with BATES and PLIMSOLL. The only thing on which the House is to be congratulated is for not taking its BATES at his word. It would certainly have been drawn into a trap.

Monday (Lords).—Last stages of a batch of Bills rattled through. *Q. b. f. f. q. s.* In plain English, good luck to them!

(*Commons.*) A hard night's work, trying to stop gaps in the Stop-Gap Merchant Shipping Bill. This Bill can only be described as "unseaworthy" when it came into the House, and *Punch* sorely fears it will hardly deserve to be called seaworthy when it comes out.

MR. REED first tried to carry a Resolution, on going into Committee, in favour of a load-line, whether sanctioned or recorded by Government. This was only meant to ventilate the load-line point, and the Resolution was withdrawn when this had been effected. The real fight came in Committee when the House so unmistakably showed its determination to have *some* load-line, that, after opposition from SIR C.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

First Party (opening Conversation). "AVE YOU 'EARD AS JIM BATES'S FATHER SAYS HE'LL GIVE 'IM THE SACK?"

Second Ditto (after pause). "WHOSE FATHER?"

First Ditto. "WHY, JIM BATES'S!"

Second Ditto (after pause). "JIM BATES'S WHO?"

First Ditto. "WHY, JIM BATES'S FATHER!"

Second Ditto (after pause). "JIM BATES'S FATHER! WELL, WHAT DOES HE SAY?"

First Ditto. "SAYS HE'LL GIVE 'IM THE SACK!"

Second Ditto (after pause). "GIVE 'IM THE WHAT?"

First Ditto. "GIVE HIM THE SACK!"

Second Ditto (after pause). "GIVE WHO THE SACK?"

First Ditto. "WHY, JIM BATES!"

Second Ditto (after long pause). "AH! I 'EARD THAT THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY!"

ADDERLEY, MR. DISRAELI was fain to yield a line to be drawn by the ship-owner, not the Government. MR. REED then moved the prohibition of deck-cargoes, but was defeated, after a discussion in which SIR C. ADDERLEY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had by no means the best of the argument, by 193 to 130.

JOHN BULL and Jack Tar both would have good reason to be obliged to the House of Lords if they could undo the Commons' work in this matter, though it is to be feared that there is little chance of it at this fag-end of the Session. Probably the majority felt that, as they had overborne the Government on the load-line, and meant to force their hand—MR. DISRAELI calls it "assisting" them—in stowage of grain-cargoes, they thought it only due to their allegiance to throw over MR. REED's deck-load clause.

The upshot of the night's work was to stop two of the leaks in the Bill, and to leave the third, and perhaps most dangerous, open. But there is an extra plank or two between poor Jack and death for this winter. Let us hope there will not be quite so many who go down to the (bottom) of the sea in ships as usual.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD CARNARVON gave a cheery account of the Gold Coast, whose revenue is increasing as it ought to be—pacification going on steadily, and Slave Trade Abolition Ordinances working well. Conflict of jurisdictions between our settlements and the French at the Gambia are the worst dangers!

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

And when, besides idleness, new rum is cheap, the thermometer at boiling heat, and swamp-fever waving her yellow wings over every un-wooled head within the margin of that White Man's Grave, the Old Gentleman ought to be having a peculiarly lively time of it.

LORD JOHN, who loves to have his dear old fingers in every pie, came forward with a zeal for poor Jack that does honour to his heart, to move an address to HER MAJESTY to give special directions for every precaution, between this and next Session, to preserve the lives of our sailors from danger of unseaworthy ships.

Luckily, PLIMSOLL and Parliament together will give Poor Jack something better than such directions to trust to.

"Pretty," as PEYTS would say, to see everybody so zealous for Poor Jack all of a sudden!

(*Commons.*) SIR C. ADDERLEY formally announced HER MAJESTY'S intention to issue a Royal Commission on Copyright. Not before it is wanted. Hitherto, when one hears of MR. C. READE'S eightpence and ARCH-BISHOP WHATELY'S eleven and twopence (was it?) from the Pactus opened for British Authors by Canadian law, one cannot feel that, up to this time, whatever else they have got by the sale of their works, they have got such a "Royal Commission."

A long and strong fight—MR. SHAW LEFEVRE heading the one force, and MR. HUNT, the other—between the *pro* and *con* of competition for Naval Cadetships. Much sense spoken on both sides.

The Government have determined on doing away with Competition for the first step in naval service. There is much to be said against competition as actually conducted, not for Naval Cadetships only, but for Army Commissions and Civil Service Clerkships. It has been conducted, as far as *Mr. Punch* can learn, so as to strain to the uttermost the case that can be made in its favour. There is nothing that stands in more need of the constant influence of sound sense and the diplomatic discouragement of pedantry and red-tape. But the remedy is not to do away with competition—for that means the re-establishment of jobbery, back-stairs' favour, and personal influence, and the casting back again into the cold shade of unfriended ability, and energy that cannot reach high or low enough for a patron—but the conducting of it with a sensible regard to the demands of the Service, and the actual training, natural strength, and knowledge and reading reasonably to be looked for from boys of the age to be examined.

JOHN BULL should look to this, and neither allow Competitive Examination to be discredited by the pedantry and unwisdom in the misconduct of it, nor the country to be robbed of the unassisted energy and ability to which it should open, and was meant to open, a career.

The Battle of the Guns—already fought once this Session—opened again by CAPTAIN PRICE. He insists on experiments to test our Woolwich "Infants," bigger and lesser, as they would be tested in action—not with violet and iris-powder, but villainous sulphur and saltpetre.

These "Infants" are certainly too dear to be left without very close looking after. MR. HUNT promised careful, nay, crucial experiment.

Wednesday.—Additional Estimates of £417,000. DODSON may gnaw at the Exchequer file, and welcome, while SIR STAFFORD is able to announce a rise in Customs, Excise and Stamps large enough not only comfortably to cover the big body of Supplementary Estimates, but to tuck in on each side with a million margin! To be sure, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip"; and only four months of the twelve are over yet.

MR. GLADSTONE once more donned his favourite costume—the dark mantle of Jeremiah, Prophet and Economist—and delivered himself of a wail not only over the wicked extravagance of JOHN BULL'S household, but, still more, over JOHN'S own light-hearted indifference to it. JOHN absolutely declines to work himself into a wax over any amount of wasted candle-ends and cheese-parings not fully accounted for.

MR. GLADSTONE has added another to his famous series of political Triads—"the Three Roads to Ruin of a Government—to increase expenditure, not to reduce debt, and never to impose new taxes."



THE ALDERSHOT CAMPAIGN.

Private Sweeney (Highland Regiment). "COLONY BOG, IS IT? THIN BEDAD! I WISH I WAS BACK IN TIPPERARY!"

But was not one of MR. GLADSTONE'S late quarrels with his successors precisely on the ground of their making too elaborate arrangements for systematic reduction of the National Debt? And we hardly think JOHN BULL will be easily got to turn on them for not laying on new taxes.

And now—

Supply's back is broken, my outworn M.P. !
The last "spoke" outspoken has rendered you free.

Ministers may go and dine with the LORD MAYOR. "The Session's difficulty is DISRAELI'S opportunity." If of late sometimes a little below the mark in Parliamentary flow, he was at high-tide again in post-prandial speech. Was he not in the City? and, in the City, is not a man's "good"ness gauged by the credit he takes—and gets? What is the credit commanded, say, by the COLLIERIES, or any other and happier Lords of Lombard Street, to that taken "for self and partners" by BENJAMIN, the bold speaker for the great House of DISRAELI & Co.?

Thursday.—DR. KENEALY on COLONEL BAKER—UNSAVOURY comment on an unsavoury case. DR. KENEALY thinks COLONEL BAKER—sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment—has no right to the same remission of hard labour which was granted to DR. KENEALY himself, during his imprisonment of one month, for a cruel assault upon his son, in 1851. MAJOR DICKSON reminded the Doctor of the historical parallel. No one else needed this reminder.

Another leak made good in the Stop-Gap Shipping Bill, thanks to MR. SHAW LEEFVRE. Owners are to be liable to Seamen for casualties due to unseaworthiness of their ships.

How the sea-worthies ought to be rejoicing over these heavy blows and sore discouragements of the sea-unworthies!

Hamlet on Covent Garden Market.

(Adapted to the Circumstances.)

"BREAK, break, my heart, for I must hold my—nose."

[Exit HAMLET, with his pocket-handkerchief up to his nose.]

A WET BIRTHDAY.

THE column of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in the *Times*, if carefully watched, will often supply food for serious reflection. Perhaps its latest phenomenon is the announcement of a birth, with the special intimation that the interesting little event happened "on the 15th July (St. Swithin's)."

Births on particular days of the year are frequently recorded, and the reason is generally self evident. It is not difficult to understand the degree of parental anxiety that would be felt concerning the future career of a child which had the misfortune to be born on the first of April; and for an infant coming into the world on Michaelmas Day fears might be reasonably entertained lest it should turn out a goose. But what influence St. Swithin can have, either for good or for evil, on the fortunes of a child born on the day appropriated to the rainy Saint in the Calendar, it is not so easy to determine.

The babe, if a boy, might undoubtedly be called Swithin, or possibly Pluvius (like Tertius, Septimus, Octavius, and other appellations of the like description), but such a name would certainly expose the bearer to a good deal of unpleasantness during his schooldays, and it is hard to say what advantage it could be to him at any period of his life. If a girl, the French name, Reine, might perhaps be considered appropriate. (For the contingency of twins we confess we are not provided.) Whatever sex, however, the child born on St. Swithin's may be, it will do well to remember, when of an age to appreciate the moral teachings of poetry, the line in LONGFELLOW which reminds us that

"Into each life some rain must fall;"

and as it grows up into manhood or womanhood, if it proves provident and thrifty, and disposed to put by something against that rainy day which occurs in the lives of most of us with disagreeable frequency, it will have no cause to regret having been born on St. Swithin's, and chronicled in the *Times* accordingly.

N.B.

THE *Post* contains a favourable notice of the Burney Prize Essay for 1873, lately published. It may be necessary to inform some of our friends in North Britain that the Burney Prize Essay is not a treatise on Cremation.

TRULY MARVELLOUS OCCURRENCE.

SPIRITUALIST papers, please copy the subjoined extract from the *Cambridge Independent* :—

"DEATH FROM DROWNING.—On Saturday evening MR. C. F. JARROLD, Deputy Coroner, held an inquest at the Hazard Arms, Mill Lane, concerning the death of THOMAS SHIFF, of Russell Street, who was drowned on the following night."

Tale marvellous as brief. There is nothing in all old AUBREY'S *Miscellanies* so weird and eerie told as a simple event. Fancy a Coroner and his Jury sitting by anticipation one evening on the body of a man who is to be drowned the next night. What a particularly grim and, at the same time, practical instance of faith in prevision! Eh, DONALD, man, what is there to pattern it in all the annals of Scotch second-sight?

Questionable Announcement.

STUPID persons may be apt to misunderstand the subjoined advertisement in that truly national journal, the *Irish Times* :—

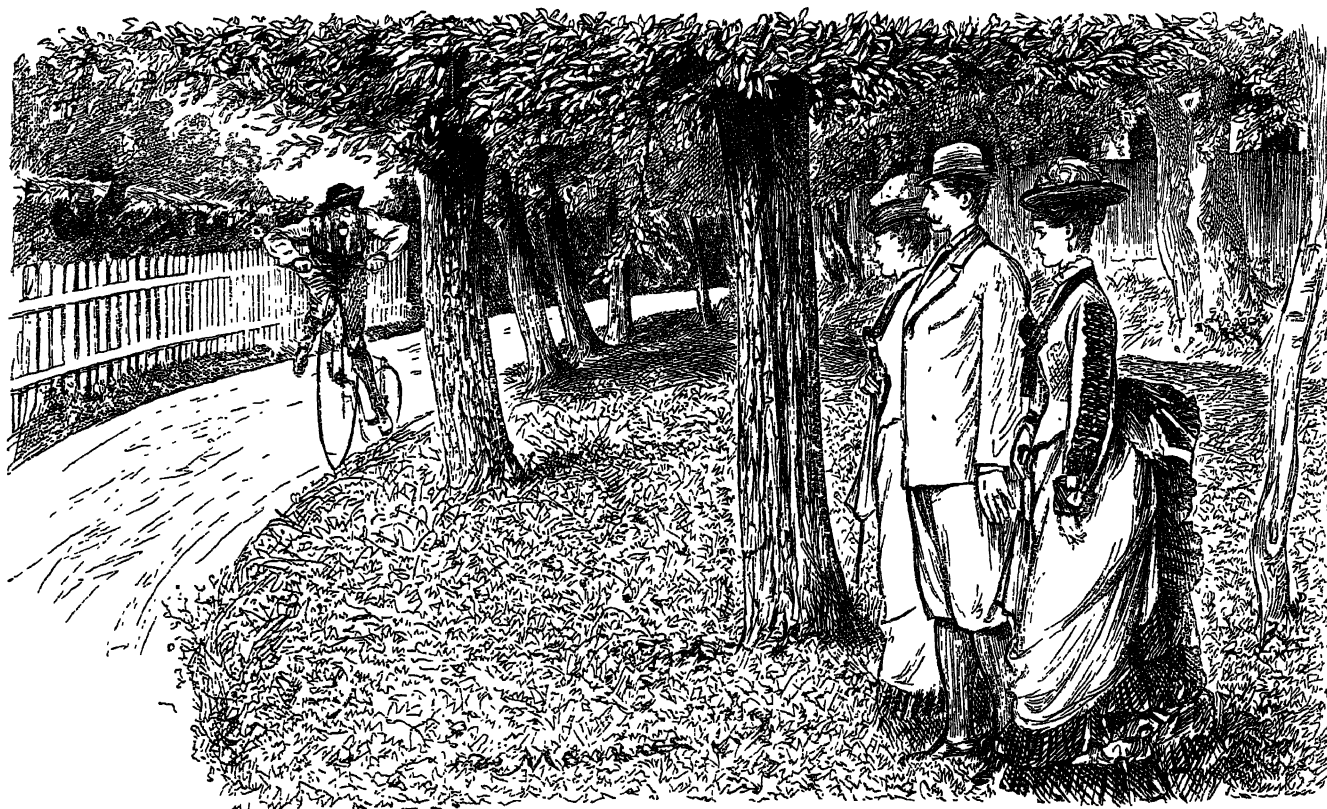
HARCOURT STREET.

TO BE LET, at 80 guineas per annum, a most desirable HOUSE in the best part of above street, with ample accommodation for a large family, having all modern improvements, and in perfect order.

If old-fashioned as well as stupid, they, perhaps, would like the *Irish Times* to explain to them what the modern improvements of a family are, especially seeing that order, and more especially order in a large family, is at any rate not one of them.

Spotless Character.

A NOTORIOUS Gentleman, who has been in gaol, is reported to have said that he had left prison, after having served his sentence, without any stain on his character. Very likely. Some characters are of such a colour that they never show the dirt.



AN AMBUSCADE.

CAPTAIN DE SMYTHE INSIDIOUSLY BEGUILES THE FAIR LAURA AND HER SISTER TO A CERTAIN SECLUDED SPOT WHERE, AS HE HAPPENS TO KNOW, HIS HATED RIVAL, MR. TOMKYN, IS IN THE HABIT OF SECRETLY PRACTISING ON THE BICYCLE. HE (CAPTAIN DE S.) CALCULATES THAT A MERE GLIMPSE OF MR. T., AS HE WOBBLES WILDLY BY ON THAT INSTRUMENT, WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO DISPEL ANY ILLUSIONS THAT THE FAIR LAURA MAY CHERISH IN HER BOSOM RESPECTING THAT WORTHY MAN.

STOCKS FOR THE CITY.

(Song by a Small Capitalist.)

JOINT-stock and Loan Prospectus, go,
To light cigars and fires!
No men I trust but those I know;
Doubt all else rogues and liars.
For slender savings though I fain
Would get a trifle more,
Financiers, you conspire in vain
To filch my little store.

O for a Seer who, gazing round,
Could peer all projects through,
Discern the rotten from the sound,
And teach me wisdom true;
How more than three per cent. to gain,
Yet safely to invest,
The highest interest to obtain:
Security the best!

There's nothing but the Nation's Debt
To credit I can dare,
In that alone will caution let
Me purchase any Share.
Ah where, except in risky trade,
My nest-egg could I lay,
Suppose the Debt in full were paid,
Consols wiped clean away?

'Mongst all your Stocks, ye City Men,
Where most you're wont to meet,
You lack a certain Pair to pen
Therein your swindlers' feet.
That, and a Pillory, too, at hand,
In which, like knave of yore,
Your leading rogues were forced to stand,
Might confidence restore.

WILD BEASTS CHEAP.

MR. PUNCH observes that, at the sale by auction of MANDER'S Menagerie, whereas a Gorilla brought a hundred and five guineas, a Russian Bear brought only a sovereign, and an American Wolf twelve shillings and sixpence! Unhappily, he was unaware of the intended sale, or he might have purchased those two quadrupeds to guard his sacred portals against all intruders who plague him with contributions before they have learnt to spell.

Might not MANDER'S Menagerie sale be followed by an auction at the Menageries of Maunderers? A few lots may easily be set down as inviting purchasers, and any experienced Valuer could approximate to the prices at which they would be knocked down. Here is an extract from the report, by *Mr. Punch's* own Prophet:—

Lot 1.—A Chimpanzee from Buckinghamshire, with an original trick every evening. (£1000.)

Lot 67.—A Roman Boar from Peterborough, warranted to sing as well as dance. (2½d.)

Lot 99.—An Amphibious Animal from Carlisle, hitherto undescribed. (5s.)

Lot 201.—A Merman, caught off Greenwich, with an axe in his hand. He was very hard to capture, and was with difficulty prevented from cutting down a large oak in Greenwich Park. (£1666 6s. 8d.)

Lot 392.—A bigger Laughing Hyæna than any yet exhibited, from the County Cavan. (11d.)

Lot 656.—A Lion, from Stoke-upon-Trent. Very tame. Has been taught to shake his mane when sprinkled with dew. (½d.)

The bidding was not brisk, everyone appearing anxious that the Lots should be knocked down. Indeed, the Lots were of the same opinion, as the majority of them knocked themselves down.

SALT WATER FOR SCOUNDRELS.

Nobody can eat water. But when Shipowners send unseaworthy ships afloat, they might at least be compelled to drink their leak.



PICKPOCKETS IN THE CITY.

ACCOMMODATION BILL AND FOREIGN-LOANS MO' "DOING BUSINESS."

THE SEASON SUMMED UP.

By one of its Slaves.



A SEASON of rushing
and struggling
to squeeze
And scramble
through crowds
for the shake of
a hand,
Of nine o'clock din-
ners, and five
o'clock teas;
Of wanting a cab
when not one's
on the stand.
A season of wishing
the Countess of
This
Would ask one to
dinner and not
to a drum;
Of watching at
PRINCE's some
very fast Miss,
And feeling quite
sure that to
grief she will
come.

A season of coaxing and scheming to get
Invitations to anything out of the way;
Of swearing that never again you will bet,
And of trying to smile as your money you pay.

A season of polo and poker and balls,
Of wet garden-parties—passed, yawning, in-doors.
A season of making most wearisome calls,
And enduring returns from more wearisome bores.
A season of mirth and success to a few,—
To many a season of failure and pain.
A season of yearning to see something new,
A season of seeking for pleasure in vain.
O Season of Slavery! why do we shrink
From breaking the fetters that bind us to thee?—
Good gracious! it's time to be off to the Rink!
I promised the DASHES to meet them at three!

HOW THEY FIGHT IN FRANCE.

LETTER I.

MONSIEUR,

St. Petersburg, January 1.

I HAVE discovered that, twelve years ago, you were good enough to accuse me of telling an infamous falsehood. I have taken ten years to obtain a copy of the wretched print in which the libel appeared. That miserable periodical you edited twelve years ago, and, if it still exists, you edit it still. You must edit it still, I repeat, because it is too barbarous to be edited by any one less mean, less despicable, less dishonourable than yourself! You hear me! The never-to-be-sufficiently-hated journal is, or was, called *Le Gamin de Deux Mondes*.

I courteously invite you to explain to me what is the meaning you attach to the words "infamous" and "falsehood."

I may add, for your information, that recently I strolled into the cemetery in which is situated the grave of your grandmother. I (the writer of this letter—you understand) danced upon that grave!

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

HECTOR DE VIN ORDINAIRE.

LETTER II.

Bureau of *Le Gamin de Deux Mondes*, March 1.

MONSIEUR,

You will see that I have hastened to reply to your base and mercenary communication! You ask me for the meaning of the words "infamous" and "falsehood." I am not surprised. You are a man of no education. "Man" is a courtesy title I confer upon you. However, search the Dictionary—the source of your literary inspiration! If that work affords you insufficient information, you will find a full explanation of the two words in the history of your own life!

I have nothing more to say to you, but I denounce to the World

your late father and your mother's uncle as poverty-stricken pick-pockets and low-salaried spies!

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

AGAMEMNON DE POMMES DE TERRE.

LETTER III.

Leicester Square, May 1.

MONSIEUR,

I HURRY to answer your miserable and pretentious communication. As an explanation it is unsatisfactory; as a contribution to periodical literature it is beneath contempt! If you are not in the hands of the Police for having committed petty larceny, I invite you to meet me—to meet me to fight a duel to the death! You hear what I say—to the death!

First, let me inform you, however, that you are a villain, a ruffian, and a vagabond!

My friends, M. LE COMTE DE FOIE DE VEAU, and M. LE CHEVALIER DE VINGT-CINQ CENTIMES, will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

HECTOR DE VIN ORDINAIRE.

LETTER IV.

Bureau of *Le Gamin de Deux Mondes*, July 1.

MONSIEUR,

You will see that your weak-minded challenge is accepted at once. I rejoice that spoon-stealing is not punishable with death, for the Law has thus saved you from the guillotine to fall a victim to my vengeance!

It will be no news to you to hear that you are a bully, a card-sharper, and a coward!

My friends, M. LE VICOMTE PIFFPAFF-POUF, and M. LE GENERAL BOUM, will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

AGAMEMNON DE POMMES DE TERRE.

LETTER V.

Paris, September 1.

MESSIEURS,

WE have the honour to declare that we are acting on behalf of our Principal, M. HECTOR DE VIN ORDINAIRE. Our Principal (claiming his rights as the insulted party) demands to choose weapons, distance, and conditions. He proposes pistols as the weapons; for the distance, three paces; for the conditions, that the pistols be loaded with powder, paper, and bullets.

We await with impatience the reply of your Principal.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE COMTE DE FOIE DE VEAU.

LE CHEVALIER DE VINGT-CINQ CENTIMES.

LETTER VI.

Paris, October 1. 2 P.M.

MESSIEURS,

WE have the honour to announce that we have hastily submitted your proposal to our Principal. M. AGAMEMNON DE POMMES DE TERRE hurriedly accepts the weapons, the distance, and a part of the conditions. He will meet your Principal, pistol in hand, at three paces distance. However, although the pistols may be loaded with powder and paper, they must not be loaded with bullets. His honour (which is far dearer to him than life) demands this sacrifice!

The incident must therefore be considered at an end, unless your Principal accepts our Principal's proposition, which is as follows:

The weapons to be rapiers, the distance four feet, and the conditions to be that the rapiers shall have blades at least three feet long.

We await your reply with anxiety.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE VICOMTE PIFFPAFF-POUF.

LE GENERAL BOUM.

LETTER VII.

Paris, October 1. 3 P.M.

MESSIEURS,

WE have the honour to announce that we have tardily and regretfully submitted the proposal of your Principal to our Principal. After much and long consideration, our Principal finds that he can only agree to rapiers and the distance. He objects to the conditions. He feels that his courage—his reputation as a brave man, demand that the rapiers, instead of having blades three feet long, should have no blades at all!

Under these circumstances, the incident must be considered at an end.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE COMTE DE FOIE DE VEAU.

LE CHEVALIER DE VINGT-CINQ CENTIMES.

* * * * *

And, strange to say, the incident *was* at an end!

THE BAKERIAN LECTURE.—JUSTICE BRETT's Address.



A FAMILIAR FOE.

Captain (during a passing Shower in the late Manœuvres). "I WONDER WE DON'T SEE THE ENEMY!"
Rheumatic Major. "ENEMY! EOOD, I FEEL HIM IN BOTH KNEES A'READY!"

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Suggested for discussion at the Social Science Congress.

If you invite to your table the Wife of a Dean, and the Niece of an Archbishop, which of them do you hold entitled to precedence?

When the Girls and their Mamma remind you of your promise to let them give a ball, and instead of it you offer them a visit to the Continent, are you justified in mentally reserving to yourself the right to take them to Boulogne one day, and back the next by Calais?

If, when dining at the Club, you chance to come across a dear old friend of yours, whom you have not met for years, do you consider that the meeting may be held as an excuse for your not going home till morning?

When you take down a Lady who is an utter stranger to you, and who replies in monosyllables to everything you say, are you justified, before the joint comes, in leaving her to her fate, and offering your small talk to your left-hand neighbour?

Supposing a young gentleman in the Civil Service earns a salary (less income-tax) of two hundred pounds a year, to what expenditure per week ought he in prudence to restrict himself in the way of (1) gloves, (2) cigars, and (3) button-hole bouquets?

Is there any prospect of solving the vexed question, whether the Host or Hostess ought to lead the way to dinner?

When you are informed that the Doctor says the children require change of air, and are told with the same breath that Cook desires a holiday, and that your study *must* be painted, what more proof do you require that the Season is at an end, and that you had better make your mind up to leave Town within a fortnight?

Weighed in the social scale, which is the lighter fib—to say that you are indisposed, or that you are not at home, when your dear friends the BOREINGTONS expressly call to see you?

When you are invited to dine at half-past seven—the *at* being underlined with considerable emphasis—do you think that punctual eight would really be considered premature for your arrival?

Is it possible for two Ladies of average acquirements to converse

with one another for upwards of five minutes without talking of their balls, their babies, or their bonnets?

If you happen to meet your friends the SWELLBOROUGHs in Town in the middle of September, how much credit is attached to the pretexts which you mutually advance for being visible?

Supposing that a Gentleman accompany his Wife upon a round of morning calls, and afterwards is treated to a dinner of cold mutton, to what revenge in the way of dining at his Club is he socially entitled?

Do you consider that an invitation to dine, which has been declined on the plea of a previous engagement, is an equivalent for a dinner which has actually been eaten?

If, while travelling abroad, you chance to stumble on your tailor, to whom you are in debt, is it wise to greet him affably or to endeavour not to see him?

If you are asked to what you know will be a dismal dinner, how many days do you consider you may wait before replying, in the hope that something better may prevent your acceptance?

PARSON AND GRAZIER.

In giving judgment on *Keet v. Smith*, SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE explained that, by law, the Churchyard is the Incumbent's freehold—subject to the right of parishioners, or strangers dying in the parish, to simple interment, but no more. He added:—

"Indeed, the Incumbent has the right to pasture animals which do not injure the bodies interred in the Churchyard, and every gravestone, of course, interferes with that pasture."

The Parson is bound to respect existing gravestones. But it appears that, if he stood on his rights, he might refuse to have any more set up, and could, if he chose, devote all the available space in the Churchyard to growing meat. He might then advertise, if he thought it likely to pay, Burial-ground Beef or Churchyard Mutton. The Reverend Gentleman would thus exhibit himself in a twofold capacity of Pastor.



"PRIVATES, BUT NOT FULL."

First Driver (after a long Day). "THE 'ORSE 'RTILLERY'S A GETTIN' QUITE ARISTEROCRATIC. IT DON'T DINE TILL EIGHT O'CLOCK!!"

Second Driver. "STROIKES ME TO-MORROW THE 'ORSE 'RTILLERY 'LL BE TOO ARISTEROCRATIC TO DINE AT ALL!!"

COMPARATIVE JUSTICE.

WHY reproduce the "Enormous Gooseberry" at this season when you can invent an enormity so much more astounding than that as the one thus reported in the *Eastern Morning News*?

"PULLING OUT A HORSE'S TONGUE.—JOHN JAMESON, farm-servant with MR. MICHAEL OWSTON, of Harpham, farmer, was charged with pulling out the tongue of a mare, his property. Defendant was working in a field with the mare, which did not please him, in going too fast, as he alleged. He therefore tied the leading-string on a draw-loop round the horse's tongue, and, by jerking the string, completely cut out the poor animal's tongue, which fell to the ground. For this cruel act defendant was committed to the House of Correction, at Beverley, for three months, to hard labour, and the wages in MR. OWSTON'S hands were to be forfeited."

If a wretch had the heart to pull out a horse's tongue, yet could he have the strength to do it? The idea of such a thing seems absurd, and the story of it a seasonable, but a shocking, if not a too monstrous hoax. However, the above paragraph is published under the head of "Police Intelligence—Driffield Police," which is not the place in a paper for seasonable enormities. It can hardly, therefore, but be horribly true, and *Mr. Punch* is asked to say if the Reverend Gentleman who has made himself famous on the East Lincolnshire Bench thought fourteen days' imprisonment and four years in a reformatory not too severe a sentence on SARAH CHANDLER for plucking a flower; what punishment does *Mr. Punch* suppose that he would have felt bound to award to JOHN JAMESON for plucking out a horse's tongue? And does not *Mr. Punch* think that JOHN JAMESON may think himself a lucky fellow that he lives in the East Riding of York, and not in East Lincolnshire? *Mr. Punch* hardly

THE LORD MAYOR'S DESSERT.

"MR. DISRAELI was somewhat alarmed at the LORD MAYOR'S intimation that a critical summary of the Session should be part of the dessert at the Mansion House."

CRUEL, indeed!
In the Egyptian Hall and famous feed;
Banquet divine,
Most luscious turtle and the iciest wine:
But with your pine
And melon and fantastic sweets, you mix
Crude politics!

For shame, LORD MAYOR!
This is a thing no Premier ought to bear:
He'd fain be witty,
And with his epigrams delight the City.
It is a pity
That you should make him play the old,
old tricks
Of politics.

Punch was not there:
But he hath known your classic style,
LORD MAYOR:
Hesperia's trees
Never produced such delicate fruit as
these;
And faith! one sees
That the device of adding politics
Was sour old Nick's.

No loss at all:
Egypt loomed dimly in the Egyptian
Hall.
The diner winks
At th' orator who hides the thought he
thinks—
The modern Sphinx;
And asks no questions that are like to
hurt,
About desert.

Punch does not see
Why, if the team of Progress gallops
free,
A Premier wise
Need from a sumptuous City banquet rise
To apologise.
Dull choicest dinner, if dessert must mix
With politics.

knows. A Magistrate capable of passing an uncommonly cruel sentence on a child for a peccadillo, might, for aught *Mr. Punch* knows, have a fellow-feeling for an uncommonly cruel fellow, and perhaps if MR. JAMESON had been had up in East Lincolnshire for pulling a horse's tongue out, then, instead of being punished (as he ought to have been) with the utmost rigour of the law, he might have been let off altogether.

PRODIGIOUS!

THIS is an attractive advertisement in a Sporting Paper:—

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—TO BE SOLD (by private arrangement only), a fine FREEHOLD ESTATE, in South Wales, containing upwards of 700 Acres, with a good family Mansion thereon. The Property commands, from the local advantages it possesses, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament. First-class Fishing and Shooting. Principals only treated with. Apply, &c.

What are the "local advantages" of the land? Turnips, mangel-wurzel, gooseberries, or what? Do these give the title, namely, for example, SIR TIMOTHY TURNIPS, Bart., SIR MANGEL-WURZEL, SIR GREGORY GOOSEBERRY, and so forth? Or do the Fishing and Shooting give the title, as, again, SIR FRANCIS FISH PHEASANT, SIR PETER PIKE PARTRIDGE? And then to be able to "command" a seat in Parliament!! Why, here's a big chance for DR. KENEALY and his son AHMED! The Doctor could be the Baronet, and his son could have a seat in Parliament, next to the Convict-Baronet's advocate, without a struggle. At all events, it is worthy of immediate attention.



HAYMAKING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE, 1875.

"WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I THINKS THIS YER 'AY 'LL BE GOOD FOR MUCH WHEN WE DO CATCH 'IM!!"

TRIBUTE TO AN AGITATOR. TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

THE Irish have been "celebrating" what they call a "Centenary" festival in honour of DANIEL O'CONNELL. It is described as a "tribute to his memory," and a pretty addition it is to the tribute which he used to receive under the name of "*Rhine*." I have never had any tribute whatever paid me. My "Centenary" occurred in 1862, but nobody then proposed to pay any "tribute" to my memory. Why, then, have the Irish been paying tribute on tribute to DAN O'CONNELL? "O!" they say, "because he was our Great Liberator!" Was I not your Great Liberator, and a Liberator a precious deal Greater than theirs, though, to be sure, people never called me a Big Biggarman? Were not my writings and speeches the original means which in the end liberated you from the borough-mongers? I shall be told that my Centenary has gone by, but that is all the more reason why a tribute which has been long owing to my memory should now be paid. What tribute do I want? Not a statue, which is a tribute only fit for such a fellow as SHAKESPEARE, or such another fellow as BYRON. No; pay me a tribute more durable than a thing made of brass, which will, by-and-by, turn to verdigris. Let your tribute be the publication of a handsome edition of my works, which everybody who has read them acknowledges to be the most useful and best written in the English language. That is the only sort of tribute for me. Pay me that, and, in so doing, you will render an imperishable and everlasting tribute to the memory of

Hades, August 7, 1875.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Appropriate Music.

LAST week a dinner was given at the Mansion House in honour of Her Majesty's Ministers. The band of the Coldstream Guards attended. To those jaded Members of the Houses of Parliament who were present, the last piece in the programme must have suggested the most delightful anticipations—it was the galop "*Up and Off!*"

EASTWARD HO! OR, PITY A POOR PRIEST!

(See MR. MACKONOCHE's Letter to the BISHOP OF LONDON.)

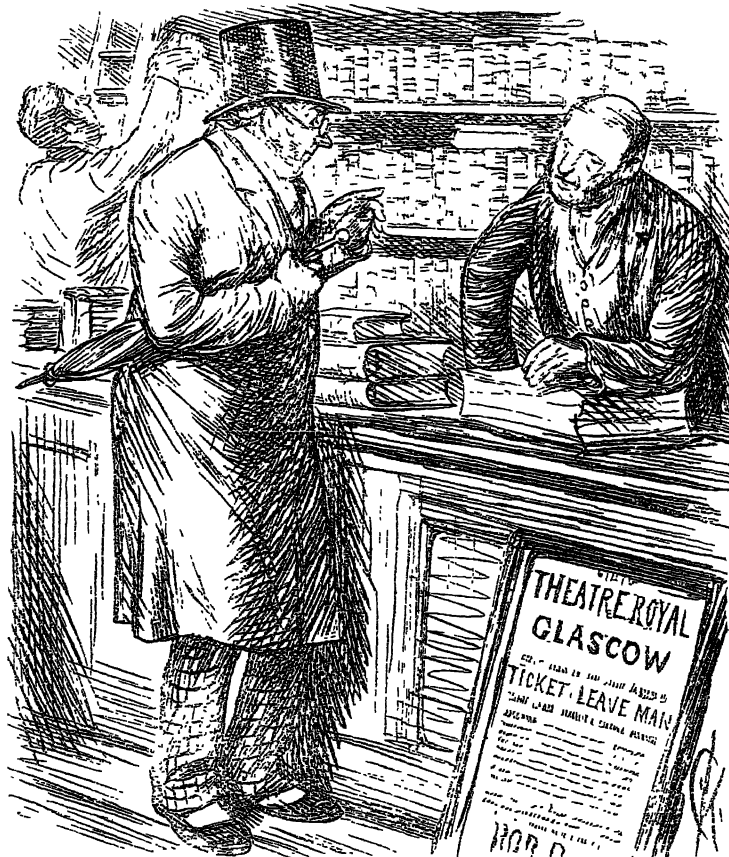
THERE were Wise men of old; and they came from the East To worship. Alas for the latter-day Priest! For the poor Western Wiseacre, Bishops to gall, Must turn to the East, or not worship at all: O, what can he do for a peace-seeking soul, "With a Surplice alone, Sir,—not even a Stole!" Since he holds that his holiest rite's of no worth If he's robbed of his vestments, and "stands to the North." A Philistine laic may laugh at this rumpus Concerning one point in the Clerical Compass; But how if the "pastoral care" of the nation Depends on the practice of "Orientation"? What hope of preserving the flock from perdition, Without due regard to the "Eastward position"? Where to worship aright—so they tell us, at least—We must stand, like fire-worshippers, facing the East, Midst rites that are formal, and lights that are garish, And led, in full dress, by the Priest of the Parish?

"Please the Pigs."

A GOOD HOUSE TO LET, with Accommodation for Pigs.

THIS advertisement is sure to attract a considerable amount of attention. There are too many people living like pigs to whom such an offer of accommodation will be irresistibly tempting. The advertisement may also be regarded in another light, as an interesting example of increasing refinement in the use of the English language. Now-a-days it is evidently thought improper to mention such a vulgar thing as a pig-stye: in its stead we are taught to say "accommodation for pigs."

A NECESSITY FOR SHIPOWNERS.—You must draw the (load) line somewhere.



"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

Bookseller (to Lanarkshire Country Gentleman who had brought his back Numbers to be bound). "WOULD YOU LIKE THEM DONE IN 'RUSSIA' OR 'MOROCCO,' SIR?"

Old Gentleman. "NA, NEVER MAIND ABOUT ROOSHY OR MOROCCY. I'LL JUST HAE 'EM BOOND IN GLASGY HERE!"

MR. PUNCH'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

(Compiled for the Use of Tourists, Excursionists, and others.)

Hints about Ticket Taking.

BEFORE purchasing your ticket, it will be as well to accustom yourself to the manners and modes of address of the Booking Clerks. This task may be easily accomplished by a series of early morning strolls in the celebrated Fish Market, Billingsgate.

Never address a Clerk when he is relating an anecdote to a colleague. If you do, you may very possibly spoil the point of his story, and consequently subject yourself to a not-to-be-unexpected display of official insolence.

If you have to receive any change, you will find a weighing-machine (Troy weights) and a bottle of *aqua fortis* very valuable.

Station Suggestions.

If you are fond of walking upon the platform, be careful to wear india-rubber buffers attached to the toes of your boots. At this season of the year you will find luggage-trucks rather heavily laden.

If you are fond of ladies' society, ask the Guard to put you into a smoking-carriage.

If you wish to save your hat from being sat upon, your coat from being torn, and your legs from being kicked, do not get into a compartment occupied by children come home for the holidays.

Necessary Preparations for the Incidents of Travel.

You should choose a seat in a carriage as near as possible to the engine, to avoid a lingering death.

As an ample amount of luggage is permitted to passengers on English Railways, you should always tie up your coffin with your sticks and umbrellas.

Never forget to insure your life. The trifling outlay will probably be returned a thousand-fold to you, or rather to your heirs, executors, and assigns.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in giving the *menu* of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner. It will be seen at once that the following Bill of Fare must be authentic. In spite of this, Mr. Punch declines to hold himself responsible for either the broken English or the shattered French of the very interesting document in question.

Potages.

Broth à la Trop de Cuisiniers.

Poissons.

Plim-sol à la Merchants-Shipping-Acte
Place à la Cabinet.

Eels à la tactique du MONSIEUR DISRAELI.

Mull-it à la Session, 1875.

White-bait à l'Expédition de North-Pol.

Entrées.

Calf's-head in torture à la Majorité Conservative.

Bubble and Squeak à la Queen's-speech.

Epigram of Sweetbread à l'explication du Premier.

Rots.

Roasted Beef à la pauvre MONSIEUR JOHN-BULL.

Goose à la Tory Innocent.

Légumes.

Irish Potatoes à l'eau chaude.

Scarlet Runners à la standard-five-foot-one.

Entremet.

Cabinet Pudding à la so-many-thousand-pounds-a-year.

Dessert.

Fruits of the Session à la Château-en-Espagne.

Melody and Memory.

ACCORDING to a report of the Centenary celebration dinner the other day at Dublin, the memory of O'CONNELL was drunk with due solemnity:—

"One of the guests then sang with fine effect 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls,' with an accompaniment on the harp."

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. But is not the memory of O'CONNELL associated with rather more than Tara, namely, with taradiddles?

Something about Railway Refreshments.

If you propose to lunch on your journey, a small hand-saw will be found very useful in cutting up fowls and sandwiches.

Never neglect before starting to consult your Doctor as to the best antidote to Railway Refreshment-Room Sherry.

Buns should be well soaked in water before they are eaten by travellers with tender teeth.

If you have determined upon drinking a glass of ale, see that you have time to wait for the next train before you ask that the beverage in question may be served to you. A speaking-trumpet is sometimes useful in attracting the attention of the persons behind the counter—sometimes—not always.

Railway Law.

In the eyes of the law railway travelling is not considered as an attempt to commit suicide. This strange view of the matter has been adopted by all the Coroners' Juries who have sat upon victims to railway accidents. A verdict of "Temporary Insanity" has consequently never yet been recorded in cases of this sort.

Railway Reading.

A short course of gymnastics will be useful as a preparation to reading a large-print novel in a train, an hour and a half late, making up for lost time.

Persons subject to nervous excitement, melancholia, or hysterics, should never attempt to understand *Bradshaw*.

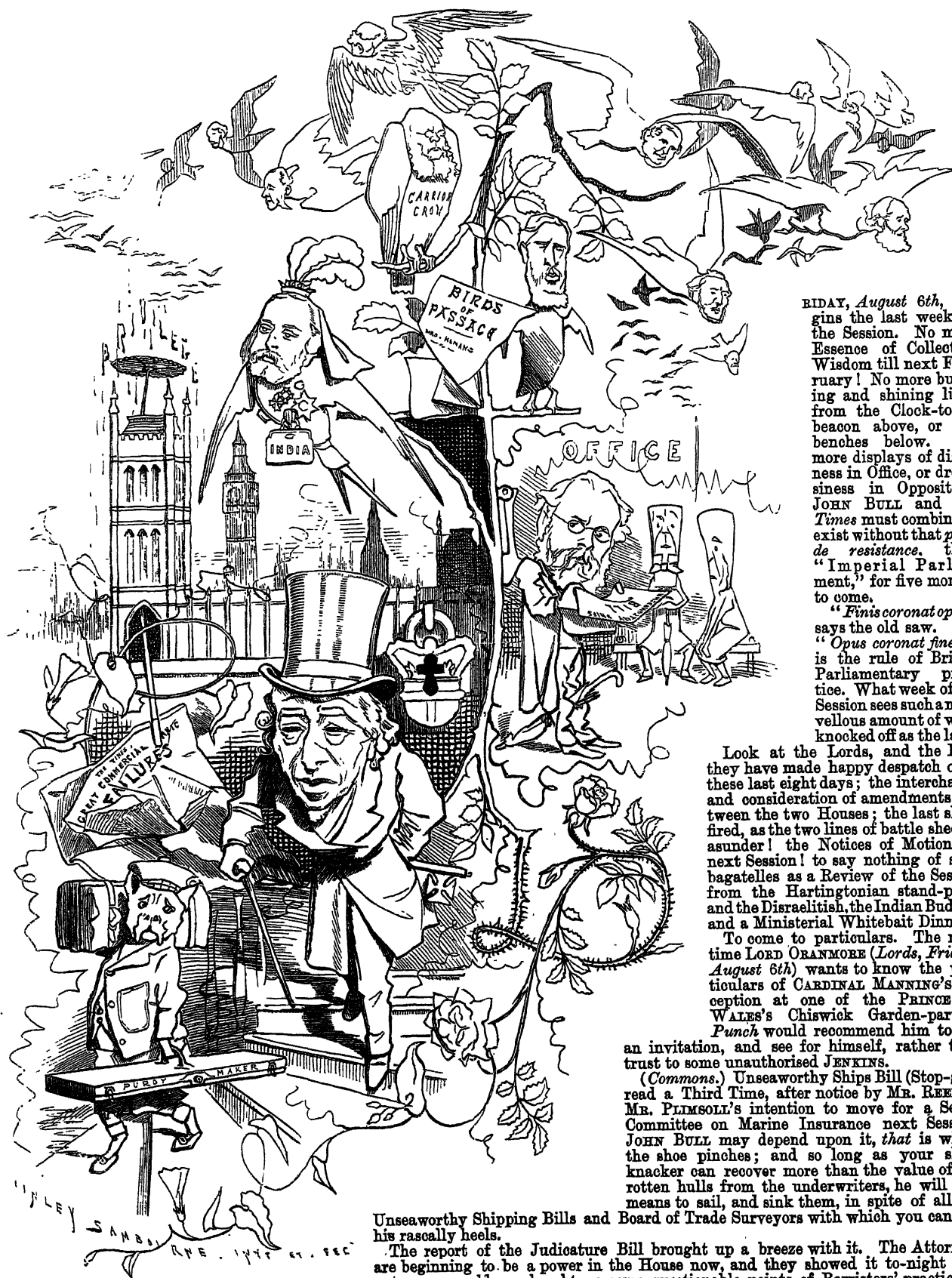
Mr. Punch's Golden Rule—a Sequel to the Above.

Travellers should as seldom as possible travel by Railway!

AN OLD PROVERB NEWLY APPLIED.

A SPORTING friend has lately had a favourite racer photographed, and wishing to show the animal its likeness, he put the Carte before the Horse.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BIDAY, August 6th, begins the last week of the Session. No more Essence of Collective Wisdom till next February! No more burning and shining light from the Clock-tower beacon above, or the benches below. No more displays of dizziness in Office, or drowsiness in Opposition. JOHN BULL and the Times must combine to exist without that *pièce de résistance*, their "Imperial Parliament," for five months to come.

"*Finis coronat opus*" says the old saw. But "*Opus coronat finem*" is the rule of British Parliamentary practice. What week of the Session sees such a marvellous amount of work knocked off as the last?

Look at the Lords, and the Bills they have made happy despatch of in these last eight days; the interchange and consideration of amendments between the two Houses; the last shots fired, as the two lines of battle sheered asunder! the Notices of Motion for next Session! to say nothing of such bagatelles as a Review of the Session from the Hartingtonian stand-point and the Disraelitish, the Indian Budget, and a Ministerial Whitebait Dinner.

To come to particulars. The next time LORD ORANMORE (*Lords, Friday, August 6th*) wants to know the particulars of CARDINAL MANNING's reception at one of the PRINCE OF WALES's Chiswick Garden-parties, *Punch* would recommend him to get

an invitation, and see for himself, rather than trust to some unauthorised JENKINS.

(*Commons.*) Unseaworthy Ships Bill (Stop-gap) read a Third Time, after notice by MR. REED of MR. PLIMSOLL's intention to move for a Select Committee on Marine Insurance next Session. JOHN BULL may depend upon it, *that* is where the shoe pinches; and so long as your ship-knacker can recover more than the value of his rotten hulls from the underwriters, he will find means to sail, and sink them, in spite of all the

Unseaworthy Shipping Bills and Board of Trade Surveyors with which you can dog his rascally heels.

The report of the Judicature Bill brought up a breeze with it. The Attorneys are beginning to be a power in the House now, and they showed it to-night in a not unreasonable onslaught on some questionable points of Barristers' practice, as



AN EVENING'S FISHING (BEHIND THE DISTILLERY AT SLIGO).

First Factory Lad. "DOM'NICK, DID YOU GET N'ER A BITE AT ALL?"

Second Ditto. "SORRA WAN, PAT. ONLY WAN SMALL WAN!"

First Ditto. "YERRAH! LAVE IT THERE, AN' COME HOME. SHURE YOU'LL GET MORE THAN THAT IN BED!"

the taking retainers in more cases than a man can attend to; the employing of clerks to screw up their masters' fees, and so forth. Barristers' fees, like physicians', once came under the description of "*honoraria*," the honour of the recipient dispensing with the need of legal bond between employer and employed. Physicians' fees are now recoverable at law. No wonder if, under the influence of such malpractices at the Bar as the above, a feeling is growing up that the sooner Counsels' fees are made matters of common contract—where money paid on the one hand means work done on the other—the better.

With the Second Reading of the Appropriation Bill came the Review of the Session—both sides of the shield. LORD HARTINGTON took the black, in discharge of his duty as Head of Her Majesty's Opposition. Could he do less, after the stupendous coolness of that Mansion-House mystification?

"Labour Laws, about the best thing Government had done—but all the good in them picked out of the pigeon-holes, or brains, of the late Administration; Public Health Act, mere draughtsman's work; Artisans' Dwellings Act a big Towns Improvement Bill made general; Friendly Societies Act, great cry and little wool—without security against dishonest, local administration, or provision for trustworthy audit; Unseaworthy Ships Act, a stop-gap, run up in a scare; the Judicature Act, another stop-gap, forced on Government by a mutiny; Agricultural Holdings Act, a law for Landlords and Tenants to contract themselves out of; wasted time of the Session, due not to the factiousness of Opposition, but to the feebleness of Government.

"Summary of the Session:—Public business mismanaged; Parliamentary prestige lowered; Legislation emasculated."

DISRAELI, Q.C., *contra*:

"So much for Opposition's criticism on Government. Opposition having been a nullity, Government cannot criticise Opposition. Our Labour Laws do embody a principle, and we did not find it in our predecessors' pigeon-holes: it is Abolition of Imprisonment for Breach of Civil Contract.

"Our Public Health Act is more than a consolidation. It contains

alterations and amendments of the existing law. If our Artisans' Dwellings Act merely invites to Town Improvements, why did you leave us to give the invitation? Besides, millions are waiting to be invested under it. Our Friendly Societies Bill does all that was practicable. Our own Merchant Shipping Bill Opposition amendments forced us to give up, willy-nilly; and we were very glad to get the help of public excitement to save what we have saved out of the wreck of it. Our Judicature Bill is, at least, an improvement upon yours. If the Agricultural Holdings Act does little, you would fain have had us do less; you were always advising us to put it off to another year. If our measures want the element of compulsion, it is because we prefer that of persuasion. If time has been wasted, it has been the fault chiefly of a headless Opposition. If the dignity of the House has been lowered, thank the Members for Stoke and Louth for it—not Her Majesty's Government, or me its head. What case has the Honourable Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition made out? Has he proved that *we* have done nothing, or that it has done anything?"

Punch, C.J.:

"An unsatisfactory Session. Little to raise the credit of Parliament in the matter of Legislation—a great deal to lower it in the manner. Her Majesty's Government and its Leader, and Her Majesty's Opposition and its Leader, equally below the mark."

With this duello of the Leaders really ends the Session. No Essence is to be extracted from the dregs and dribbles of the last few days—devoted in both Houses to Third Readings, and consideration of Commons' Amendments by Lords, and Lords' by Commons.

Only on *Monday*, when the Session was really over, and the House had dwindled to the fag-end of its fag-end, LORD G. HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget. MR. FAWCETT moved a Resolution censuring the Government for this mockery.

MR. GRANT DUFF, from his own experience, does not think the House would pay a bit more attention to the Indian Budget if it were brought in in the prime of the Session.

Much depends on its introducer.

LORD G. HAMILTON had a pretty good account to render, with

the aid, at least, of that very convenient distinction of "ordinary" and "extraordinary" expenditure. Last year's anticipated deficit is likely to end in a modest surplus.

MR. SMOLLETT made a savage onslaught on the Public Works Department, and charged Expenditure on Public Works—his red rag, much after the taurine manner—with his eyes shut.

Save this belated 'Budget, there is nothing more to note, beyond the happy flight of the House on Friday—the pilgrims to the shrine of Saint Grouse (all but the poor Office-hacks) having sped on their devotions before the formal fall of the curtain.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

From a Representative Root.

"Our wondrous roots,"—MR. DISRAELI at the Mansion House.

DEAR PUNCH,

ONE may hail without show of servility
A tribute from genius to humble utility;
And DIZZY, that master of phrases and flourishes,
At last does us justice. The tuber which nourishes
Patriots *par excellence*, begs on behalf of
All roots to acknowledge the compliment. Chaff of
Sour critics to carp at his diction as tumid,
And tell us he said that our climate was humid
In sentences pompous and sesquipedalian,
Fit for some dull dithyrambic Deucalion
Telling the tale of his deluge!—these fellows I
Doubt not are moved by professional jealousy.
"Wondrous roots!" 'Tis henceforward a watchword among us.
What poet (save GWYER, of Penge) has e'er sung us?
Our blessings on BENJAMIN: Mangel and Swede,
Prime "Regent," poor radish, all hope *he'll* succeed.
May the "split" Opposition, like rain-beaten corn—
As he phrased it—be "desolate, prostrate, forlorn."
May he dish all his foes, from the gout to KENEALY,
May his critics be mute, may his "murphies" be mealy.
Bulb, tuber, or radix, he has all *our* suffrages.
(Roots are not *radical*!) Many a muff rages
Hotly against him, he heeds not their chatter,
Well knowing he's right in the "root of the matter."
For me, every eye I possess shed a tear
While his eloquent tribute I gloried to hear,
To a much-tried Potato such kindness is balm
For the ills we are heir to in tuber and haulm.
Though blight may beset us, and beetles affright,
While BENJAMIN blesses us all shall be right.
A fig for the fears I have long been a prey to!
Colorado be blowed! I am Yours,

A POTATO.

FASHION-BLINDNESS.

(A Contribution to the Philosophy of Ugliness. By a Social Seer.)

DEAR PUNCH,

THE *Saturday Review* says that—

"Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress, so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion."

Why, of course they cannot; and I hold that their inability to do so is a beneficent ordinance of Providence. Free taste and bondage to *la mode* are simply incompatible. Fashion has not—never has had, and probably never will have—anything directly to do with Beauty. It is here that would-be satirists of the sex shoot beside the mark. Why does a Woman dress? In order to look beautiful? Not at all. Not one woman in a hundred cares a snapped hair-pin for Beauty in itself. Your average she-creature has as little sense of pure loveliness—in dress, at least—as of pure humour or abstract honour. To be in the fashion is the great primary object of the woman who dresses: to attract attention, to eclipse rivals, and to spend money, are strong but subordinate motives.

The love of change is perhaps at the bottom of the business. The sphere of mere Beauty is not wide enough to give full play to this feminine craving, and so Woman makes bold incursions into the illimitable realms of Ugliness. But—and here comes in the providential provision I have referred to—she is not conscious of the difference between the two worlds. Some people are afflicted with a disease known as colour-blindness. Well, the great majority of women are what I call "fashion-blind." If they were not so, if they were at all aware what frights—there is no stronger or more awful word in the feminine vocabulary—they make of themselves in their devotion to Fashion, their lives would be a burden to them.

Art and Fashion together are fast forcing on a sort of apotheosis of Ugliness. Our picture galleries, our illustrated books, and our

shops and streets, furnish daily multiplying proofs of the truth of this assertion. The Artists—save the mark!—deserve unsparing blame, but the Women are rather to be pitied. They have, for the most part, no real sense of the beautiful or the becoming as such, and that is why all satire or argument addressed to them from this point of view is as futile as paper pellets puffed against a pachyderm, or, more aptly, as a *mitrailleuse* fired at a mollusc. BELINDA buys an unbecoming bonnet. As a natural consequence, BELINDA looks a guy, and, probably, courts a cold. But prove to her that it is ugly, demonstrate that it is unhealthy, and the dear creature is smilingly immovable as Atlas. You miss the point, I repeat. BELINDA does not want a becoming or a convenient bonnet, but simply a fashionable one. A Fashionable Fright is to her an absurd self-contradiction in terms. When the Fashion changes, she will freely own that it was monstrous; the spell of Fashion-blindness is no longer upon her with regard to that particular *mode* at least, and Free Taste has a chance. But Free Taste against Fashion—pooh! 'Tis Lombard Street to a China orange with a vengeance!

Satire has couched many a keen and glittering lance against the Fool-goddess Fashion, but always, and inevitably, in vain. I think I have shown why. Saturday Reviewers, and other pseudo-satirical Mentors, please copy. If Woman care infinitely less for beauty or health than for "the height of the reigning fashion," where is the use of proving to her that the height of the reigning fashion is ugly or injurious? Against Fashion-blindness, as against stupidity, even the Gods fight in vain. Q. E. D.

Yours,
CANCER.

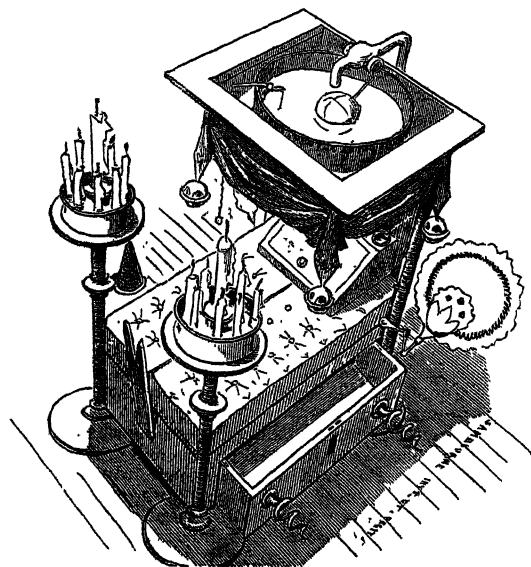
THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidulitantly Society.

EXPENSE should be no object. My aim is to create a National taste in internal and external House Decoration. My hints, therefore, will be as applicable to the dwellings of the Poor (to which I intend to give considerable attention) as to the mansions of the Rich.

Here, for instance, is a plan for a Bed, and a Bedroom, which can be equally adapted for the poor, the middling, and the very wealthy. Its great merit is its originality and its cheapness.



THE EARLY ITALIAN STYLE.

Four posts supporting candelabra at the feet and oriental fans at the head.

Pointed hangings, with bells attached, to be set by machinery to tunes and time. These could form a perfect *carillon*.

Between the posts, at the bed-head, is a suspended circular perforated pan to hold cold water. A string hangs down, which, at a pull from the person in bed, will release the water, and immediately a refreshing *douche* will be given. This can also be used as a bath by a person above without disturbing the sleeper below.

The pillow forms a writing-desk.

The mattress is easily opened in the centre by pressing a spring, and allows the sleeper to descend suddenly into a full-length bath

below, which lies between two chests of clothes-drawers, forming the side supports of the bedstead. The handles of the drawers can be taken out and used as corkscrews and pipe-pickers. The boot-jack fits in naturally at the foot of the bed, so as to be useful whenever you happen to go to bed in your boots.

This bed in full operation is admirably adapted to the necessities of a poor family, where economy of space is an object. Thus: One person can sleep in the cistern above; the mattress dividing in the centre (as described above), can open out so as to make two couches, allowing air for a fourth person to sleep in the bath below, while a fifth would find a most comfortable bed in the corkscrew drawer. N.B.—A clock in a mattress is also most useful; it gives the hour, its alarm calls you, and it supplies the ticking.

One great moral principle must never be lost sight of, whether by builder, architect, furnisher, or tenant, and that is,

No matter what your appearance outside may be, as long as you are all right inside.

Can you ever accurately judge of a man's moral worth by his looks? No, no more than you can speculate on the amount he has at his banker's by the cut of his hair, the shape of his coat, or the turn his conversation may take.

When a woman is described as comfortable, she is no longer praised for her beauty. Greek statues are beautiful, but they never look comfortable.

A word, therefore, on Exteriors would not be inappropriate in this place.

No London house can be perfect without iron rails in front. Every London house might be accurately described as within a minute's walk of a line of rails.

These ornaments are intended to keep up the good old English maxim that "an Englishman's house is his castle." A castle was foss'd all round by its moat. The Feudal Baron gave his order to the Architect, finishing with, "And don't forget the moat."

To which the Architect replied, "So mote it be;" a phrase which is still preserved in English Freemasonry.

About an Englishman's Town-house there is no room for this moat; the nearest approach to it, therefore, is an area guarded by strong iron railings.

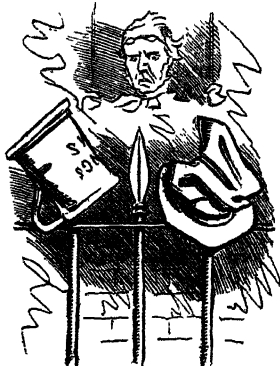
The spikes of these rails should be formed for use as well as ornament. They should be musical, never flat, but always sharp. The ironmonger should look sharp in putting them up, and they should be of sufficient acuteness to offer a pointed repartee to the insidious burglar.



They should be sufficiently long to serve as hooks for beer-cans, pint pots, and hat-pegs.

They should be ornamental and graceful, so as to suggest to the passing shop-boys, errand-lads, and cabmen the notion of "elegant railery."

While on the subject of ironwork a few hints may, nay I am sure



will, be useful. I mentioned burglars just now. When one of this fraternity is trapped, it will save time, if instead of calling in a policeman (unless you have a pretty housemaid in your employ, in which case you may leave all your doors and windows open, and let the burglars beggar your neighbour—they won't come near you) you send at once for your laundress, who will at once attend, and for a comparatively small sum your freshly caught burglar will soon be heavily ironed.



Modern door-hinges are an utter mistake. Never by any chance use modern door-hinges.* The only place to obtain really useful hinges, and in fact all articles of ironmongery, is Mr. J. Bellows's,† No. 3, Huxter's Rents, Charles Alley, near Gray's Inn Lane.

If a common hinge (I do not mean any one of those manufactured by J. BELLOWS, of No. 3, Huxter's Rents, Charles Alley, near Gray's Inn Lane, W.C.) gets out of order, and there's a screw loose, so that the hinge hangs down on one side, you will soon find that this state of affairs will be followed by some other great external *hinge-awry* to the door. (N.B.—This capital joke was made by Mr. BELLOWS, of the above-mentioned address, who has a ready-made stock always on hand; and when he has a sore throat he always has his hand on his ready-made stock.)

A door once in this condition soon comes to utter grief, or as that eminent disciple of QUENTIN MATSY, MR. BELLOWS, Ironworker, of Huxter's Rents, facetiously puts it, "Such a door is a dying by hinges."

As by this time the student, for whom I write, must have had a dose of iron, I will proceed to another and no less interesting question.

* I say this emphatically, and most feelingly. Not a single modern-working ironmonger has sent me an advertisement, or entered into satisfactory arrangement with me.

† Except this most respectable tradesman, and just see how it is in my power to puff him. (P.S.—My opinions are still open to a change.)

(To be continued.)

THE GONE GROTTTO.

Now the holiday time of the year we have got to;

Now the husbandmen hasten to garner their grain;

Now the streets should resound with "Remember the Grotto!"

But of that bore we now can no longer complain.

There was one ragged urchin heard something to mutter,

Whilst in fingers unwashed he extended a shell;

But so low was the voice of this child of the gutter,

That his gesture was all that his meaning could tell.

Alas!—though young beggars disturbed meditations,

When they plagued us and pestered like flies or as gnats,

And dogged us and teased us, till wild execrations

We broke out in against those importunate brats,

O how glad we should be if once more, at this season,

We were met with the old cry by each passing child,—

Once again, if occasion afforded it reason,

And the grotto again in the alley were piled.

Of two things one used ever the other to follow,

But now of that sequence cessation we mourn;

The return of the oyster and that of the swallow,

To the mouths of the Million too dear to return.

Ah, we well recollect, in Life's race when we started,

Then Best Natives were eightpence a dozen, galore,

But now, save as a dream of an era departed,

We "Remember the Grotto," my tulips, no more.



JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

EtHEL (much impressed). "O, MISS GRUMPH, DO LOOK! THAT MUST BE ADAM!"

PERSONS WHO OUGHT NOT TO TRAVEL.

Intruders who scrawl their names upon the walls, or else carve their initials on the trees, or rocks, or turf, as a memento of their visit to places of repute.

Snobs who strut and stare about them in the middle of the streets, and crack jokes upon the names which are displayed over the shops, whereof perhaps the owners are sitting underneath.

Persons who not merely quarrel with their bread-and-butter, but find fault with everything they either eat or drink; and though at home they often dine on cold or lukewarm mutton and badly-boiled potatoes, growl and grumble at the choicest cookery abroad.

Men who act upon the principle that "every Englishman is an island," and hardly condescend to answer civilly when addressed with common courtesy at a *table-d'hôte*.

Women who persist in carrying their lapdogs, which snarl and snap at you without the slightest provocation on your part.

Simpletons who scrawl their names in the hotel books, make nonsensical remarks upon the beauty of the scenery, and express themselves delighted with the "excellent accommodation" (with one "m"), or else astonished at the reasonable charges of "mine host."

Swells who, journeying *en prince*, and dressing every day for dinner, superciliously stare at men who travel with a knapsack and without a change of coat.

Men who use the tablecloth to clean their knife and fork, between the courses, and cannot sit through dinner without picking their teeth.

Persons who persist in airing their bad French, or still worse German or Italian, in cases where plain English is distinctly understood.

Fools who, when they stray into an unfrequented district, where the sight of British tourists is phenomenal and rare, spend their money recklessly, and tempt the simple natives to be extortionate and grasping to the strangers who come next.

Ladies who hate smoke, and really can't exist without their tea three times a day.

Men who never raise their hats when entering a *Café*, or take the trouble to conform to common courtesies abroad.

Snobs who, even during service, stare about a Church, and talk in loud tones of the pictures hung around the walls.

Bored who take their shop-talk with them when they travel, and, when you would enjoy a pleasant scene or sunset, bother you to listen to their details of a case.

Ladies, unattached, who cannot stir from home without innumerable packages, which exact *les petits soins* of all the men they meet.

Roughs who, when they go to see a monument or statue, perhaps of world-wide fame, will, if unperceived, chip off, by way of keep-sake, a finger or a toe.

Donkeys who, by chance having discovered a happy valley, with a trout-stream, pretty sketching, and a comfortable inn, begin to bray about it in a letter to some newspaper, and bring a crowd of Cockney tourists to desecrate the place.

Great, and little, Britons who turn their noses up at everything they see, and make rude remarks on manners which may differ from their own.

Ladies who persist in wearing shabby dresses when they go abroad, and of course look doubly dowdy by the side of the smart costumes, fresh from Paris or Vienna, which they are sure to meet.

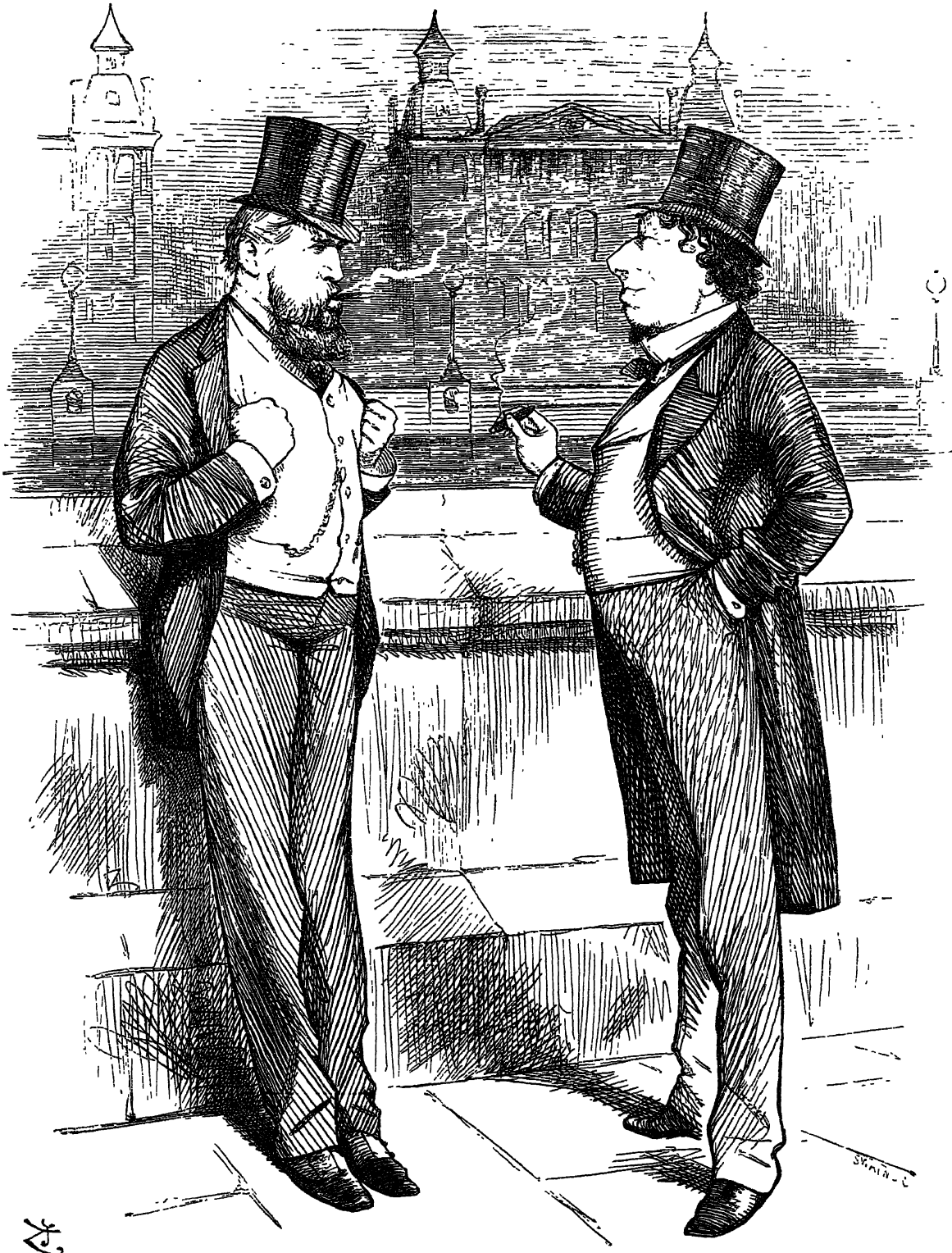
Dolts who overpay their guides, and over-fee the waiters and the railway guards and porters, and in Paris fling a franc by way of *pour boire* to a cabman, whom they make henceforth a grumbler when offered his five sous.

Englishmen who, when they meet a fellow-countryman in France, think it shows good breeding to speak to him in French.

And, lastly though not leastly, louts who make themselves abhorred by stumping about cities in their thick boots and old shooting-coats, and lounging to the Opera in a costume which is better fitted for a Music-hall or a New Cut penny gaff.

SUITORS' SUFFERINGS.

As Law is to Rheumatism, so is Equity to Gout. The fusion of Law and Equity may be said to form the counterpart of Rheumatic Gout.



“PERMISSIVE” GOVERNMENT.

LORD H. “AFTER ALL’S SAID AND DONE, YOU EXIST ONLY ON SUFFERANCE, YOU KNOW.”

RIGHT HONOURABLE D. “‘SUFFERANCE,’ MY DEAR HARTINGTON!—

‘SUFFERANCE IS THE BADGE OF ALL OUR TRIBE’!!!”

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.

WANTED, A LOCUM TENENS.

N.B.—CHILDREN OBJECTED TO.

(Vide "Guardian" *passim*.)

I WANT a *Locum Tenens*, but in vain my hopes I build, Since I find the quivers clerical so uniformly filled.

Each unencumbered Benedick, each baccalère so bold, Disdains my *locum* "tenency"—they call it so!—to hold.

In vain I seek for anchorites. Instead there come, in shoals, Parents too philoprogenitive, whose children, pretty souls! So "sadly want a change" that into any place they'll poke 'em. I cannot bid such quiverfuls come here *tenerere locum*.

I am not myself a celibate. I've daughters from their teens

Long since run wild to chignon, polonaise, and crinolines. They make my parsonage pleasant, the parishioners must feel The rectory in all details is thoroughly genteel.

Whereas each demon boy from school set free, and Tomboy miss, Who find in tops and toffee their supremacy of bliss, Would ruin all its neatness. No; the prospect is too dreary: Such imps shall never have a chance their *locum* here *tenerere*.

Still, I must find a substitute; my boy has just come down From College; and the girls require at least their month in town: One's wife *must* see the fashions—still, I'm forced to bide a wee bit—

O, who, without a family, my *locum* here *tenebit*?

I offer easy duty—no Dissenters—landscape fair—Rectory charming—servants boarded—pony and basket-chair; And I want a *Locum Tenens*, single—and, by failure nothing daunted,

Still, I state my want, and Echo—sportive Echo—still says, "Wanted!"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BRAINS.

As regards injuries of the nervous system the present day is, probably, much like the past.

"The times have been That when the brains were out the man would die."

Those times do not appear to have ceased to be. Nobody has ever been known to survive an entire loss of the brain. But, at one of the late meetings of the British Medical Association at Edinburgh, in the course of a discussion of some experiments on the brain of monkeys, DR. FLETCHER said he had known a case "in which a boy had lost two ounces of his brains, and was none the worse of it." He added that "he had watched the career of that boy afterwards, but never found there was any difference in him in any respect after the occurrence, compared with his condition previously." Whereupon:—

"DR. LOWE asked whether the boy, when he came to manhood, could drink as much alcoholic liquor as other people?"

"DR. FLETCHER said that could not be ascertained, as the boy had always been a teetotaler." (*Laughter*.)

The Doctors were evidently tickled by the idea that a teetotaler lost nothing of any consequence in losing brains. But that does not quite follow. A boy who had lost two ounces of brain appeared to DR. FLETCHER to be as wise as he was before. He might have had wisdom to lose or he might not. The medical philosophers at Edinburgh, having had their laugh, could have gone on to ask DR. FLETCHER a few questions. DR. PUNCH would have proposed these inquiries to DR. FLETCHER: What did you know about the boy's mind previously to his loss of brain? How far did you subsequently

test its powers? Did the injury of the brain extend to both hemispheres, or was it confined to one of them? May it not be that as loss of one eye is to sight, so is lesion of one hemisphere of the brain to mind? Or else, then is the brain anything more than mere padding, as little connected with mind as pudding, and of so much less noble use than pudding, that there would be something rather complimentary than otherwise in calling anybody—for instance, a scientific M.D. and physiologist—a pudding-headed fellow?

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY.

A Social Contrast.

I.—THE WRONG WAY.

PATER. Here at last! A nice reward for a long and tedious journey!

MATER. Well, you were always complaining in town.

PATER. Broken chairs, rickety table, and a hideous wall-paper!

MATER. Well, I didn't buy the chairs, make the table, or choose the wall-paper. Discontent is your strong point.

PATER. And is likely to remain so. Really, that German band is unbearable!

MATER. My dear, you have no ear for music. Why, you don't even care for my songs! You used to say you liked them once.

PATER. So I did—thirty years ago!

MATER. Before our marriage! And I have survived thirty years!

PATER. Eh? What do you mean by that, Madam?

MATER. Anything you please. But come—dinner's ready.

PATER. Dinner! The usual thing, I suppose—underdone fish and overdone meat!

MATER. Well, I see that you are determined to make the best of everything, my dear!

PATER. I am glad you think so, my darling!

[And so they sit down to dinner.]

II.—THE RIGHT WAY.

PATER. Here at last! What a charming spot! A fitting sequel to a very pleasant journey!

MATER. And yet you are very fond of town!

PATER. This room reminds me of my own cozy study. Venerable chairs, a strange old table, and a quaintly-designed wall-paper.

MATER. Well, I think if I had had to furnish the house, I should have chosen the same things myself. But had they been ever so ugly, I feel sure that you would have liked them. You know, Sir, that content is your strong point.

PATER. I am sure that I shall find no opportunity of getting any merit (after the fashion of *Mark Tapley*) for being contented in this pleasant spot. What a capital German band!

MATER. I don't believe that you understand anything about music, Sir. Why, you even pretend that you like my old songs!

PATER. And so I do. Every day I live I like them better and better. And yet I heard them for the first time thirty years ago!

MATER. When we were married! And so I have survived thirty years!

PATER. Eh? What do you mean by that, Madam?

MATER. That I am a living proof that kindness never kills. How happy we have been! But, come—dinner's ready.

PATER. Dinner! The usual thing, I suppose—a nice piece of fish and a juicy joint. Now, that's just what I like. So much better than our pretentious London dinners! Not that a London dinner is not very good in its proper place.

MATER. Well, I see that you are determined to make the best of everything, my dear.

PATER. I am glad you think so, my darling!

[And so they sit down to dinner.]

DEPARTURES.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON has gone to Brighton to practise elocution (like DEMOSTHENES) on the beach.

MR. GLADSTONE has gone to study in the Vatican.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has gone to Dunrobin.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has gone on a round of visits to the various Aquariums.

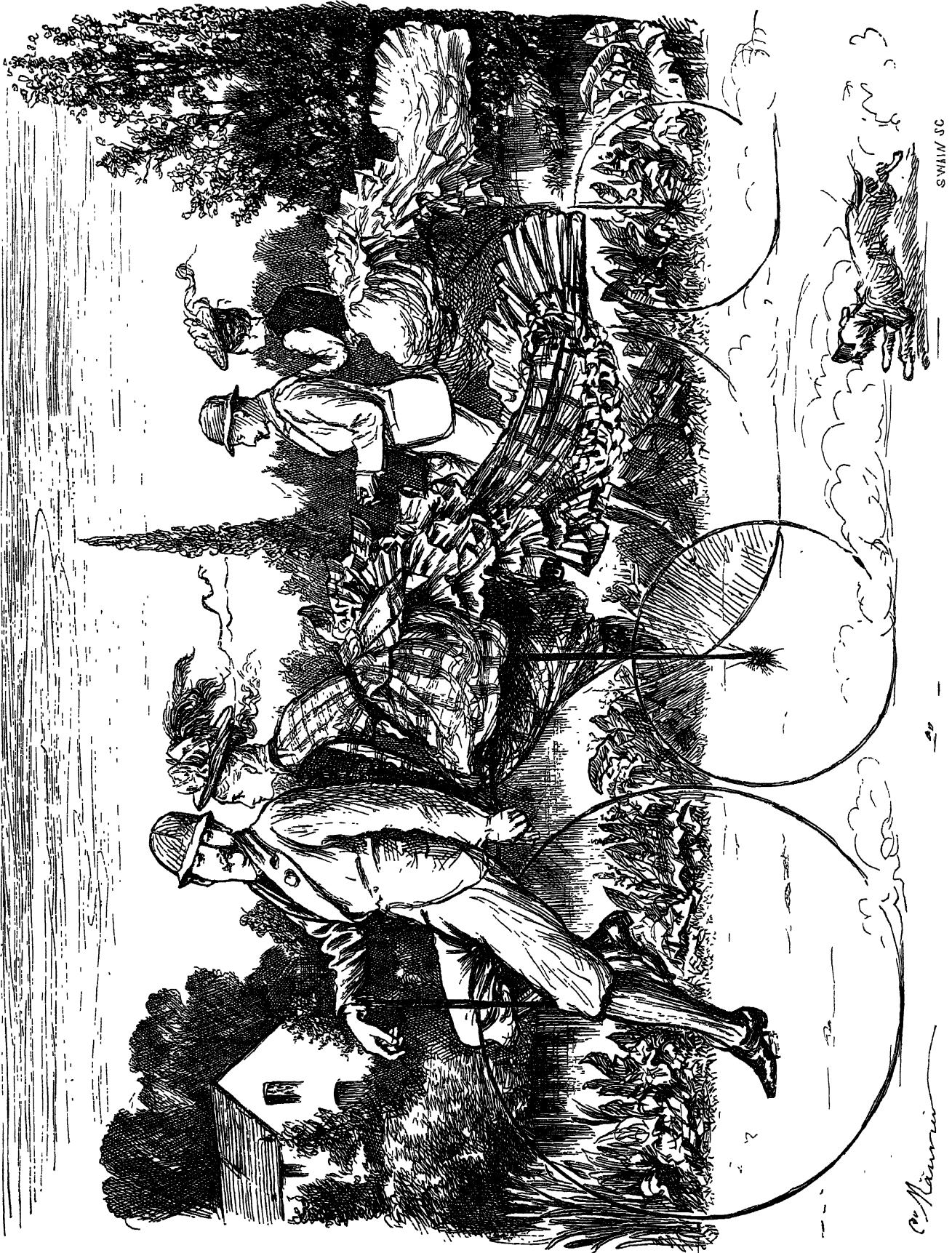
MR. NEWDEGATE has gone into a Monastery, for the recess.

MR. SPURGEON has gone to the Mendip Hills.

The City Aldermen, in a body, have gone to see the great Turtle at the Brighton Aquarium.

REV. A. H. MACKONOCHE (and his Curates) are going to Rome. Some people are shooting the Carlists in Spain. Others have gone to shoot the Moors.

Our stout Uncle and Aunt have gone to Broadstairs.



THE PILLION-BICYCLE.

SWAIN SC

W. Munn



HARD OF HEARING.

Polite Stranger (in a hurry, thinking he had grazed an Old Gentleman's ankle). "BEG PARDON!"

Old Gentleman. "EH?"

Polite Stranger (louder). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

Old Gentleman (unconscious of any hurt). "WHY?"

Polite Stranger. "I'M AFRAID I KICKED YOU——"

Old Gentleman. "EH?"

Polite Stranger (shouting). "I KICKED YOU."

Old Gentleman (surprised). "WHA' FOR?"

Polite Stranger. "IT WAS QUITE BY ACCIDENT."

Old Gentleman (not catching it). "EH?—'BEG YOUR PARD——"

Polite Stranger (roaring in his ear). "ACCIDENT!"

Old Gentleman (starting). "BLESS MY SOUL! YOU DON'T SAY SO! WHERE? WHERE? I HOPE NOBODY'S KILLED——"

[Polite Stranger rushes off, and loses his Train!]

HISTORICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

THE *Surrey Comet* confirms SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S announcement in the *Times*. It fears "that the last chapter in the history of CÆSAR'S Camp has been reached." For—

"Navigators have been employed during the past week levelling the ramparts and foss, which may be ascribed either to the great conqueror or to his brave opponent, CASSIVELAUNUS. The trenches which are said to have seen the first slaughter of Saxons by Saxons, will, if the work of demolition continue, soon cease to exist."

What an exploit will then have been consummated! Its author is covering himself with glory.

The Conservators of Wimbledon Common are said to have offered to purchase the site of CÆSAR'S Camp at a fair price. It is reported that the proprietor is a MR. DRAX, M.P. A MR. DRAX is M.P. for Wareham. This will be news to most people except the hon. Member's constituents. Very few besides, probably, have ever heard him named. The name of DRAX came before the public for the first time when it appeared in connection with the Camp of CÆSAR. Now, unless connected wrongfully, it will remain everlastingly celebrated in that connection. It will go down to Posterity as that of the Destroyer of CÆSAR'S Camp. DRAX, in relation to CÆSAR, will live with BRUTUS.

In a nominal list of the House of Commons the Member for Wareham is

marked with a "C." That means "Conservative." Yet CÆSAR'S Camp is destroyed, whereas it might have been spared at a good bargain. This seems to indicate extremely Destructive principles. Apparently, a mistake has been made about the politics of the hon. Member. He has seldom opened his mouth. But his acts speak for him. If the effacement of CÆSAR'S Camp be one of them, Conservatives—and Liberals, too—will cry, "Confound his politics!"

But the Electors of Wareham—of course Destructives nearly to a man—will boast of their Representative. Better late than never; but now he has done them credit indeed. That is, in case it is really true that he has directed or authorised the improvement of improving CÆSAR'S Camp off Wimbledon Common. And should he, one of these days, ever stand again for Wareham, the Electors of that evidently thoroughgoing Radical and Destructive borough will some of them, with good reason, shout, "Who destroyed CÆSAR'S Camp?" whilst others will rend the air, in reply, with roars of "DRAX for ever!"

PUNCH TO THE CITY.

MERCHANTS of England, has there come the day
When foulest fraud will make the realm decay,
When, after living a strange sumptuous life,
Each nerve close strung by agonising strife,
'Twill be the fashion of the Merchant Prince
To vanish from the scene, nor ever wince,
Until, poor slave of the Almighty dollar,
The hand of Scotland Yard shall grasp his collar?

The honour of old English trade was knightly;
No man signed bill or note or bond too lightly:
Of many a merchant it could well be told
That, come what might, his simple name was gold,
And, if disaster came, as come it may
To the most prosperous master of his day,
The trader did not stoop to felon tricks,
Nor rascal dodges with fair business mix,
But took his trouble calmly, well aware
No act of his had ever been unfair.

The modern monster speculators stand
On higher level, and are far more grand:
Surely a Newton mercantile was he
Who made a three months' bill a ship at sea,
Built mighty mansions, delicate pavilions,
By help of nonexistent paper millions,
Lived a short, noisy, miserable time,
Then vanished, cowardly, from the scene of crime.

City of London! World-Metropolis!
The question *Punch* is driven to ask is this:
Can you not check these felons who have made
Men wholly doubtful about honest trade?

We wonder when some mighty bubble's burst;
But take this fact—the City knows it first.
A telegraphic tremour passes through
The centre of Finance, and some one knew
If RUFUS forged, or BALBUS overdrew.
Now, as the tide of gold flows up and down
From all this universe, by London town,
Punch, censor *morum*, makes severe demand
For sterner discipline in Money land.
Prevention is a better thing than cure:
Fugitive swindlers may some ills endure,
Yet, picking oakum, they will feel quite vain
That dupes have paid them for much dry champagne.

Great firms we have in London: honour, bright
As the keen rapier of the ancient knight:
But there are rogues, on villany intent,
Who'd sacrifice their souls for cent. per cent.
Cannot the Princes of the City stand
Between the public and this pirate band,
This crew of rogues who have their glorious day,
Defraud whoever trusts them, run away?
It can be done, so *Mr. Punch* declares;
Golden the wheat, too numerous are the tares:
No longer to the coinless rogues show pity,
But from dishonest traders purge the City.

"INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPATE."—Bishops grown stout.

THE LORD WARDEN ON MUSIC.



MUSIC hath 'charms,' we have all of us heard :
Many a statesman sings like a bird.
One of the pleasantest possible things
Is when GRANVILLE listens while GLADSTONE sings.
Wherefore should not melody's strain
Drive political puzzles out of the brain?
'Tis true the House hath a minstrel wight,
But WHALLEY carols not every night.

Punch agrees with the gallant Earl
That a singer sweet is the English girl :
No need for a COSTA to tell us that—
The man who doubts it is just A flat.
No need for the sculptor MAROCCHETTI
To tell us English girls are pretty.

In the land where Venus sprang from the foam,
There's nothing to touch our girls at home.

Through the world of verse a graceful rover,
The Earl could assure the people of Dover
That Music had the Poets' benison,
From CHAUCER and SHAKESPEARE to BROWNING and TENNYSON.

"Right you are, my noble Earl,"
Says *Punch*, of poets the perfect pearl ;
And he says to the grouse, "Sing a dirge, wild birdie,
We've stopped Saint Stephen's hurdy-gurdy."

"THE TWO VOICES."

At a Meeting held last week, at Dover, to promote the establishment of Free Scholarships at the new National Training School for Music, EARL GRANVILLE, who presided, in the course of a capital speech, made the following announcement:—

"The late Prime Minister, he could say from personal and pleasurable experience, had one of the finest musical voices he ever heard, and he believed that MR. GLADSTONE continued to sing to this day. He was happy to add that his own party spirit was not such as would lead him to deny that MR. DISRAELI, though he never had the privilege of hearing him sing, was equally harmonious."

This interesting, and probably by the majority of the people of England, unexpected information touching the vocal powers of the past and present Premier, naturally suggests a few questions, to which we are certain LORD GRANVILLE, with his never-failing courtesy, will return prompt and explicit replies:—

What sort of a voice does MR. GLADSTONE possess—bass, baritone, tenor, or alto?

Who was his singing-master? (The value of this information, as an advertisement, it is needless to point out.)

What are his favourite songs? Homeric ballads? Is "*The Pope*" to be found in his repertory?

Does he require any pressing to induce him to sing, and what voice-lozenges is he in the habit of using? (Another invaluable advertisement.)

Can he accompany himself?

Nothing seems to have been said about MR. GLADSTONE being an instrumentalist, or the further pertinent question might have been asked—Does he not always play "first fiddle"?

Would it be correct to describe MR. DISRAELI's style of singing as partaking somewhat of a *bravura* character?

Can his voice ever be said at all to resemble a *falsetto*?

Does he oblige his party with "*The Standard-Bearer*" or "*Awa! Whigs, awa!*"?

Do both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI continue to give great attention to the "*Register*"?

Would it be possible to induce MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI to take part in a duet together in public—"All's Well," or some other old established favourite—for a charitable purpose?

Is there any probability that MR. DISRAELI will ever "sing small"?

HOW THE RECESS WILL NOT BE SPENT.

By SIR WILFRID LAWSON, in starting a Brewery and Distillery for the conversion of the Bands of Hope.

By MR. PLIMSOLL, in purchasing venerable vessels for the stock in trade of the Coffin Ship Company (Limited).

By SIR HENRY JAMES, in financing a new Loan for the Government of Honduras.

By MR. ROBERT LOWE, in accepting foreign decorations from the Presidents of South American Republics.

By MR. WHALLEY, "in retreat" *chez* His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING, with a view to qualifying for the long-expected "Hat."

By DR. KENALY, in state at Stoke-upon-Trent—his leisure hours (those not devoted to receiving compliments from his constituents) being given up to the education and correction of his family.

By SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, in congratulating himself upon his forethought in trusting to an abundant harvest for the surplus of next year's Budget.

By LORD HENRY LENNOX, in preparing plans for the new Barracks at Millbank, that it is proposed shall take the place of the military buildings at Knightsbridge.

By SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, in writing a book of poems in praise of the Directors of the Civil Service Co-operative Stores.

By MR. GLADSTONE, in dignified inactivity far away from the offices of certain Magazines—monthly and quarterly.

By MR. DISRAELI, in pleasant contemplation of the many brilliant successes of the past Session.

And, lastly, the Recess will not be spent by the RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH in going to sleep. *Verb. sap.*

ODD FREAK OF FATE.

THE following piece of Shipping Intelligence reads like an invention. But it is a veritable entry on *Lloyd's List* of August 9:—

"FALMOUTH, 7th Aug., 9 P.M.—The *Enrica* (Ital. barq.), Guagnino, from Mazagan to this port, for orders, with beans, sunk last night, 20 miles W. of the Lizard, immediately after collision with the SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (ship), from London to Australia. A Falmouth pilot and two of the crew of the Italian barque were drowned; the remainder of the crew landed here by No. 6 pilot cutter."

The contrast between SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (ship) and SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (M.P.) apparent in the casualty above narrated, seems remarkably striking at the present moment. Just while the M.P. is doing his best to save seamen from drowning, the ship sends a vessel to the bottom. Whilst the shipowners (of the baser sort) are running down SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, the SAMUEL PLIMSOLL runs down a ship. So seasonable and unseasonable a coincidence perhaps never was known. Might not our friend, Old AUBREY, have booked it amongst his "fatalities"? He probably would have cited it as an instance of bad luck going with a good name.

Perplexing Passage.

THE Local Correspondent of a morning contemporary concludes his narrative of the particulars of an inquest by saying that:—

"The deceased's relatives had not heard of his death, as he had omitted to write on purpose to surprise them."

This was no case of presentiment. The deceased had been suddenly killed by a simple railway accident. He had tumbled out under the train. If he had committed suicide by throwing himself under it on purpose, then indeed the foregoing statement would be intelligible.

Great Consternation at the West End.

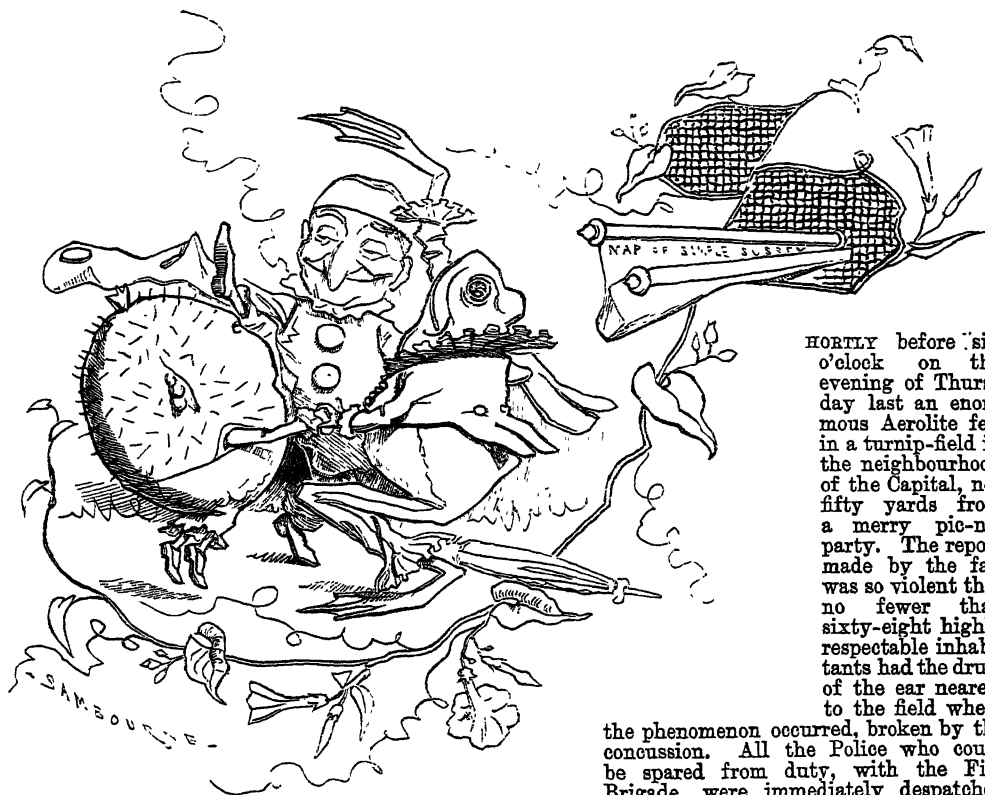
THINK of their exhaustion, their utter prostration! Think of the restoratives they must have required after such unheard-of exertion! Imagine the anxiety of their wives and families, when they were so long past their usual hour of returning home! Picture the amazement of their domestics when they opened the door to them! One night last week the Lords sat until five minutes to eleven!

GEMS OF THE NAVY.

It is estimated by MR. BRASSEY that unarmoured vessels of the *Amethyst* type, which would carry fourteen guns and be of three hundred and fifty horse-power, would cost £71,000. So much for *Amethysts*, even without a setting! These *Amethysts* are costly jewels.

A BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.—The late House of COLLIE.

NEWS FROM BOSHIA.



SHORTLY before six o'clock on the evening of Thursday last an enormous Aerolite fell in a turnip-field in the neighbourhood of the Capital, not fifty yards from a merry pic-nic party. The report made by the fall was so violent that no fewer than sixty-eight highly respectable inhabitants had the drum of the ear nearest to the field where

the phenomenon occurred, broken by the concussion. All the Police who could be spared from duty, with the Fire Brigade, were immediately despatched to the spot; but they proved insufficient to surround the hissing stone,

which was so deeply imbedded in the earth that a powerful engine from an adjoining ginger-beer manufactory had to be employed before it could be dislodged. When the flames had been extinguished by the Brigade, the aerolite was at once conveyed, gaily decked with ribbons, on a dray drawn by twenty-four horses, to the Opening Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, where it was received with open arms and boundless enthusiasm. It is sixteen times the size of the famous meteoric stone which fell from the tail of the great Comet in the Archipelago, in 1796; and presents the appearance of a gigantic fossilised plum-pudding, numerous stalagmites of igneous feldspar being distributed over the entire surface.

We have been favoured (writes the deputy Editor of the *Boshnian Bedouin*) with a private inspection of a most remarkable vegetable production, in the shape of a gigantic Cucumber, which had attained the unusual dimensions of six feet four inches in length, and two feet in girth. It has since been removed, in a covered conveyance, kindly lent for the occasion by a sympathising member of our Vegetarian Society, to the Town Hall for public exhibition; and we are happy to be in a position to state that negotiations have been set on foot, with the proprietor of this interesting abnormal growth of the vegetable creation, which there is every reason to believe are likely to result in satisfactory arrangements being concluded for pickling and presenting it, enclosed in a handsome glass jar, to the Museum belonging to the Greengrocers' Company.

At an early hour yesterday morning, a prodigious Mushroom (*Munchausenius incredibilis*) was gathered in a field adjoining the farmhouse recently in the occupation of the Bailiff of the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF GRASSENDALE. Owing to its amazing size, this fungus had just before afforded ample shelter to an intelligent little fellow, three years and a half old, who, with his attendant, had rambled out before breakfast from the cottage where he was staying to recover from the effects of hooping cough, and been overtaken by a sudden shower of rain. The Mushroom yielded six dozen of excellent ketchup, and has been admirably photographed by our rising young townsman, MR. MONTGOMERY CLECK.

There is now on view in the shop-window of MR. DIAMOND SMITH, plumber and glazier, 184, High Street, a hailstone which fell in the storm that burst over this town and neighbourhood on the 30th of last month. The stone is a perfect rhomboid in shape, and measures four inches and a fraction in a diagonal direction from the apex to the base. It was picked up by a poor boy, not a stone's throw from the magnificent range of conservatories MESSRS. WOOD AND STONE are now engaged in erecting for SIR TAVISTOCK ROPSLEY, Bart., M.P. for the Northern Division of the County.

Medical Monomania.

MR. PUNCH has lately received several anti-vaccination pamphlets, which he has known what to do with. These treatises, however, should not have been presented to *Mr. Punch*. They should have been sent in to a competition for the Colney Hatch Prize Essay. The Prize to be awarded by the most dangerous lunatic in the Asylum.

NOTE BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST.

THE common blackbeetles (*Scarabæus niger*), which so abundantly infest the culinary regions of Cockaigne, are alleged to be agreeable, although profuse, in flavour, provided they be delicately larded before crimping, and then fricasseed or simply fried. Care should specially be taken not to injure their antennæ, which, when crisp with egg and breadcrumbs, exquisitely tickle the palate of the gourmet, and provoke him to the liveliest of gastronomic feats. There lurks in vulgar minds a savage prejudice against these interesting insects, by reason, very likely, of the popular impression that at times they have been manufactured into Soy. But this may be assumed to be mere idle superstition, and SOYER, the great chef, wisely set his face against it, remarking, as he did so, "*Honi Soy qui mal y pense.*"

Among the warblers which abound in the vicinity of the Metropolis, one of the most interesting is the Little Mudlark (*Alauda Greenwichenensis*), whose plaintive cry may nightly be heard upon the shore of the river, where these little creatures congregate in flocks, and pick up any grub which they may chance to meet with.

Doubts have been entertained by sundry Cockney Naturalists whether the pyramids of oyster-shells, which in the early part of August used to be noticed in the streets, should be regarded as a proof of the migratory habits of the mollusc. That the oyster is a sluggard and objects to leave his bed seems pretty generally admitted; but that he is endowed with the power of locomotion has, fortunately for science, been placed beyond a doubt. Whether oysters shed their shells when they are crossed in love is a point on which the Naturalist is still somewhat in the dark.

The Londoner's Diary.

(For August.)

MONDAY.—Got up at nine o'clock. Lounged to the Park. No one there. Went to bed at twelve.

Tuesday.—Got up at ten o'clock. Walked to the House of Commons. Closed. Went to bed at eleven.

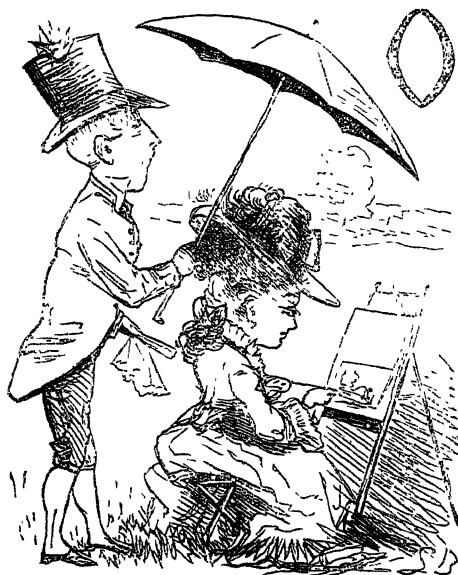
Wednesday.—Got up at eleven o'clock. Looked in at PRINCE'S. Deserted. Went to bed at ten.

Thursday.—Got up at twelve o'clock. Strolled to the Club. Shut up for repairs. Went to bed at nine.

Friday.—Got up at one o'clock. Stayed at home. Dull. Went to bed at eight.

Saturday.—Got up at five A.M. Went out of Town at six.

AUGUST DELIGHTS.



AUGUST! unto thee
an ode I must
Build up Pindaric,
calling thee
august:

Which is more
sweet, thy thun-
der or thy dust?

As on the lawn the
soda-water pops,
Into the icy Bad-
minton there
drops
The dusky hornet
or more lively
"wapse."*

As lovely LAURA,
in divine repose,
Brightens with wit
the stream of talk
that flows,
The stinging gnat
makes red her
Grecian nose.

As on the Thames
the happy stream
we woo,

And the accompanying naiads too,
Down pours the electric flood—we're all wet through.

At some snug Inn there's refuge from the rain—
The watery nymphs we comfort with Champagne:
But how the deuce shall we get home again?

O August, once thou wert a month of *nous*,
Bringing repose to jaded Commons' House,
But now, how desperately shy thy grouse!

Thy epicure delights were manifold—
Thy grouse to London poulterers now are sold;
Thy oysters fetch almost their weight in gold.

And the unhappy and perplexed M.P.,
Who cannot choose his way 'twixt D. and G.,
Sultry August, will not welcome thee.

For when will Parties reach their proper level,
And Parliament in wiser guidance revel?—
Meet his Constituents!—better meet the Devil!

* Oldest form. Vide HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD'S Dictionary.

SOCIETY ABROAD.

AT LUCERNE.

Member of Parliament (ending a long explanation of a pet measure). And, so you see, my dear, by the law of supply and demand, Capital *must* be benefited without injury to Labour. I hope I make myself clearly understood? Perhaps you might give me your view of the subject. The suggestions of fresh minds are frequently very valuable. I have noticed that you have been pondering over something for the last half hour. You were thinking, perhaps, that greater liberty might be given to the framers of the initial contract?

Mrs. M.P. No, dear. The fact is, I have been considering all the morning which of my dresses I ought to wear to-night at the table d'hôte!

AT INTERLACHEN.

Cockney Tourist (to Perfect Stranger). Must 'ave been a 'ard frost 'ere last night, Sir.

Perfect Stranger (startled). Dear me! Why?

Cockney Tourist. Why, look at the top of that there 'ill, Sir (*points to the Jung Frau*). Ain't it covered with snow!

AT BADEN-BADEN.

Captain Rook. Yes, my dear Sir, although they have closed the Public Tables, still, if you really want a little amusement, I think I can introduce you to a very good set indeed. Where they play low, you know—only to pass the time.

Young Mr. Pidgion. O thank you. I should like it very much indeed. But I am giving you a great deal of trouble?

Captain Rook. Not at all!

AT ANTWERP.

Artist (amateur). "The Descent from the Cross." Hem! Not a bad bit of colouring, but out of date, Sir,—out of date!

Artist (professional). You think so! Well, perhaps you are right. Splendid subject—splendid work; but it mightn't have sold now-a-days. In 1875, RUBENS would have painted portraits of fat Mayors and sketches from the nursery.

Artist (amateur). Talking of sketches from the nursery, you should have seen my "Coronation of Henry the Eighth!"—the picture, you know, that they were afraid to accept at the Royal Academy. Afraid, Sir!—that's the word—afraid!

Artist (professional). Quite so!

AT DIEPPE.

Edwin. Awfully jolly here! Awfully jolly band! Awfully jolly waltz! Awfully jolly, isn't it?

Angelina. Quite too awfully nice!

Edwin. Waltz over. Awfully nice moon! Awfully jolly to be a poet, I should think. Say heaps of civil things about the moon. don't you know! Rather jolly, eh? TENNYSON, and that sort of thing, don't you know?

Angelina. Yes, isn't he a perfect love?

Edwin. Yes—great fun. Next dance—square. Awfully stupid things—squares, eh? You're not engaged?

Angelina (archly). Not yet!

Edwin. Then let's sit it out.

AT PARIS.

Professed Linguist. Look here! Moi et un otrer Mossoo—a friend of mine—desiring der go par ler seven o'clock train a Cologne. Si nous leavrong the hotel at six o'clock et ung demy, shall nous catch-erong le train all right? Comprenny voo? Voo parly Français, don't you? You understand French, eh?

Polite Frenchman (who speaks the English). I understand the French? Ah yase! Sometimes, Monsieur!

AT BOULOGNE.

Mater. Now, before we leave the hotel for the Folkestone boat, to go home, let us see that we have all our luggage right. Eighteen trunks—mine and the girls', you know. Twelve bonnet-boxes, three dressing-cases, and CHARLEY's portmanteau, and two hat-boxes. Six folding-chairs, four bundles of rugs, the perambulator, and JANE and Nurse's things. Yes, I think that's all.

Pater. You have forgotten something.

Mater. Dear me! What!

Pater. My carpet-bag!

VERY PALPABLE HITS.

THE divine WILLIAMS makes *Oberon*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, refer to an occasion when "certain stars shot madly from their spheres." The Star named in the following statement, which lately appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is clearly not such an one:—

"Mrs. SCOTT SIDONS has distinguished herself as a volunteer riflewoman. The Bideford and Torrington Rifle Corps have just obtained a new long range, which was formally opened by Mrs. SCOTT SIDONS on Thursday. In the presence of SIR EDWARD GREEN, the local gentry, and the officers and men of the respective corps, Mrs. SIDONS took a Martini-Henry rifle and fired at the target, making a 'bull's-eye' the first time, and a 'centre' with her second shot. She was loudly cheered, and the Devon volunteers boast that they have now in their county the best marksman and the best markswoman in England."

Thus Mrs. SCOTT SIDONS is seen to be a Star that shoots true; hits the "centre" and the "bull's-eye." Now we perceive that she can hit targets as well as audiences. But hitherto, undoubtedly, her best and most numerous hits are those which she has made in other characters than the part of a Riflewoman.

EARL RUSSELL'S CURRICULUM.

EARL RUSSELL has kindly supplemented his *Further Thoughts* on Education (see *Times* of August 19) by some still *Further Thoughts* in the form of suggestive Examination-Papers. Mr. Punch gives them the benefit of his prodigious publicity:—

Q. Who is the true inventor of proverbs?

A. They have been erroneously attributed to KING SOLOMON and the scarcely less illustrious MR. TUPPER, but their true inventor is EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who is the heaven-born Admiral of the Channel Fleet?

A. EARL RUSSELL. He is typified in the *Union Jack*, and also in the famous *Jack* who had a sweet little cherub sitting up aloft to look after him.

Q. Whom should the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's call in to complete the work of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN?

A. The Statesman who rebuilt the English Constitution—EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who was the real hero of that delightful romance, *Jack the Giant-Killer*?

A. The famous destroyer of Tory Ogres, EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who first succeeded in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

A. That erudite Professor in the University of Laputa, EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who is the tutorial politician who always sticks to his *last*—his very, very last?

A. The author of the immortal adage, "Rest, and be thankful"—EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who is the best driver of four-in-hand in the present Coaching Revival?

A. EARL RUSSELL, who only once "upset the coach."

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitancy Society.



ELIZABETHAN Exterior.—This style was invented in the days of the magnificent BETSY TUDOR, when jewelled stomachers, hoops, and ruffs were in vogue. The Elizabethan style should be highly patronised by sporting men, as reminding them of the Great English Bet, and of her costume, which was at that period *Ruff's* guide. She was in her time the MADAME ELISE who set the fashion, and, by my halidome, gadso, and marry come up, she would have taken off a man's head with the same ease, and enjoyment too, forsooth, with which she was accustomed to take the head off a pot of old ale in the drawing-room of the Palace. "Tap for Tap, and so part fair," was the line which our noble

BETSY best appreciated and most applauded, and by "part fair" she meant the top half of the pewter for me, my dear young friend. These considerations are absolutely necessary before entering, however slightly, into an Elizabethan—or as the better educated classes call it, Elizabethan—Mansion. She was a gay young woman was BETSY TUDOR, and finally an obstinate old woman—

Sing *proh pudor!*
BETSY TUDOR!

And earned the introduction of Tudor into this distich, which was found scratched with a diamond on one of the panes of the Palace.*

The Tudor or Two-door Style.—This, at first, seems simply to limit itself to a front and back door, an entrance and an exit. This notion gives the idea of quiet and repose, and is, in reality, derived from the word *Tudor* itself in its original French form—that is the fourth form in which French was taught wherever EDWARD THE SIXTH's Grammar was used—which was "*Tu dors, thou sleepest.*" In keeping with this derivation, the Elizabethan houses present such a comfortable snug snoozling appearance, that you feel inclined to come to anchor in a bay-window, and lie down in sweet slumber for the rest of your life, soothed to sleep by the gentle monotonous

* "The Panes of the Palace" are, or have lately been, Old PAYNE in the opening, and HARRY PAYNE as Harlequin in the after part. I never lose an opportunity, nor do I expect that others will. "Panies of the Palace"—why, heavens! what a chance is here offered to the Crystal Palace Company for next Christmas. The idea is evident: the Palace is glass, therefore the PAYNES—the Pantomime PAYNES—are absolutely indispensable. "No glass building complete without its PAYNES!" "No expense has been spared, and all possible PAYNES taken to render," &c. The Secretary of the C. P. can obtain further information on this subject by applying straight to me, LEONARDO D. ROBBIA DE T. TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., &c, compiler and editor of the present work. N.B.—Mind, the Artist is not authorised by me to call and arrange terms for drawings by way of advertisement in these pages, unless by previous arrangement in writing made unto me, and no such arrangements are genuine without the signature LEONARDO D. R. DE T. TUMPKYNS.



cawing of the rooks, those ancient Christy Minstrels, who never perform out of the nooks and corners of Old England.

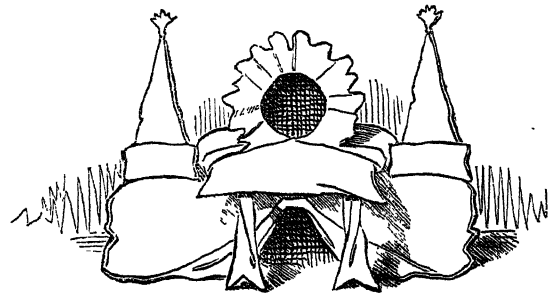
The Pointed Style.—This, wherever it occurs, is most objectionable. A pointed style is most difficult to get over.



Still, this sort of architecture has about it a business-like air, resembling an acute-angled nose (the appearance of which in our juvenile ancestors so struck the great and good POPE GREGORY), which, to its praise be it spoken, comes to the point at once, and be blown to it.

It is a style of architecture which has been lucky enough to attract the attention of the artistic MR. POYNTER, who may be called the retriever of mediæval designs.*

The Early Pointed, or Night-Cap style, was much patronised in Bedfordshire, but seldom used elsewhere, as, from time immemorial,



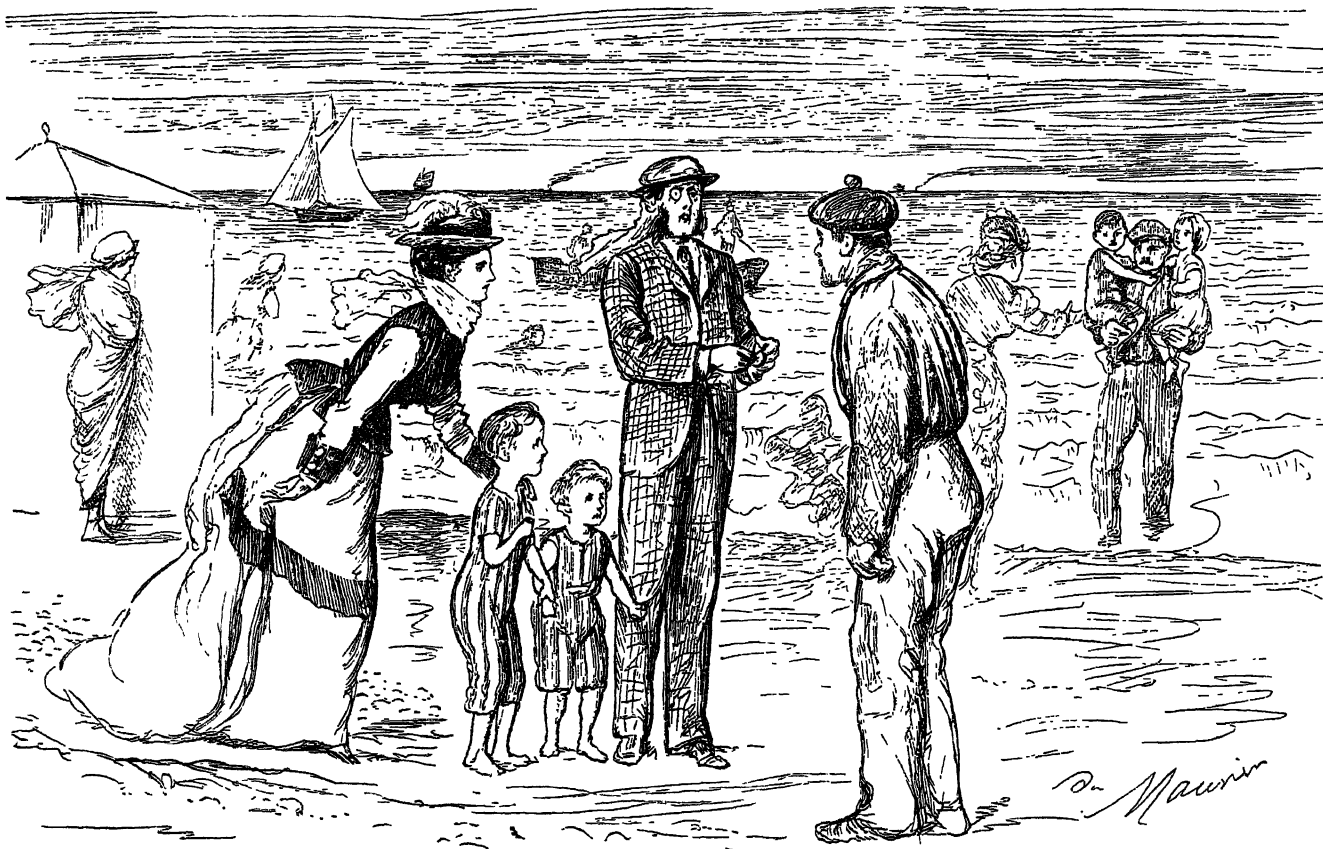
ELEVATION OF BEDFORDSHIRE MANSION.

it has always "been considered rude to point," and, therefore, "the Pointed" soon came to be considered as the architecture of a rude period. It belongs to a time when the hymn-books, though comparatively unknown, were all *noted*, and when the music, though of a monotonous character, was all pointed. But one thing is certain, that, however great the objections may be to "the Pointed" style, it is infinitely superior to the "pointless" buildings of the present day. The Architect's motto should be, "Build with an object in view, but don't let the building in view be an object."

Now, after these general remarks, to return to Ornamentation.

* Another chance offered to Artists for advertisement. Regular scale of charges for mentioning name, address, &c.

(To be continued.)



A POSER.

Materfamilias. "ALGERNON, DEAR, DO EXPLAIN TO THE MAN! YOU CAN DO IT SO MUCH BETTER THAN I CAN!"

Paterfamilias. "ALL RIGHT, MY LOVE. (To Attendant.) ECOOTY, MON AMEE—I WANT YOU TO TEACH MY PETTY ONGFONGS TO SWIM—APROND A NAJJY, YOU KNOW. AND LOOK HERE—YOU MUSTN'T KEEP THEM IN THE WATER MORE THAN FIFTEEN SECONDS BY THE WATCH! PAR PLOO KER KANGS SECONGS DONG L'O. COMPRENNY?"

THE CARDINAL'S PROPHECY; or, A VATICAN VISION.

THE Cardinal sat (in his brand-new hat), and he dreamed a lugubrious dream:

He heard Europe's battle-drums beating for war, he beheld all her bayonets gleam;
And he says, says he, one may easily see a catastrophe cannot be far;
Seven millions of men, and all armed to the eyes, must portend a most terrible war!

Heigho! it is sad; yet the world is so bad that it calls for this bloody self-scourging,
For which, unaware, all the nations prepare, as directed by Heaven's own urging.

The ill wind of war, which I sniff from afar, shall blow good to the See of St. Peter,
And, 'stablish, I hope, the sole sway of the POPE. Could a Nemesis well be completer?

The rascal apostles of Red Revolution have pulled down the temporal power;

Heaven's justice must seat Humpty-Dumpty again, while his enemies grovel and cower.

But chastisement dire and a scourge as of fire are a *sine quâ non* for redressing

That hideous wrong, and so armaments strong claim a Cardinal's—sorrowful—blessing!

Threat is not my intent; 'tis a pious lament. I'm exceedingly grieved to foresee it,

But the great *Dies Irae* of "Reds" is at hand, 'tis too late they'll discover to flee it.

I plainly perceive that the Counsels of Heaven have settled the term of their tether;

Sear of blood must atone, and the POPE have his own—then we all may be happy together.

Not in DÖLLINGER's fashion,—the mooning schismatic! how dares he to prate about Unity?

Those blundering babblers at Bonn must be shown that they can't shunt the POPE with impunity.

The Sirens of Schism sing vainly of peace, though they warble as sweetly as PATI can,

The only true *pan-pipe* to marshal the flock of the Church is that played at the Vatican.

On woes men *must* sup, MESSRS. ARMSTRONG and KRUPP are preparing the meal most unwittingly;

Big gun and torpedo shall 'stablish our *Credo*; so Providence fashions it fittingly.

Saltpetre shall fume for St. Peter—an incense unpleasant, but yet an oblation

Supplied unawares by those foes of the Church who are destined to self-immolation.

Steel, powder, and shot, they will soon make it hot for thy spoilers, Infallible Vicar!

On that deluge of blood the Sole Ark of the Faithful shall float to its haven the quicker.

It is sad—that of course!—but if murderous force prove the backer of Church, School, and Nunnery,

No doubt it is true that, from this point of view, there's a sort of a Gospel in Gunnery.

Laus Deo!—yet stop! No, the mask must not drop. I'm a peace-loving man and a pastor.

No firebrand am I, though I see in Fate's sky all the omens of woe and disaster.

The rôle of CASSANDRA I grieve to assume, and lest any should find it alarming,

I'll put up a pious and fervent petition for—Unity, Peace, and Disarming!

PUN ON RIVER POLLUTION.—Caveat Empt-or.

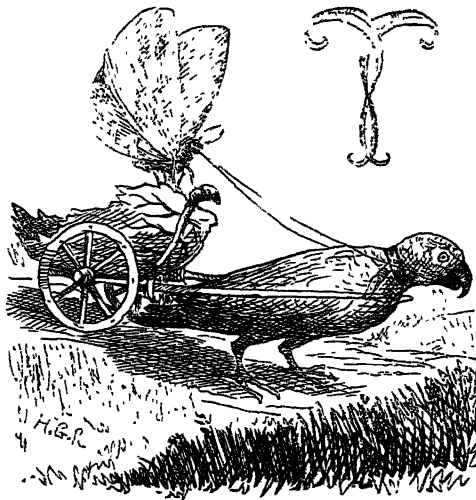


“SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!”

HIBERNIA. “MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY T’ YE, DAN!”
SHADE OF O’CONNELL. “‘HAPPY RETURNS’ IS IT, DARLIN’? BÉDAD, THE FEWER THE BETTER! LOOK AT ‘EM NOW!”

TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

(Being a few Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.)



HIS is the time of year to be caught tripping. At this season every one who can packs up his traps, goes for his trip, and joins the order of Trappists and Trippists. Mister Indecision stays at home; Mister Decision is off and away.

A Guide, who will give useful and valuable information in a few words, is, just now, most welcome. Every one wishes to give himself airs—sea airs, of course—and as

naturally as one would go to a tallow-chandler's for a candle, so everybody goes to the sea-side for a dip. How many dips go to a pound is a question which the bathing-machine proprietor will decide.

Here is a direct line for the Undecided. Go to Deal. It is really a Dealightful place, Dealicious, in fact quite the *beau i-deal* of a quiet sea-side place. You need not stop there long; for the Tourist has this advantage over the Leopard, that he can change his spots just as often as he likes. But *how* go to Deal? Simply thus, and let yourself down easily: leaving the bustle of London at Victoria, go by the sea-coast line past Rochester, famous for—well, ROCHES-TER was famous for his jests and poems, from the sale of which he made so much money as enabled him to build Rochester Castle, as “every schoolboy” knows,—past Chatham, famous as being called after the celebrated Premier, who gave his name to that part of the Theatre where he always used to sit, and which to this day bears the name of the Pit,—past Faversham, famous for being the place where the London, Chatham, and Dover Collectors request the pleasure of seeing your tickets,—past Herne Bay, so called as being the favoured spot where *Herne the Hunter* invariably went for his holiday, out of the hunting season, and when there was nothing doing at Windsor Castle,—past Margate, that is unless you stop at Margate, now celebrated for what the cobblers call the “Awl by the Sea,”—and then to Westgate, where no person fond of tranquillity would think of staying, as it is said to be “such a rising place.” Of course there are many objections to a “rising place.” At this time of year, the Session being ended, and the House having risen, you don't want to hear of anything or anybody rising: it sounds revolutionary. So take a glance at Westgate (the porters call it “Westkit,” which suggests an easy costume of shirt-sleeves and no coats), and pass on, *via* Broadstairs, to Ramsgate.

Here pause. Go down to the Sands early, and take a front seat to see the tide come in. You can book this a week in advance. No fees.

The amusements here are—trying your strength, shooting at the Shah (for nuts), hearing the niggers, listening to two bands playing different tunes at the same time, both being a trifle weak in the high notes, but strong in trombones and drums, throwing at the sticks, taking galvanic shocks from a gentleman with a perambulating battery, seeing the entire play of Punch and Judy, and having your likeness taken *ad fresco* with such astonishing results that even your best friends wouldn't recognise your portrait. Then you can see the London Boat come in, and inspect the passengers, making audible remarks on their personal appearance (on every safe occasion, i.e., when the subject is not too big), with observations on the luggage.

Having thus let himself down gently, the visitor may now let himself down another peg (so as not to deprive himself of all his wonted excitement at once), and walk over the cliff (which he will probably do, if he attempts going to Broadstairs from Ramsgate, as there are no railings, or posts, or anything to tumble against) to Pegwell Bay.

Pegwell, or the Well of MARGARET, corrupted into the Well of PEG, and so into Pegwell. The story of MARGARET's grim ghost will be told the tourist by any one whom he may ask for the legend.

Pegwell is the home of the Shrimps. The Pegwellians live on

Shrimps, and *by* Shrimps; that is, they *sell* Shrimps, and the stranger will buy Shrimps.

It was our luck to enter a Shrimp-seller's shop and hear the following dialogue:

Visitor. Are these Shrimps fresh?

Shrimp-Shopman. Fresh! Bless you, Sir, we can't get 'em fresh enough!

The Aquarium mania has seized on Pegwell, and two men and a boy, with five ladders, a wheelbarrow, and two spades, are hard at work scooping out the sand, and doing whatever they can towards making an Aquarium. The Shrimps object to the innovation.

Walk on, and pass the Coast-guard Station. Here is the place for real sport. A splendid cannon is kept here for sportsmen who come down to pot their own shrimps. A small charge for each shot, which includes the powder.

The visitor may have a talk to the Coast-guardsman on duty, without any extra payment.

The visitor will now return to Ramsgate for the evening, where he can, if inclined for real fun, amuse himself by hiring a small boat and going out with a supply of fireworks. He will sail, or row, towards the Goodwin Sands, and there will send up a rocket. This will be taken as a signal of distress, and will be immediately answered by another rocket from shore. Then out will come the life-boat and its crew, with a steam-tug, perhaps a spare man-of-war or two, and the Harbour and Coast Police Boat, with constables rowing. Now you can send up more rockets, or Catherine wheels, or squibs, or anything, in fact, *only, be off as quickly as possible*, or the fun of the proceeding may be spoiled. If they catch you, you can say you were only lighting a Roman Candle to go to bed by, or you can deny it altogether, and say, “Please, Sir, it wasn't me; 'twas t'other boy!” and point to any buoy that may happen to be in sight.

Having thus finished a happy day, with real fireworks and real fun, you can (if unprovided with a lodging for the night by the Ramsgate authorities) go ashore, find a cradle in the shipbuilding yard, and go to rest.

Having thus played your hand here, remember that, next day, it is your turn to Deal. Of which place, anon.

SOBRIETY AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A GRAND Temperance Demonstration and Festival was announced to take place on the 23rd instant, in the Southampton Cricket Ground, and to comprise a meeting under the Presidency of the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE. According to a bill of the proposed entertainments, “a variety of variegated balloons” were to be sent up, “including ‘JOHN BARLEYCORN’ and a life-size elephant.” What a truly excellent name, JOHN BARLEYCORN, for a Temperance balloon! True temperance is shown by partaking of JOHN BARLEYCORN in moderation. For typifying this truth much credit is due to the “United Good Templars” of Southampton, and their President, the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE. Nor is this all. At the foot of the bill above referred to stands this agreeable and well-considered notification:—

“REFRESHMENTS of every description will be provided at moderate charges by MR. CLAPHAM, St. Mary Street.”

The REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE and the Southampton Good Templars know how to win tipplers from excess in “intoxicating liquors.” They proclaim tolerance of their moderate use. At the same time they place those refreshments in competition for preference with others which cheer but not inebriate. They express confidence in ginger-beer and moral suasion as against compulsory total abstinence and spirits or beer. The Good Templars of Southampton are the best that have turned up yet, and the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE has evinced a filial inheritance of the tact, sound sense, and genuine sobriety which distinguished the late BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

War to the Knife.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in his vivid description in *Land and Water* of the Manatee recently acquired by the Zoological Gardens, says that “the flesh is considered a great delicacy; when roasted it has the flavour of pork, with the taste of veal.”

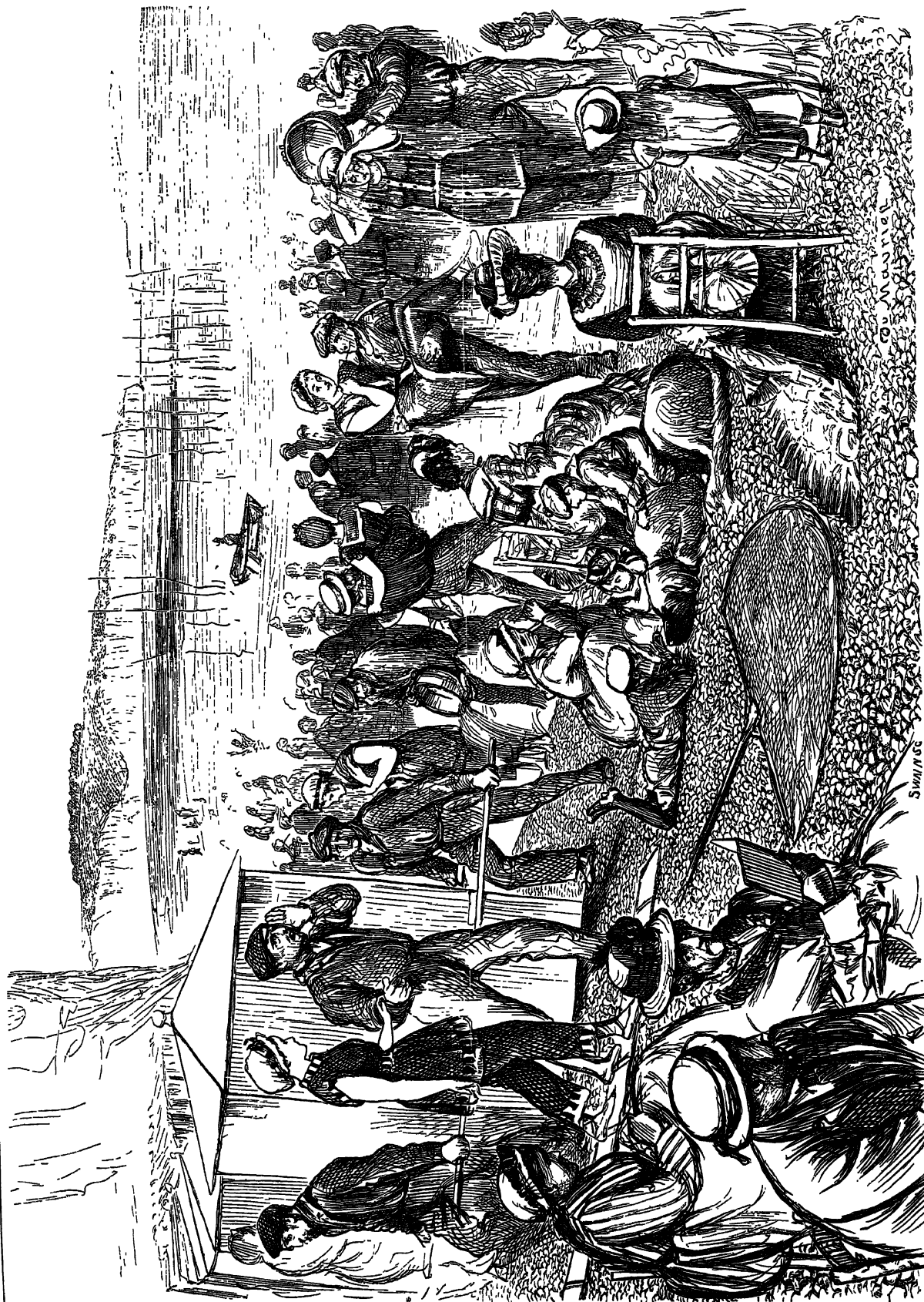
THE flavour of pork, and the savour of veal!

O Butchers! come down in your prices;

Or else we'll consult both our pocket and veal,

And import Manatee, which so nice is.

TEST AND TRIAL.—The *Spiritualist* announces the departure of a DR. TEST for America. This DR. TEST appears not to be the Doctor Test that “Mediums” can never stand.



ON THE FRENCH COAST.

Mrs. B. (*compassionately*). "WHAT TERRIBLE HARD WORK FOR THOSE POOR BATHING-MEN, MR. B.!" Mr. B. (*doubtfully*). "HUMPH—ER—ER—WELL—A—AHEM!"
Mrs. B. (*severely*). "PRAY WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'HUMPH—ER—ER—WELL—A—AHEM!' MR. B.?" [Mr. B. relapses into discreet silence.]



THE RUN OF THE HOUSE.

First Flunkey. "WON'T YOU COME IN, JOHN, AND TAKE SOMETHING?"

Second Ditto. "THANKS, NO; I'LL LOOK YOU UP NEXT WEEK. 'BE ON BOARD-WAGES THEN, YOU KNOW!"

REVIVAL AT BONN.

WHAT have we heard? A Conference talking theological metaphysics; debating on prepositions, if not diphthongs; the next thing to Homocousion and Hemoiousion over again—an actual revival of argument on ATHANASIUS'S Creed—"filioque." And all this in hot August, and within sight of the twentieth century!

Something like a conclusion, however, has certainly been come to by DR. DÖLLINGER'S Old Catholics and others at Bonn. There are Old Catholics and Old Catholics, so calling or deeming themselves. Some seceded from the POPE five years, others three centuries, and others eight and more ago.

DR. CUMMING probably considers, if he does not call himself, an Old Catholic. So, perhaps, does MR. SPURGEON. Yet neither MR. SPURGEON nor DR. CUMMING attended DR. DÖLLINGER'S Conference. But CANON LIDDON was there. So was DEAN HOWSON.

DR. DÖLLINGER'S Old Catholics have taken that title to distinguish themselves from the Roman Catholic body, who swallow the New Dogma. But now there are so many kinds of Catholics, that really the word "Catholic" has ceased to have any particular meaning. Might not all Catholics, except Ultramontanes, just as well call themselves "Protestants"? They are Protestants. Don't they all protest against the pretensions of the POPE and the decrees of what the POPE calls a General Council? Yet most of them, except such Old Catholics as MR. SPURGEON and DR. CUMMING, are offended if you call them Protestants. Why ashamed of their name?

Your Ultramontane, on the other hand, hates to be called a Papist. But he is a Papist. His exact speciality is that he goes the whole Pope. Popery is his distinct creed. Papist and Popery have now, at any rate, become simply definitive, and not opprobrious, expressions. People and things might as well be called by their right names—mightn't they?

In the meantime, let the Old Catholics or New Protestants who have been conferring with other Protestants, or Protestant Catholics, at Bonn, have all due credit for the agreement at which they have, in a measure, arrived. They have agreed upon the adoption of

FOUNTAINS OF WHAT?

Two Fountains bubble in the Square,
Whose pillar, towering high,
Hoists NELSON up, as though he were
STYLITES, to the sky.

When bubbling in their usual way,
They foam like ginger-beer
Uncorked upon a sultry day
In summer time of year.

To boil, as well as bubble, they
At times, however, seem,
And like a pair of Geysers play,
Emitting clouds of steam.

And, hinting somewhat like the pest
Which River Nile turned rouge,
One day last week each Fountain's crest
Was tinted with gamboge.

Thy Baths and Washhouses are near,
St. Martin: know'st thou why
Those Fountains twain hot springs appear,
And whence their yellow dye?

Tinged, save with rainbows' native hues,
Should fountains ne'er be found,
But cool refreshment still diffuse,
A healthful influence, round.

Most in hot weather ought they not
As crystal pure to gush,
At no time vomit reeking hot
Slops, scourgings, suds, and slush?

Sweet Saint, from sordid trieks withhold
Parochial persons mean:
And make those Pumps keep fountains cold
Supplied with water clean.

ANSERINE UTTERANCES.

SEVERAL letters have lately been written to the *Times* respecting the "Brent Goose." Certain effusions of Ritualism, which appear from time to time in the papers, make it proper to state that the Brent Goose (*Anser bernicla*) does not hail from East Brent.

forms of words signifying ideas, if any, which are inconceivable by the human mind—things which, by any reasonable being, no fellow can be expected to understand.

TO A COUPLE OF THAMES NAIADS.

Row, Ladies, row! It will do you good:
Pleasant the stream under Cliefden Wood:
When our skiff with the river drops down again,
Glad will you be of some iced champagne.
O, a boat on the river is doubly dear
When you've nothing to do but adore and steer.

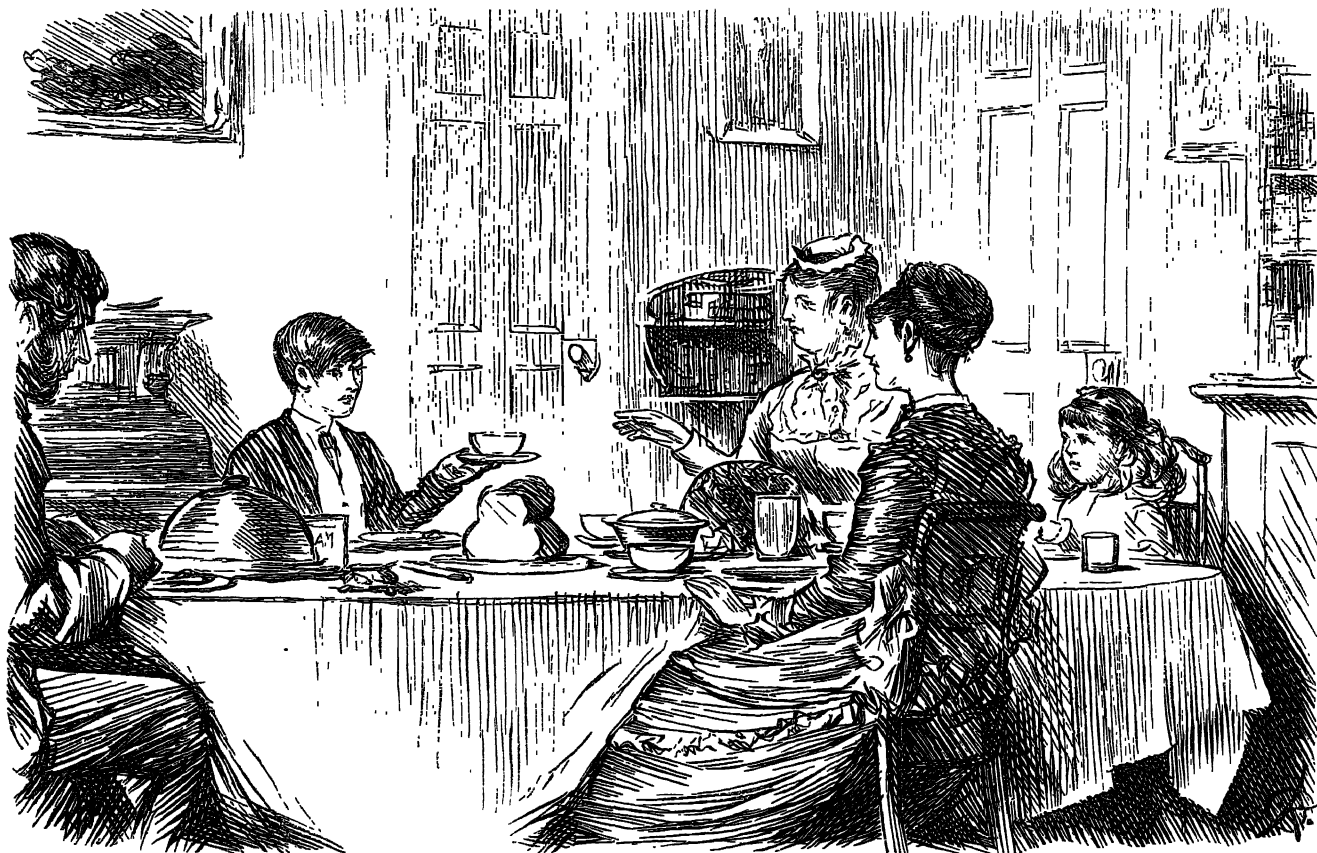
Row, darlings, row! Whether Stroke or Bow
Is sweeter to look at, better to row,
Is a question that plagues not me, as I laze,
And on their graceful movement gaze.
'Tis the happiest hour of the sultry year:
The swift oars twinkle; I smoke and steer.

Row, beauties, row! 'Tis uncommon hot:
I can row stroke, but I'd rather not.
As we meet the sunset's afterglow,
Two absolute angels seem to row;
Wingless they are, so of flight no fear—
Home to dinner I mean to steer.

Canine Sagacity.

"MADAME HAZER has had the honour of exhibiting her dog *Minos* before the QUEEN and the Royal Family, and HER MAJESTY was much pleased with the performance."—*Court Circular.*

"EVERY dog has his day"—
Yours, *Minos*, must have been,
When you trotted Osborne way,
And performed before the QUEEN.



"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

Mamma (to her Eldest Son). "MY DEAR GEORGE, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? YOU SHOULD ALWAYS SAY 'THANK YOU!' WHEN ANYTHING IS HANDED TO YOU!"

George. "O, BOTHER HAVING TO SAY 'THANKS!' EVERY TIME, MA! CAN'T A FELLOW HAVE A SEASON-TICKET?"

SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

Second Series.

MRS. FOXE HYMEN will attempt to bring about an engagement between her eldest daughter and the son and heir of SIR CRESUS TALLOW, the commercial *millionnaire*.

The Eldest Daughter of MRS. FOXE HYMEN will enter into a secret correspondence with the Enemy (her Cousin ARTHUR), with a view to counteracting the tactics of her Mother.

MISS FLORENCE FLIRTINGTON will exercise herself in Field Exercises (Croquet and Lawn Tennis), with a view to cutting out her dear friends the GAWKY girls.

Old MRS. TWENTYSTUN will make a descent upon Karlsbad, with a view to inaugurating an improved system of condensation.

MRS. SMITH will attempt, by a forced march on the feelings of her husband, to lure him to the Sea-side. She will be supported by the Infantry, and will advance under cover of the Family Doctor.

MR. SMITH will make a demonstration of business, and hastily retreat (in company with a bachelor friend) to the Continent.

MR. PERCY FLUTTERKITE will communicate with his maiden Aunt in the country, with a view to effecting an advance (pecuniary).

MESSRS. TAG, RAG, and BORTAIL (late of HER MAJESTY'S principal Gaols) will make a masked march to the Sea-side, with a view to indulging in a course of rifle practice.

Tribute to Correspondents.

PUNCH keeps receiving volley upon volley
Of puns on Collie dogs and MESSIEURS COLLIE.
Wag after wag goes on informing him
That, born web-footed, WEBB was made to swim.
Sense thus extensively with sound combined
Exalts our estimation of our kind.
Cease to pour in your too, too brilliant jokes,
And take a crown of thistles each, ye Mokes.

A PHILOSOPHER AT EIGHTY.

(Soliloquy on a late Sultry Day.)

I AM evaporating, like a piece
Of camphor in the sun, or so as wastes
A mass of carbonate of ammonia
Unstoppled, or as though my lard had all
Become transmuted into paraffine,
Which force of heat sublimises. I rise apace
In vapour; am dissolving by degrees,
And mingling with thin air. If this goes on
Much longer, nothing will be left of me:
Save earthy salts, besides residual
Phosphate of lime. But if the temperature,
By Fahrenheit now eighty in the shade,
Stand but a little longer, and then fall,
So as to check offgoings at the point
Of just attenuation, then my waist
Will to its normal amplitude return,
And I, who from mine youth have aye grown bigger,
By loss of fat shall have regained my figure.

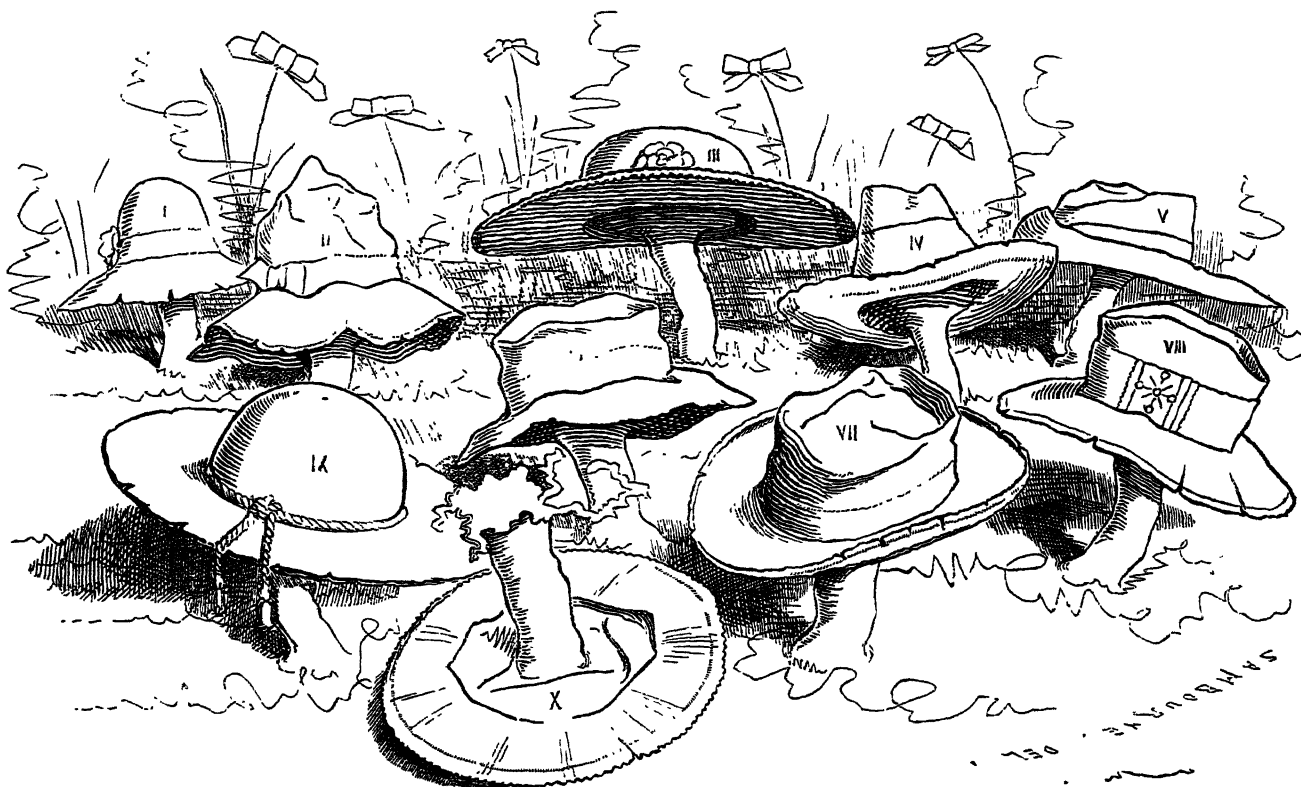
What the Prince Found at Sheffield.

THAT Steel is capable of the highest polish.
That the Diamonds born of Coal are not nearly so black as they are painted.
That Arms of Iron are generally directed by Hearts of Gold.
That a Sheffield welcome is not always smoke.
That, notwithstanding their sharpness, Sheffield Blades are the last things in the world to cut their friends.
And, finally, that certain self-elected Representatives of the Working-Man are (to put it mildly) very much mistaken.

FINE GROUP OF FUNGI.

AUTUMN is the special season for Fungi, and, at that very time, Mr. Punch attempted to supply the desideratum. Here, named fungoid growths appear on the heads of English travellers, as their terrestrial congeners do in our woods and fields. The latter have been classified. The former still await their BERKELEY. Suppose

mostly on board a steamer between Folkestone and Boulogne, on the heads of Clergymen of the Church of England :—



I. *Marasmius clericalis*. II. *Coprinus curatorius*. III. *Clitopilus vicarius*. IV. *Cortinarius incumbens*. V. *Pleuropus episcopalis*. VI. *Russula decanalis*. VII. *Amanita rectoria*. VIII. *Hygrophorus prebendarius*. IX. and X. *Clitocybe archidiaconalis*.

It is, perhaps, as well to state that no Fungi of the foregoing

species are esculent. Annually, at this time of year, many people kill themselves through eating poisonous toadstools by mistake for mushrooms. Such persons may well be supposed quite capable of trying to eat any of the things above delineated that may fall in their way.

OUT OF TOWN.

An Urban Eclogue.

SCENE—"The sweet shady side of Pall Mall." Enter DAMON, meeting PYTHIAS.

Pythias (amazedly). Not yet out of Town?

Damon (peevishly). You're the fool of a phrase!

My good friend, there is no "Out of Town" in these days.

Pythias. What, DAMON turned cynic? Then Stocks must be down!

Or is it that She, or the "Dragon" doth frown?

Damon. You miss with both barrels. They've "flitted" to Brighton;

I follow.

Pythias. What, called by the horn of old Triton, And Cupid's alarm?

Damon. Pooh! Fiddle-de-dee!

Your only sea-god now is Proteus, and he

Sways fashions, not floods; while for conquering Cupid,

Midst sand-shoes and shrimps, that young god seems half stupid.

Pythias. Hipped! hipped! my dear DAMON! Tell PYTHIAS the reason.

Damon. Fact is, I am fagged with the frets of the season,

And pine for a taste of the restful and rustic,

My prospect of which now appears nubibustic.

Pythias. With sweet AMARYLLIS to toy in the shade Of—

Damon. A Small silken circlet, on Pier or Parade!

Pythias. With PYRRHA to—

Damon. Potter about on the sands, Or lend ear to the wearisome bray of the bands!

Pythias. With a latter-day LYDIA, lovelier than she

Who could charm the Venustian—

Damon. Stare at the sea!

Pooh, pooh! my dear PYTHIAS, poetry, even

So modish as that with which HORACE could leaven

The life of old Rome, can have nothing to do

With a Cit's "out of Town" in these days. There are few

Of the freaks of fool-fashion such burdensome slavery

As this annual worship of Neptune.

Pythias. Your bravery

Stops short at Philippie; pray why don't you lead

A sublime insurrection?

Damon. I should not succeed.

Your Cit could not live far from pavement and kerb; he,

Inverting the pleasant old rule, *rus in urbe*,

Takes Town with him everywhere. Nature's best scenes

He invades with his shops and his bathing-machines;

With his family gods in a flock settles down,

And then calls the whole thing—save the mark!—"out of Town."

O, for true sylvan solitude!

Pythias. That is, *à deux*

With books, "bitter," and—*baths*, eh, as well as *beau yeux*?

Damon. Well, y-e-es!

Pythias. Ah, my very dear DAMON, I see

That your hatred of Town is a thing of *degre*.

The *odi profanum* may move you, but, think:

We can't *each* have a bower on a waterfall's brink,

With a PYRRHA to pet, with no tourists to throng,

And a dinner-bell sweet as a nightingale's song.

Poor gregarious man—though you're dreadfully down

On his foibles—is *lost* when he's quite "out of Town"!

[*Exeunt Clubwards.*]



"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Chatty Old Gent. "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS HE-AR, PORTAR?"

Railway Porter (whose Temper has been spoilt). "SAME AS ANYWHERE ELSE, I S'POSE—SIXTY MINUTES!" — (Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite corn, and rushes off!)

Old Gent. "PE—O—O—O—O—!"

USING GOOD NAMES.

FAR be it from *Mr. Punch* to puff a Music-Hall singer, whether he be a "Giant Comique" or a "Little Wonder," or "The Unequalled" Somebody, or "The Great" Nobody. But *Mr. Punch* has just received a programme of the "Great VANCE's" entertainment, with a picture of the immense comic vocalist himself (and, by the way, the Great Creature's hairdresser should insist upon advertising himself underneath this charming "portrait of a gentleman"), and extracts from various papers, stating the almost unutterable enjoyment they (the writers) have derived from the Great One's "unexampled," "admirable," "artistic," "eminently successful" impersonations, delineations, &c., &c. So far, "live and let live" being the motto, and every man his own trumpeter in the World's Fair, there's no harm done to any one, and much good may it do the Magnate of Mimics—a new title to which the Great Artiste is welcome.

But, at the head of all this puffery, there is an announcement which *Mr. Punch* reads with regret, and it is this:

"Patron—H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES. Patroness—H.R.H. PRINCESS OF WALES."

Are the names of their Royal Highnesses used with, or without, permission? If "with," it is a great pity: if "without," the Great One should be politely requested to omit them from his programme.

There is one delicious puff which, however, should not be omitted,—

"N.B.—It is a noted fact that the Aristocracy, Clergy, and Gentry of the Three Kingdoms recognise VANCE's Varieties as the most refined Comic Entertainment of the day."

It calls to mind "JARLEY's Waxworks." It is a wonder that the

THE FIRST!

Lo, September is here before Summer's begun!

For some of our many offences,
The Clerk of the Weather has kept back the sun,
The riotous rain has come down with a run;
But now that the pulses of Autumn are stirred,
We'll trudge through the "turnmuts," in search of the bird

That was rarest *Ausonius mensis*.*

We've dragged the inert Parliamentary train
Up a humdrum political gradient.

DISRAELI, no doubt, of the Session is vain,
Since he wished for a quiet and *fainéant* reign;
He unluckily found no commensurate foeman,
So he'll plausibly talk to the Buckingham Yeoman,
And show him a future most radiant.

Vivian Grey, once the sprucest of Radical bucks,
Bears high the Conservative banner:
He has run, in his time, multitudinous mucks,
Has quietly taken his varying lucks,
And now down at Hughenden leans on his spud,
And lectures the men who are masters of mud,
As if he were born to the manor.

Let the PREMIER enjoy his recess as he may,

We'll fly to the *loca amœna*—
The tramp through the stubble, the sail on the bay,
Gay dinner and chat at the end of the day;
Not a word about Vatican pamphlet Gladstonian,
Of blatant KENEALY—the sham Ciceronian,
Or even the Herzegovina.

No, misty-bright autumn, *Punch* will not insult
Your beauty with bosh he remembers:

In the glory of capital sport he'll exult,
And shamelessly flirt with each pretty adult.
Though the Germans should give us a Battle of Dorking,
He, with shooting and flirting, and good knife-and-forking,

Will make it the First of Septembers.

* MARTIAL. xiii. 65.

MOTTO FOR MAJOR DICKSON.—For AHMED forewarned.

Clergy do not ask him to perform at the next Festival, and request him to give "*Lord Swoon; or, the Exhausted Swell*," "*The Shah*," "*The Beautiful Blonde*," "*Slap Bang!*" "*Old Brown's Daughter*," and other choice tastes of his quality, which have doubtless contributed vastly to the amusement of their Royal Highnesses, above advertised, and still more to that class of young men of the period, of the cheap swell order, with the rakish air, the unwashed hands, and the bad cigar, who, we suppose, are included among the "Gentry" that patronise the Great VANCE. But surely, surely, our Princess and our Prince are not really giving their countenance to this sort of thing!

PRELIMINARY.

SHALL we go at all?

When shall we go?

Where shall we go?

Shall we go to Pierpoint, where the mortality, according to the Registrar-General, is only 11'2 per 1000, or to Sandbeach, where the same authority reckons it at 11'19? (Shall we study decimal arithmetic, to comprehend the exact difference between these two rates?)

Shall we go down, beforehand, to both these places, and see which of them we like the best; and ascertain which has the most thorough system of drainage, and the purest water, and the best air, and the nicest people, and the most comfortable beds?

Shall we go to Shingleton, where there is a pier and no sands, or to Glareville, where there are sands, but no pier?

Shall we ask the DARTLETTS, who are at Billowsmere, to look out for rooms for us there?

Shall we take a furnished house, or lodgings?

If we decide on a house, shall we take our own plate and linen?

Shall we take SARAH with us, as well as ELIZABETH?

If we settle on lodgings, shall they be expensive and close to the

sea, or economical and away in the town (with a sea-view from the back-bedroom window)?

Shall we take the dining-room, or the drawing-room?

Shall we shut up our house at home; or leave SARAH in it on board wages, and give her the company of MRS. NIGLETT, the charwoman (SARAH being of a timid nature); or shall we send SARAH home for a holiday, and put Police Constable SHADLOCK and his wife in command of the premises?

What shall we do with the plate?

What arrangement shall we make about the cat?

Shall we take baby's cot, and the perambulator, and the travelling-bath, and the camp-stools, and the gun-case, and the large telescope?

Shall we have to pay for extra luggage?

What class shall we go?

Shall we take return tickets?

Shall we go for three weeks, or a month?

What train shall we go by?

What additional extra shall we find this year?

Shall we come back well, and happy, and contented, cherishing the most agreeable reminiscences of Chearmouth and MRS. FAIRFAX; or shall we return dyspeptic, and cross, and dissatisfied, resolute never to set foot in Kelpside again, and dwelling on the recollection of MRS. FLETCHER with fierce hate and unconquerable aversion?

Shall we stay at home this year, and have some drives and little dinners, and take the children to the Zoological Gardens, and the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, and the Thames Embankment, and the Fish Museum at South Kensington, and Kensington Gardens?

CONSIDERATIONS ON COOKERY SCHOOLS.



ALL the arrangements of Cookery Schools should, of course, be made, as the bumpkin said, with a view to Eton.

In the First Form of a Cookery School the instruction should be rudimentary. The earliest lesson might be how to toast a piece of bread, which not everybody knows. The next, perhaps, how to boil potatoes. Yes, "perhaps;" because the ability to boil potatoes properly is uncommon. It may even be considered by some persons as the test of scholarship in Cookery, and thought worthy to constitute the principal exercise of the Sixth Form.

The Second Form might learn the rudiments of roasting, boiling, and frying after having received sufficient instruction in Chemistry. One of the first lessons to be impressed

on the tender mind is that all cookery is essentially a chemical process, an operation based on principles. An unprincipled cook is as bad as an unjust steward.

Made-dishes of the simpler kind might be commenced in the Third Form. For instance, plain hashes, mincees, and stews—including Irish Stew.

The Fourth Form might go as far as bubble-and-squeak and toad-in-the-hole.

In the Fifth Form the course might comprise the ordinary Three Courses; not MR. GLADSTONE's, but those of the well-to-do middle classes.

The composition of "French kickshaws and toys" should be reserved for the Sixth Form. At the top of the School the students could learn to prepare such dishes as *potage de tortue clair* and *turtle purée*, *dorée à l'Italienne*, *ris de veau*, *mazarine de foie gras à la Lucullus*, and so on with all manner of *salmis*, *fricandeaux*, and *fricassees*—such as *suprême de volaille*.

These hints have been partly suggested by an interesting report in the *Standard* of an official visit by MR. BUCKMASTER, deputed from the Committee of Council to inspect the Cookery School of St. Mary's, Soho, an academy originated by the REV. ROBERT GWYNNE, Vicar, and MR. THOMAS BLACKWELL, Churchwarden, with the object of teaching "Cookery for the poor and invalids." In this establishment education does not soar quite so high as *mazarine*

de foie gras à la Lucullus. But it is sound as far as it goes. Some idea of it may be derived from the following extract from a diary:—

"Went to market at 30 past 9, February 20th, 1875.—Two lbs. of tripe at 8d., 1s. 4d.; dripping, 4d.; two sheep's hearts, 10d.; giblets for pie, 6d.; onions, 4d.; pork for soup, 3d.; flour, 2d.; currants, 1d.; potatoes, 8d.; carrots, sage, and leeks, 3d.: total cost, 4s. 9d." On this date from these purchases eighteen persons dined."

In this School it will be observed that economy is taught as well as cookery; and the Vicar and Curates sometimes sit down to dine in the kitchen on dishes provided from such as the above-named materials.

In the Soho Cookery School prizes for proficiency are awarded to successful pupils. In the higher Schools which must soon be generally instituted, competition will probably be promoted likewise; but it is to be feared that in Cookery Schools, beyond all others, there will inevitably be a peculiar tendency to cram.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

THE Commissioners appointed to examine into the cases of corruption alleged to have taken place at the Bribeborough Election resumed their inquiry.

MR. CASH examined: He said he was a member of the firm of CASE, DISCOUNT & Co., Universal Merchants. He knew nothing about the bribery said to have taken place at the election. The fact of the matter was this—the Commissioners would have their trouble for nothing. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. Don't be so sure of that! (*Renewed laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: What was the good of dragging him into that room when he had nothing to say?

Commissioner Wagg. Come, Sir, I have no doubt you are very fond of a drag at Epsom! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He admitted that the Commissioner was right—on this occasion only! (*Laughter.*) Well, he had said his say, and there was an end of it. He could give no further evidence of any value on any subject to any one. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. What is your favourite Party?

The Witness. A dinner-party! (*Roars of laughter.*)

Commissioner Clever. Very likely. But we don't mean that. What we want to know is this, do you belong to the Pinks or to the Blues?

The Witness. Well, at the election I belonged to the Pinks, but, since I entered this room, I have been in the Blues! (*Shouts of laughter.*)

THOMAS CLODD was next examined. Witness said he was a labourer. He had a vote at the election.

Commissioner Clever. A what?

The Witness. A vote. Don't you know what a vote is? (*Laughter.*)

Commissioner Clever. Do you? (*Renewed laughter.*) Come, what is a vote? (*The Witness hesitated.*) Try and describe it. Well, perhaps I can help you. Is it a vegetable? (*Laughter.*) Is it good to eat?

The Witness. No, it's good for drink. (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He was a poor man.

The Chief Commissioner. And fond of your beer? (*A laugh.*)

The Witness. Yes, when it ain't brought to me by the undertaker. (*Much laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He did not know why he had been brought before the Commissioners. He could offer no evidence. At the Election he had had some beer. He took it as a medicine. (*A laugh.*) He was not very well.

Commissioner Wagg. In fact it was a case of ailing! (*Laughter.*)

The Witness. You make a pint of the beer. That's wrong—it was a quart! (*Renewed laughter.*)

Commissioner Wagg. I see that you will give me no quarter! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He did not know why the Commissioners had come down to Bribeborough. They (the Commissioners) would make a mess of it. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. Well, a Bar Mess is a very pleasant thing indeed! (*Much laughter from the other Commissioners.*)

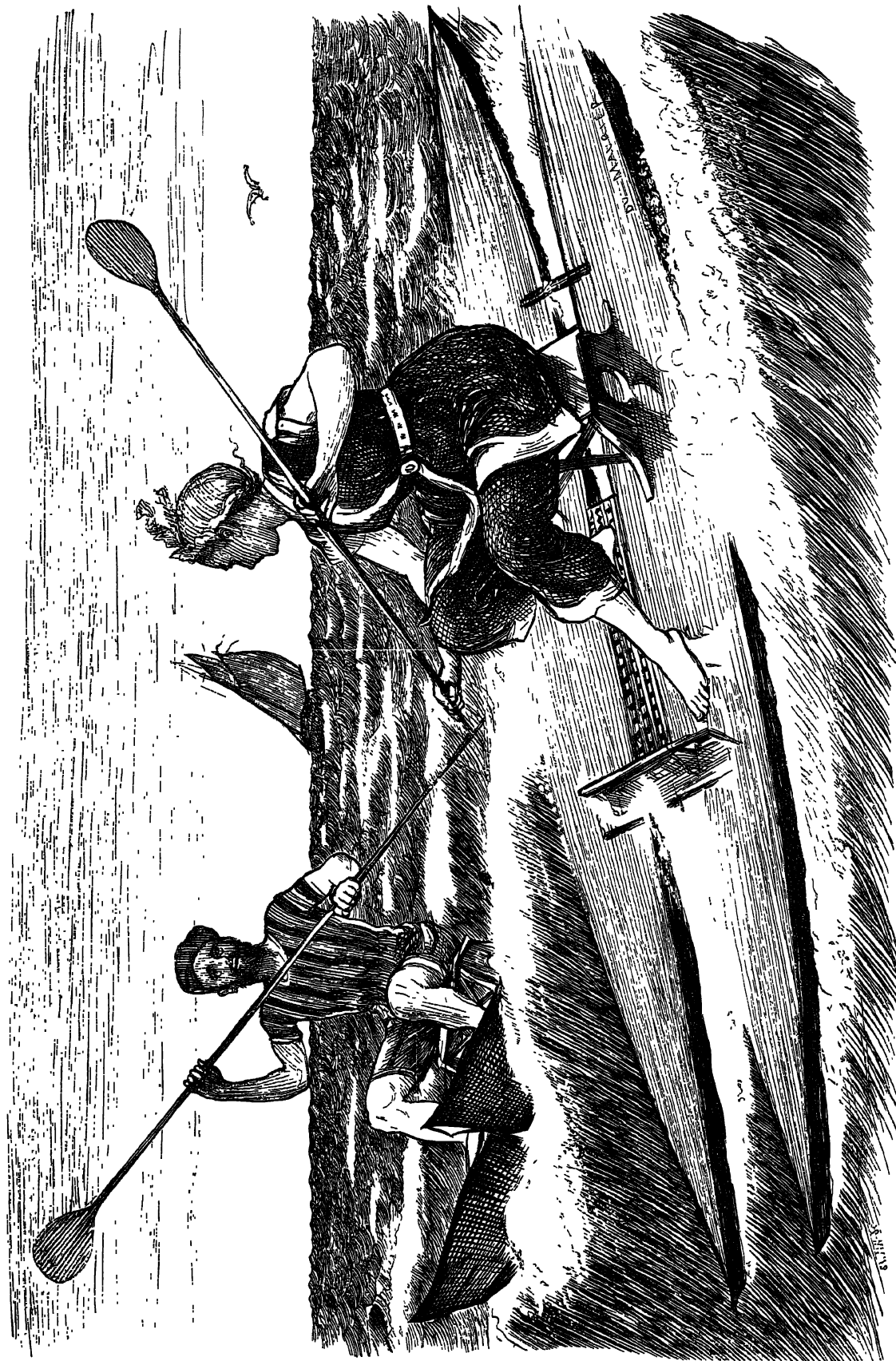
The Witness having no further evidence to offer, the inquiry was adjourned.

A Peculiar Plant.

SOME apparently poetical party has advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* for a—

VEGETABLE MAID WANTED at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.—Apply after six o'clock.

Roses belong to the vegetable kingdom; so do Lilies. Is the foregoing a matrimonial advertisement for a Virgin Flower?



POLITENESS ON THE "PÉRISSOIRE."

"PARDON, MONSIEUR, BUT COULD YOU INDICATE TO ME THE SHORTEST ROAD TO ARRIVE AT TROUVILLE?"

"SOUTH-SOUTH-WEST BY SOUTH, AND STRAIGHT ON, MADAME! BUT AS I HAVE THE HONOUR OF VOYAGING IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS MADAME, PERHAPS SHE WOULD DEIGN PERMIT ME TO HAVE THE DOUBLE HONOUR OF ESCORTING HER?"

[The "périssoire" consists of two boats joined by a seat and footboard, and is common on the French coast. Probable derivation: "Péri," a Peri; "S'asseoir," to sit down.



THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED.

"COME ALONG, TOBY! WHAT CAPTAIN WEBB HAS DONE, WE CAN DO!!!"

TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.

HERE are all sorts of Trips from Ramsgate for Trippers. By rail, by road, and by sea. You can be like "Little Water Wag-tail," and "sit upon a rail," or you can "put yourself up for sail," and go for very little,—that is if you go on board what is called "a pleasure yacht," at a shilling a head for two hours, in which case you might be entered in a catalogue as among "an odd lot for the next sail." Some people enjoy this sort of thing *per se*, but, if you'll enjoy it more *per land*, don't you go. Should you, however, feel that you are a born Tar, then, avast heaving and step on board the *Saucy Emma*, and away, with a fair wind, to Deal, to the home of *Black Eye'd Susan*, to the

scene of the true love of that able seaman *William*, so hardly treated by that unable seaman *Le Capitaine Crosstree*, R.N., both devoted to *La Fille de Madame Hatley*. Though, on reconsideration, it occurs to me that *William* was *Mr. Hatley*, and *Susan* was no relation to the *Hatleys*—but the subject without a pedigree, or a chart, or a bill of the play to refer to, is somewhat obscure.

If the sea does not take you, the train will.

En attendant, while making up your mind (the lightest luggage, by the way, you can take with you), you can look round at Ramsgate for the Pier, and wonder why, with all its advantages, it is not to Margate what Dieppe is to Boulogne,—only that for us, it should be rather Boulogneish than Dieppish in its opportunities of amusement. Ramsgate has the advantage over Boulogne in being what the Guide Books call "a salubrious spot,"—being, in fact, about the salubriest spot that ever we did see. No sea-side place is without some sort of odour at some time or other of the year, and at some particular spot. Even Ramsgate may once and away, with a south-easterly breeze, get a sniff of the mud in its own harbour at low tide. But Boulogne, with regard to smells of all descriptions, puts Cologne in the shade, the latter being unable to hold a scent-bottle to Boulogne in this respect.

The Tripper to Boulogne will find the smells there so thick, that he will be positively compelled to cut them—and that as quickly as possible. In Boulogne the Tripper, who is following his nose, will be perpetually obliged to stop it in the street.

Every sea-side place has its season and its seasoning, and the French proverb may be adapted to the French watering-places, and be read thus: "*Chacun a son égoût*." At certain hours of the day Boulogne is simply Covent Garden by the sea—only worse. In your hotel, if on the Quai, you are not safe from the incursion of the odour. A young lady Trippiste might at Boulogne complain to her father of the odour, and say with *Hamlet*, on *Yorick's* skull, "and smells so! Pa!"

Yet our compatriots who would turn up their noses at Ramsgate, do not object to stand on a foreign shore, and "hold their own," and even to hold their tongues on the subject afterwards. Indeed, they seem to be attracted by the smells as bees are by the scents of flowers. However, our beloved compatriots who, when abroad, can make themselves so much at home, and who, when at home, are so often all abroad, have but one use for their noses, and that is, to pay through them. It is next door to impossible (we forget the number and name of the street, but the foregoing direction will suffice) to order rooms in Boulogne, as our countrymen would say, "*ong sweet*." Go sweet yourself, and "sweets to the sweet" would be, of course, superfluous.

By this time, if not by this tide, the Tripper will have determined how he will go to Deal.

Much of the material for the "wooden walls of Old England" used to be supplied by Deal.

Before arriving there, it will be as well to say that should you find Deal not so warm as you had expected, you can go to a place that is Walmer.

Temperature is a matter for each individual traveller, as you can soon make even the Arctic regions too hot to hold you.

Notice the coast. See the Flats of Deal. These flats have not yet been taken in by anybody; and not having been taken in, they are, strange to say, not let out; though when lodgings and hotels are at fancy prices at Ramsgate, it would surely pay any enterprising Company to let these out, advertising them as "Several airy Flats, with considerable accommodation for large or small families, to be let, in the neighbourhood of Deal."

If you go by train, you won't see much of these; but read *this*, and "imagine the rest," as the lodger did when he was kept awake by fl**s.

The Pedestrian will have a good time of it. Naturally it will occur to him that, if hungry, he can walk into Sandwich.

He will also see, somewhere about here, the commencement of a splendid building, probably another Aquarium, in these Aquariamianical days.

Apropos of aquaria, a Frenchman on a visit to a compatriot residing in London, came suddenly upon the New Winter Garden and Aquarium in Westminster. He mistook it for a new Railway Station, and exclaimed, "*C'est magnifique! cette Gare!*" His friend corrected this wrong impression by his reply, "*Oui, mon cher, vous avez raison, c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Gare.*"

En voiture, Messieurs, for Deal! *Carthago est delenda!* which, being translated, "Carthage was uncommonly like Deal."

Forwards! To Deal, to Dover, and then—

Over the Sea! Over the Sea!
Let us away to the Stinkomalee!
Over the Sea! Over the Sea!
To Calais, and so to Boulogne!

Avoiding Folkestone, which is too full to be pleasant. Not that you will meet with the dregs of the people there, but you cannot help coming across the Lees.

Au plaisir.

WEBB ACROSS THE WATER.

COME, now at last there's something new we've seen beneath the Sun;

A swim from England's shore to France, which CAPTAIN WEBB has done.

So kudos be to CAPTAIN WEBB—and he'll get it from the QUEEN, As an ornament to his Country and the Mercantile Marine.

He stripped himself to his caleçons—of merino made, or flannel?

He anointed his skin with porpoise-oil, and plunged into the Channel.

And, whilst bystanders let their tongues in cheers uproarious loose, Some fools cried, "What a duck of a man!" and others, "What a goose!"

Hurrah for daring CAPTAIN WEBB, that resolute Commander!

He has far outdone LORD BYRON, MR. EKENHEAD, and LEANDER.

As for LEANDER, now his fame must sink to nearly zero;

For what is he compared with WEBB—who's in himself a Hero?

LEANDER was a Grecian youth, but CAPTAIN WEBB's a Briton.

Our WEBB is to LEANDER as a large cat to a kitten;

Or rather, since above all things a cat objects to water,

LEANDER is a water-rat to WEBB, who is an otter.

Our Merchant Navy's mostly manned by men of this man's stuff;

A man of might and valour, and endurance firm and tough.

When shipknackers, O PRIMSOUL, send seaworthy men like him

Afloat in unseaworthy ships, they need know how to swim!

Now, JONATHAN, let WEBB's exploit drive none of you too frantic,

So as to lead to more than talk of swimming the Atlantic.

You may cross it in a fragile barge—not to choose an A 1 clipper—

But O, don't perish in the attempt to excel our doughty Skipper.

Dedicated to the British Association.

"It occurred to a chemist of Pontresina to distil an essence from the *Iou*, a little white-starred flower, with a delicate aromatic bitter. He named his new liqueur after the plant it comes from, and it gained him a medal when exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. What is more, in our opinion the honour was deserved, for the *Iou* 'sweet' or 'bitter' is equally to be recommended as an appetiser, or a *chasse*."—*Times*, August 12—Article on "*The Engadine*."

No cleverer conjurer ever has been

Than this chemist who lives in the Engadine—

The *Times* has omitted to mention the name

Of a Swiss so deserving the chaplet of fame—

For what do you think he is able to do?

Extract a liqueur from an I O U!



PRETTY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gallant Scavenger. "VERY MUCH THE GOOD DAY,* MADAME! AND HOW FARES MISTER YOUR HUSBAND, THIS FINE WEATHER?"

Polite Applewoman. "MUCH BETTER, I THANK YOU, MONSIEUR! RECALL ME, I PRAY YOU, TO THE AMIABLE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME YOUR SPOUSE!"

Gallant Scavenger. "WITH PLEASURE, MADAME. VERY MUCH THE GOOD EVENING!"

Polite Applewoman. "GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR, AND GOOD NIGHT!"

* In the original, "*Bien le bon jour, Madame.*"

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

It is strongly to be hoped that, as education spreads, and School-Boards multiply around us, a knowledge of something more than the Three R's will be gradually instilled into the smallest of Great Britons. Little boys now run the risk of being nabbed by the police, and even put in prison, because they have not studied the law of gravitation. In ignorance, no doubt, of the force which is acquired by the impetus of falling, they drop brickbats upon trains when passing under bridges, and incur thereby the peril of being tried for manslaughter. Unversed in physics, they project small pebbles with their catapults or with their tiny fists; and these projectiles, coming into sudden contact with the window of a railway-carriage, pierce the glass, and injure, or, at the least, affright, the passengers.

As a preventive to these pastimes, a course of physical instruction might with wisdom be prescribed; and a fair notion of the forces of contact or collision might be fittingly imparted to the minds of little students, by exposing a small portion of their bodies to a few blows with a birch, which should be so wielded as to come into collision with them.

MECHI IN ANOTHER MOUTH.

(That of MR. HAWFINCH.)

ZING a zong o' MAKEY,
'Bout zummut moor than rye;
Whate and wutts and barley:
Spell o' weather dry,
Which, in time o' harvest,
Meaks we birds to zing;
None but robins else no more
Wun't afore next Spring.

Four fine weeks o' sunshine
Ha' dried the sodden ground,
Sorry soaked craps ripun'd,
And brought their heads all round.
Kernels med be bigger,
And moor on 'um, no doubt;
The Miller, for all that, 'ool find
'Um prove a good turn-out.

Barley laid and matted
Wi' weeds and clawver got,
But now there's hopes o' savun
A purty tidy lot.
Zum on 't mun be wasted,
Thof the crap wun't fail.
Shan't ha' not much malt this year
To meak the best pale ale.

This ha' ben the sazun
For wutts above all graain,
Little though they promus'd
Afore they got the raain.
A second crap o' clawver
'Ool make the Farmers blithe;
'Tis now in vlower already,
A bidun vor the zithe.

The Winter banes be prime uns;
The Spring do middlun grow.
The paes I can't zay much for,
As they be but so-so.
The Zun ha' saved the tatur
By manes o' hate and light,
A dryun up the vungus,
And burnun out the blight.

The root-craps altogether—
There's time afor 'um yet—
Though now they looks perfectshun,
Be ready for moor wet.
Let's whoap the land 'ool vurnish
Enough—and that's a veast:
Abundance o' provizhun
And food for man and beast.

Music o' machinery
Hereabouts plays now,
Rippun ingion's puffun,
Throbbun o' stame-plough.
All the sarial straa-craps
Be bulkier, like, this year.
Charge the pipe wi' baccy;
Fill the glass wi' beer.

Here's to MR. MAKEY!
Med a live and thrive
Long to teach we farmers
Our hosses how to drive.
Wisdom for the smock-frook
Bid 'un change the gown:
Who 'ood bide a Cockney.
When he med be a Clown?

The Cheapest Channel Route.

Pat (in an economical mood). Shure, and isn't it myself that 's found the cheapest route to the Continent!

Sawney. Ye dinna say so! Ma gracious! I'd like to know hoo to save the bawbees.

Pat. Faith thin, bedad and I'll tell ye. See now. Isn't it taking a wee bit of a swim from Dover to Calais?

John. But you don't know how to swim, PAT.

Pat. And it's that, is it? It's that that's causing a botheration? Be aisy! Wouldn't there be toime now to learn how to swim, in an elegant manner, during the passage? Come now. Get out wid ye!

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitancy Society.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.—Remember that French polish is most useful. When you want an old piece of furniture done up to look rather better than new, you must go smilingly to the upholsterer, and address him thus, putting on your best French polish, "*Vous-vez-vous veneer?*"

Not sufficient attention has been hitherto given to tables.

A table, like a ballet-dancer, should have good legs. How much of them should be shown to the public is a question for the lady of the house, or, in her absence, for the master, who will act as Lord Chamberlain.*

Do not lose sight of the fact that there is poetry in furniture; though this would not warrant you in calling on MR. ALFRED TENNYSON and asking him, "if, being such a good hand at turning neat compliments in verse, he would kindly turn you an elegant set



of legs for your dining-table." The Laureate, his fine eye in frenzy rolling, would probably be inclined to turn the modest visitor out among his own laurels in the front garden.

Here at once is a device for a Shakspearian Table, a figure of *Hamlet* intersected in the centre by the table which *Hamlet's* legs support underneath. *Hamlet's* hands are raised, each holding a little carved miniature table, while round his waist is written the quotation,—

"My tables! Meat it is!
Set it down."

‡ This is a highly artistic conception.†

The *Addition Table* is so constructed that by the simplest possible mechanism another place can be added at a moment's notice. Most useful (where friends drop in accidentally) to a really hospitable person. It will be satisfactory to explain to a host of a truly liberal turn of mind that this table cannot

be, and is not intended to be, worked by a Screw. Our illustration, showing the arrival of an unexpected but welcome guest, say the Author of this work,† and the table at once enlarged, to one

* The LORD CHAMBERLAIN, by the way, doesn't *act*, he only controls those who do.

† Orders (enclosing cheques in advance) for the new Shakspearian Table to be sent to the Editor of the Decorative Grammar, which will be immediately attended to and executed with celerity and despatch.

‡ Foot-note (by the Artist) on the Artist.—To make the idea intelligible (and to prevent any ill-feeling), I have made them both coming in unexpectedly together, and everybody of course delighted to see them.

(Signed) THE ARTIST.



place more. We cannot inform the public *how* it is done. That is our secret. But when 'tis done, 'tis well and quickly done.

The *Multiplication Table* is something of the same notion, only made to suit Hotels and Families arriving.

In few articles of furniture can so much variety in taste and fancy be shown, combined with the strictest economy where necessary, as in tables.

For a *West-End Moneylender's Dining-room* what more suitable than an *Interest Table*, with, in the middle, a small fountain, with equally-distributed jets throwing up into the air *Scent per Scent*? The *Interest Table* should be divided into four quarters and supported by twelve legs. The legs should be of ebony. We append a design (our own) for an *Interest Table*, supported by Twelve Black



Legs. The rich ornamentation should be executed in gold, silver, and as much brass as possible.

(To be continued.)

A Material Mystery.

THE *Fanfulla* has lately published a minute description of the habits and manners of the POPE. In this interesting contribution to natural history we are informed that—

"By nine o'clock the POPE is always to be found sitting in his arm-chair under his canopy, before a large writing-table, on which stands a crucifix and an Immaculate Conception, besides papers and an inkstand."

Who can conceive a Conception standing on a table? Such an object, so situated, appears about as imaginable as a hypothesis on the mantelshelf or an assumption in the grate. The mind might as well try to form a notion of a chimæra buzzing in a vacuum, eating its second intentions.

AFTER CLASSICAL PRECEDENT.

AT Worship Street, one day last week, a little matrimonial difference was discussed, on which occasion it appeared that the Lady had threatened to break her Husband's head with a pitcher. This may be said to be a renewal of the Jug-Earthen War.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

OUR own Medical Officer reports that in sixteen cases out of twenty the Port of London is rather worse than the Sherry.

THE LAST OF THE "THAMES VALLEY ELEPHANTS."—The one at the Elephant and Castle.



A LITERAL FACT.

The Young Master (to new Valet from the Emerald Isle). "I SAY, CONFOUND YOU, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH MY BOOTS HERE?" (The night had been rainy.)

Pat. "SHURE, SOBE, YOU TOULD ME LASST EVENING TO PUTT 'M ON THE THRAYS!"

HIS OWN MASTER!

(A Farce, in One, Short Scene.)

SCENE.—*The Sultan's Palace. The SULTAN and his Grand Vizier discovered in consultation. Unpaid Bills (RIGHT and LEFT). A tottering Throne (CENTRE).*

The Sultan. And so you say I must see them?

The Grand Vizier. It is Fate, O mighty Father of the Faithful, and what is stronger than Fate?

The Sultan. Very well. Tell the Dogs to come in.

The Grand Vizier. The meanest Slave upon the Earth hastens to do the bidding of the all-powerful Master of the World.

[*Exit, and re-enter immediately, ushering in the Ambassadors of Austria, Russia, Germany, France, and England. The Ambassadors bow themselves down to the ground before the SULTAN.*]

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen; and what do you want with me? But first, with your permission, I will raise my right hand to my head, to arrange my turban, which (as you see) seems to be falling off.

The Austrian Ambassador. With the greatest possible respect for your Majesty's wishes—which are to all of us law—I most humbly but distinctly protest against your Majesty using your Majesty's right hand.

The Sultan. Well then, Gentlemen, I will raise my left.

The Russian Ambassador. Your Majesty of course can do absolutely what your Majesty pleases; but I, on behalf of my Government, respectfully but firmly insist that your Majesty shall not use your Majesty's left hand.

The Sultan. Well then, Gentlemen, you will notice that my footstool appears to be slipping away from me. With your permission, Gentlemen, I will pull it back again with my right leg.

The German Ambassador. Of course we (without exception) are prepared to treat your Majesty's slightest suggestions as positive

commands. Still I have the honour to inform your Majesty that your Majesty cannot be permitted to move your Majesty's right leg.

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen, my left leg will do equally well.

The French Ambassador. We have only to know your Majesty's ideas to carry them out instantly, in the most perfect integrity. Still, France will not consent to your Majesty advancing your Majesty's left leg.

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen, what can I do?

The English Ambassador. I am desired by Her Majesty's Government (who are prepared to give each and every of your Majesty's plans the most unqualified moral support) to inform your Majesty that your Majesty will be respectfully permitted to do nothing!

[*Scene closes in.*]

Regula sine Exceptione.

(*JACK loquitur.*)

BILL BOWLINE comes and he says to me,
He says to me, he says, says he,
"What is the Rule of the Road at sea?"

I says to him, says I (that's me),
"Whether ashore, or whether at sea,
The Rule of the Road, folk seems to agree,
Is to suddenly launch in eternity
Any one not quite handy to see
If the helm turned to starboard or port should be,
As we learn by a late catastrophe."

A Rotten Pair.

(*To ALEXANDER-WILLIAM & Co.*)

WHAT has been the fruit of your sad transactions?
Melon-Collie!



DISGUISED IN TARTAN.

MOSSOO HAS BEEN INVITED NORTH FOR A FEW DAYS' SHOOTING. HE ARRIVES TOUT À FAIT—"EN MONTAGNARD"!

DISCOVERIES IN LONDON.

During the Dull Season.

If by accident you happen to remain in Town just now, you will probably discover—

That, although everybody who is anybody has long ago left Town, there seems to be a myriad of nobodies still moving in it.

That London, after all, is a vastly more agreeable city in the autumn than its fashionable visitors would imagine or believe.

That you may cast away your "Chimney-pot" and wear a comfortable "Billycock," and yet be safe from all reproof by your feminine relations.

That, if you wish to give a dinner at some river-side Hotel, you can do so without writing down beforehand for a room.

That there are many ancient nooks, and lots of modern sights in Town which are really well worth seeing, and which, in the hurry-scurry worry of the Season, you never have the time to dream of, much less try to go to see.

That even Hansom Cabmen can be civil in September, and will condescend to drive you nearly two miles for a shilling, even though forewarned by you that such will be their fare.

That you need not pay for booking your place now at the Theatre, for you are sure of a good seat by simply paying at the doors.

That the penny papers issue still great placards of their news, although it puzzles you perhaps to imagine how their columns can daily be fresh filled.

That now is just the time for trying your new Shooting-boots, and persuading them, by gentle ambulation in the Park, to adapt their creases neatly to the contour of your feet.

That you may absent yourself from your seat in Church, without a tremble lest your neighbours should take notice of the fact.

That your Club is all your own now (if the painters be not in it), and you may read the papers leisurely, and lay your legs up cosily, and even take your forty winks without a chance of interruption.

That, though your Wife perhaps may grumble at being kept in Town without a soul to speak to, the novelty of such a solitude is really not displeasing to the meditative mind.

That you never need be dull while you have your tradesmen near you, who, for dearth of other customers, will welcome you most heartily, and lend you their ears cheerfully whenever you drop in.

That if you want a joint cut after your own fashion, you will find your butcher most willing to oblige you, and to throw you in a sweetbread gratis just to turn the scale.

That you can get a chair now in the Park without a scramble for it, or may ride along the Row at any pace you please.

That you can pass by MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S without running any risk of being tempted there to bid for something which you well know that you can't afford to buy.

That, if your tailor comes to see you about that small account, you may relax your mind by having a few minutes' conversation with him, and hardly need apologise for taking up his time.

That, should you desire to see the Lions fed, you need not fear the crowd, nor be nervously afraid that you may have your pocket picked.

That you may practise small economies by wearing your old clothes and riding outside omnibuses, without offending Mrs. GRUNDY—who, of course, is out of Town now.

That, when your hair wants cutting, you can get it done directly, and need not waste your time and temper by waiting to take your turn while the Artist operates on preceding patients.

That even so-called quiet streets are really quiet in the autumn, for all the blaring bands and barrel-organs are gone to the Sea-side.

That when the Tax Collector calls—strange though it may seem—you are not sorry to see him, if merely for the sake of seeing somebody you know.

If by good luck you chance to find a friend still left in Town, what a capital good fellow you find him to be! and what unsuspected virtues you discover in his character, especially if he insists upon your dining twice a week with him, and you have previously tested the merits of his Cook.

And, in conclusion, that as to all the rest of your acquaintances, you will probably learn that you get on very well without them; though you will also very probably be vastly glad to see them when they return to Town.

HELPS OF A HIGHER KIND.

SCENE—*The Domestic Board after Dinner.* PATERFAMILIAS, DAUGHTERS, and UNCLE.

Daughters. What nice weather this would be for the sea-side, Papa!

Paterfamilias. H'm! How nice it has been for the harvest, and the British Association.

First Daughter. And so like it. So dry.

Uncle. Well, this time the Association was, perhaps, a little drier than usual. But you should read MRS. CRAWSHAY'S paper on "Lady Helps." That might interest even you.

Paterfamilias. Will her plan ever answer?

Uncle. Not as it ought to, I am afraid. Not among the higher classes.

Paterfamilias. Why?

Uncle. It requires the Lady of the House personally to work it out. She won't, unless she has a very exceptional taste for doing good. Too much trouble. But poor gentlefolks might manage it, if they chose.

Paterfamilias. How?

Uncle. By having Lady Helps, who would be helps in reality, helping the young ladies of the family do the household work, all of it—no common servants being kept at all.

A Daughter. What, help clean knives and forks?

Uncle. Yes, my dear, and boots and shoes; scrub floors, wash plates and dishes; perform all the offices of maids-of-all-work, cooks, kitchen-maids, and scullions.

Daughters. O, Uncle!

Uncle. O! Yes. O! I know. *Now possumus*, as the POPE says. But in poor genteel families Lady Helps could hardly expect any wages. They would have to accept association with the family on equal terms, and board, as sufficient consideration.

Paterfamilias. Common servants are better off in their way than that.

Uncle. Considerably. But there are people, rich people, who could well enough afford good wages—if they were only inclined to put the "Lady Helps" scheme in practice.

Paterfamilias. What sort?

Uncle. Uneducated people; persons of low origin who have grown wealthy. Any of them, capable of treating poor ladies with proper respect, might derive a double advantage from Lady Helps. In addition to getting the work of servants faithfully done, boots and shoes, for instance, thoroughly well cleaned, they might acquire a degree of polish themselves by habitual intercourse with persons of higher culture than their own.

Paterfamilias. A benefit for them, indeed.

Uncle. Their children, too, by conversing with Lady Helps, would unlearn dropping their aitches—just as, on the contrary, you know, little boys and girls usually learn from common servants to talk bad English.

Daughter. O, Uncle, how can you!

Paterfamilias. I wish the project could be brought to bear. Anything to save girls from the necessity of marrying merely to live.

A Daughter. That must be a sad life for them.

Uncle. Yes. Still sadder for their husbands.

Paterfamilias. Eh? I say. Mightn't there be Gentleman Helps, too?

Uncle. Certainly. We know—and I am sure you girls know—numbers of young gentlemen who are exactly fit to be Helps. They are sons of small gentry or professional men. They inherit neither property nor brains. Are perfectly honest, obliging, and civil, but utterly incapable of learning enough to enable them to pass any examination. All the higher walks of life are as completely closed to them as to women; and they loaf about at home with nothing to do but smoke short pipes, stupefying the moderate intellect they possess. But nature has admirably adapted them to be valets, footmen, butlers, buttons, grooms, and coachmen—especially grooms and coachmen; for they mostly do know how to ride and drive. Were Gentleman Helps practicable, then youths might be rescued from a life of idleness, and, in helping others, also in some measure get to help themselves.

Paterfamilias. Eh, now, after that discourse, practise your preaching. Help yourself, and pass the wine. And let us drink—"The Dignity of Domestic Service." Paterfamilias, at any rate, can appreciate the endeavour to promote it which has been made at Cyfartha.

Tear'em Complimentary.

"We are a polished people."—MR. ROEBUCK'S *Speech at the Master Cutlers' Feast.*

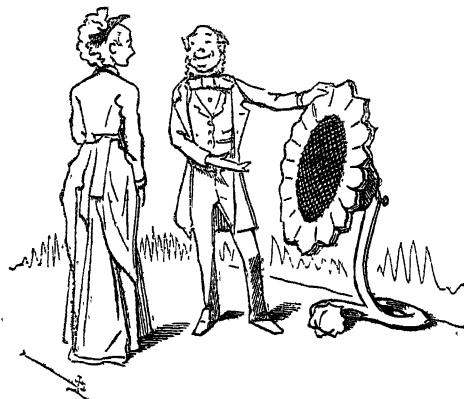
AND what should Sheffield Blades be, but polished?

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

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By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullity Society.

Astronomical Tables.—Our designs for these will, we feel sure, be praised up to the skies. They can be specially ordered, and will be adapted, according to the order received, to the use of stars of the first magnitude. We impartially advise MESDAMES NILSSON, PATTI, TITJENS, and the other operative stars, to inspect our Catalogue.



The one idea of increasing a table has hitherto been to split it up into leaves. These leaves, being invariably brown, or some dull colour, give the table an autumnal appearance, far from exhilarating. Our

design for a Sunflower Table, without leaves, meets every possible contingency, and overcomes all difficulties.

N.B.—To carry out our magnificent designs, we have already rented a large space in a well-known table-land. The address, for various reasons, cannot be published at present.

The Tea Table ought in every way to carry out its name. Nothing for simplicity can compare with the accompanying illustration:—



In houses where green and black teas are mixed, in obedience to the rule "always cross your teas," it will be as well to have another sort of table in use. But, really, if you trust to us, you can't have too many of these tables [designed at our place, patentea'd and sold only by us.]

This symbolises the mixture abovementioned, and is called the Cross'd Tea Table.

There can be no possible doubt that much space is wasted in our rooms, while much space is inconveniently occupied. Thus, what are legs of tables, as a rule, but difficulties in the way of our own legs? "I beg your pardon, is that your leg or the leg of the table?" is a common question. The situation is most awkward. But if there were no legs—if all tables were what we shall henceforth term (having patented the name) "Biffin Tables," the difficulty would be cut away from under our feet.

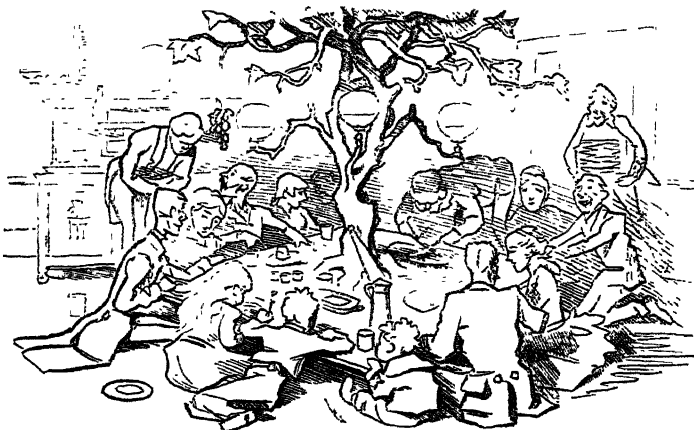
It is evident that guests round a table are not likely to knock their heads together: heads have eyes: legs have not.



CROSS'D T. TABLE.

The space above the table is free and unoccupied. I do not say, let us put our legs on the table; no, but let us, in the interests of Decorative Art, and in the name of all that is commonly sensible in furnishing, utilise this vacant space, and let us either support the table by four strong wires from the centre of the ceiling attached to the centre of the table, or by the same number of wires fixed to the four corners.

The wires can be golden-coloured or silver; or they may be as chains of flowers supporting the banqueting table. Or, if another plan be adopted, a handsomely carved brass rod, of bed-post circumference, could descend from the



ceiling to the centre, representing the trunk of a tree, while the branches would serve for light, and the effect would be what is expressed in the additional title, the "Picnicky Biffin Table."

(To be continued.)

THE GUIDE OF THE CYNICAL TOURIST.

Compiled by SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, Second Baronet.

Aberystwith.—Chief occupation of visitors—pebble collecting. Here they speak Welsh, and dine at one o'clock. Principal attraction—the Atlantic Ocean, which, at this point of its career, is strongly suggestive of the River Thames off Gravesend.

Boulogne.—Rather more English than Ramsgate. Bathing on the sands, with the occasional use of a Tidal Wave. Bone-breaking and other attractions on the Skating-rink. *Port odoriférant* three P.M.

Cologne.—Sights limited—drains unlimited. To prevent any unpleasantness, it is as well to remind travellers that, strange to say, killing a Cathedral Commissionnaire is considered murder, and *not* justifiable homicide.

Dieppe.—French watering-place of the usual character. Sun-dresses and chatter. The Casino will be found an excellent cage for jackdaws and parrots.

Exeter.—Should only be seen from the window of a railway-carriage. Enemies may be recommended to visit this City, with the certainty of vengeance.

Folkestone.—Dear and dull. During the calm weather, even the Boulogne Boat loses its attraction, except when Frenchmen are on board.

Geneva.—Brussels is a bad imitation of Paris, and Geneva is a worse imitation of Brussels. Mont Blanc is sometimes on view—when on view, Mont Blanc is uninteresting.

Hastings.—Pronounced by many of its visitors 'Astings.

Interlachen.—Decidedly slow. Cockney accessories prominent and unpleasant. Jung Frau in the sunset—rather "loudly" dressed. Scenery—overdone.

Jersey.—Better than Guernsey, but not to be compared with Southend.

Knightsbridge.—Near the Park and the Barracks. Capital place at this season of the year. No one there!

Lucerne.—*Table d'hôte* at the Schwerzerhof Fair. This meal consumes about one hundred and twenty minutes—the remaining two-and-twenty hours of the day will be found excessively depressing.

Margate.—Several cheap excursions daily from London!

Naples.—After you have seen the Bay, take the advice of the natives, and die. You will have nothing else to do.

Ouchy.—Music and mist. The Lake monotonous. Company genteel, and the Sunday Scotch.

Paris.—At this time of the year an excellent place for old melodramas, dear hotels, and sun-strokes. French spoken on the Boulevards, near the Palais Royal, and in the Rue de Rivoli, as at the best finishing schools of Clapham and Putney. Costumes of the visitors quaint and unpicturesque.

Quebec.—Comparatively new. When the electric telegraph is brought to perfection, you may spend an afternoon in travelling to Canada and back with some amusement. At present the trip is rather impracticable, unless you are passionately fond of ballooning.

Ryde.—Would possibly be a very pleasant place indeed were it not for the yachts, the sea, and "the Island."

Scarborough.—The Margate of the North. Much patronised by Birmingham, Sheffield, and Lower Tooting.

Tunbridge Wells.—Good place for Cemeteries. The decease of Her late lamented Majesty QUEEN ANNE accepted here as news.

Uxbridge.—Capital spot to drive a coach to—and back again.

Venice.—Damp.

Waterloo.—Place to be carefully avoided by patriotic Britons staying at Brussels.

X.—A sign signifying the unknown. A splendid place, if you could only find it.

Yarmouth.—Cheerful town for people who live entirely upon bloaters.

Zurich.—Go to Zurich, and be happy. Don't go to Zurich, and be happier still.

N.B.—Mr. *Punch* wishes it to be clearly understood that he has no sort of sympathy with the rather extreme views of his "used up" contributor.

AUCTUMNALIA.

AY, the gay time is here,
Sweetest of all the year,
Cool be the bitter beer,
Straight be the cartridge.
Session and season o'er,
Girl-flirt and Statesman-bore,
Seek we the joyous shore,
Worship Saint Partridge.

HORACE, that demirep
(Known as a fifth form step),
Sang of the quiet *Sep-*
tembribus horis:
And it appears to me,
Even by land or sea,
This month must surely be
Mensis a moris.

Yes, when the toil is o'er,
When we forget the bore,
Then, by some happy shore,
Quiet the pulse is:
Far from the City's fuss
Bright eyes rain joy on us,
Deep woods are glorious—
Latebra dulces.

D., who would catch the tide,
G., with his notions wide,
Each is temporicide—
Time's reckless murderer:
Past now; the moon is bright
O'er sea and sand to-night;
Lady, with dainty sleight,
Ice me the Røederer.

Confound their politics!
Plague on their knavish tricks!
Doubtless, in Seventy-Six,
Stalks some fresh spectre in.
But 'tis September now;
Far off be any row;
Sea-breezes cool my brow—
Hand me a nectarine.

BUTTER AND BEEF SUET.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us in an advertisement that there is—

WANTED, eight miles from Town, a respectable, middle-aged Woman, R.C., as GENERAL SERVANT, to wash for four in family, and make butter of two Cows.

Most people will flatter themselves that they have never tasted butter made of Cows. But does not adulteration render it too true that a very considerable quantity of the butter sold in the shops is made of Oxen?

A Hint in Season.

REMEMBER, remember,
The month of September—
Partridges, rabbits, and hares:
Any hamper you send,
My breech-loading friend,
Put "Paid" on the label it bears.



O FLATTERY, THY NAME IS FRENCHWOMAN!

JOHN HENRY JONES THINKS HE WILL DO A LITTLE BIT OF MARKETING FOR HIMSELF, AND ASKS THE PRICE OF TOMATOES. WITH A KILLING GLANCE AND A WINNING SMILE, THE VENDOR REPLIES THAT FOR HIM THEY WILL BE A FRANC APIECE, BUT THAT HE MUSTN'T MENTION IT. THE MODEST J. H. J. BLUSHES, AND BUYS, IN SPIKE OF SOME MISGIVING THAT FOR ANYBODY ELSE THEY WOULD BE ABOUT SIXPENCE A DOZEN.

ON THE SPOT.

SHALL we like Pierpoint, to which favourite and healthy sea-side resort we finally resolved to come, after a period of much indecision and uncertainty, and where we arrived, in heavy rain, in two cabs, with thirteen packages, on Saturday?

SHALL we be comfortable at 62, Convolution Street, dining-room floor, two guineas and a half a week, and all and perhaps rather more than the usual extras?

SHALL we like MRS. KITTLESPARK?

SHALL we find KATE all that a KATE ought to be?

SHALL we lock everything up, or repose a noble confidence in MRS. KITTLESPARK and KATE?

SHALL we get to know the people in the drawing-room?

SHALL we subscribe to the Pier, or pay each time we go on it?

SHALL we subscribe to that most accommodating Circulating Library, PIGRAM'S, where we can exchange our books at pleasure, but not oftener than once a day?

SHALL we relax our minds with the newest novels, or give our intellects a bracing course of the best standard works?

SHALL we dine late or early?

SHALL we call on the DENBIGH FLINTS, who, according to the *Pierpoint Pioneer*, are staying at 10, Ocean Crescent?

SHALL we carefully avoid the WILKINSONS, whom the same unerring guide reports at 33, Blue Lion Street?

SHALL we be satisfied with our first weekly bill?

SHALL we find in it any unexpected and novel extras, such as knife-cleaning, proportion of the water-rate, loan of latch-key, &c.?

SHALL we get our meat at ROUND'S, who displays the PRINCE OF WALES'S Feathers over his shop-door, and plumes himself on being "purveyor" to His Royal Highness; or at CLEAVER'S, who boasts of the patronage of the Hereditary GRAND DUKE OF SELLERSLAND?

SHALL we find everything dearer here than it is at home?

SHALL we be happy in our laundress?

SHALL we be photographed?

SHALL we, as MRS. KITTLESPARK has a spare bed-room, invite our Cousin AMELIA STAYTHORP, from whom we have expectations, and who is CONSTANCE EDITH AMELIA'S Godmother, to come down and stay a week with us?

SHALL we be praiseworthy economical, and determine not to spend a single unnecessary sixpence; or shall we, as we have come to Pierpoint, enjoy ourselves to the utmost, go in for all the amusements of the place—pier, public gardens, theatre, concerts, Oceanarium, bathing, boating, fishing, driving, riding, and rinking—make excursions, be ostentatiously liberal to the Town Band, and buy everything that is offered to us on the Beach?

A month hence, shall we be glad or sorry to leave Pierpoint, and go back to Paddington?

Extra-Parliamentary Utterance.

(From a *Hughenden Hammock*.)

WHERE the tree rocks, there rock I,
Far from question or reply;
Silent still when owls do cry,
Extra-Parliamentary.
East or West, canards may fly,
Out of duck-shot here I lie,
After Session, sleepily.
Dizzily, dizzily, leave me to drowse,
Under the shadow of Hughenden boughs!

£1000 Reward!

WHAT is the object of the subscription for CAPTAIN WEBB? Only to reward merit. It surely cannot be to keep his head above water. He has shown us that he is able to do this for himself. However, no one knows better than the Hero—or, rather, the Leander—of the hour that "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune,"—*viâ* Dover and Calais.



“PERMISSIVE” RECREATION.

“DIZZILY, DIZZILY, LEAVE ME TO DROWSE,
UNDER THE SHADOW OF HUGHENDEN BOUGHS!”

PIETY AND POLICY; OR, PASSING WORDS WITH A PILGRIM.



E'd a very keen eye
and a fair
double chin,
And the set of his
lips was more
sly than de-
mure.

"Whither bound?"
we inquired.
With an affable
grin,

He replied, "On
a Pilgrimage,
friend, to be
sure!"

Out of date? Not
at all! 'Tis a
day of revivals;
Time's clock is
turned back-
wards, the Pope
holds the key.

The Palmers of old
have their lat-
ter-day rivals,
Well fugged by
PIUS, GRAF
STOLBERG, and
Me!

"Who am I? Well
—ahem!—I'm
incog. for the
nonce;
But I'm very well
known, though
I'm not to be
named.

I used to wield sceptre and crosier once,
And—well, well, we shall see! Pious zeal is inflamed
For the Paray-le-Monial Nun. We're supplied
With badge and with banner, with legend and motto.
In honour of her—it must fill her with pride!—
We are off on a pilgrimage now to her grotto.

"*Cui bono?* Good friend, time would fail me to mention
The gains to be looked for, there's such a variety;
'Twill keep us *en evidence*, stir up contention,
And give a fresh filipp to Catholic piety.
Sauvez Rome et la France! A good cry, and we hope
It may help to put BISMARCK—the brute!—in a panic.
He's had rather the pull in some rounds with the Pope,
But we'll play off the Gallic against the Germanie,

"And checkmate him yet. We've the Pope's special blessing;
The fair Teuton *fräuleins* have braided our banner;
So I think, on the whole, we're—~~for~~ tyros—progressing
In a pleasant and highly professional manner.
No need for sore penance, or peas in our shoes;
Such stuff is, of course, obsolete and absurd;
No civilised comforts we're called to refuse.
While *en route* for the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes!

"*Notre Dame des Victoires!*—a nice rendezvous surely
For patriot Teutons who never could plot to
Set Faith against Fatherland! Piety purely
Inspires them. O yes! Thy miraculous grotto,
MARIE ALACOQUE, is a godsend indeed
For a Pontiff sore put to it. Hope sweetly sings
That the new Holy Pantomime's bound to succeed
Since the Pilgrims are puppets, the Pope pulls the strings.

"Vive the Virgin of Lourdes, and hurrah for the road!—
Of the Pilgrims, I mean—we are dropping the leaven.
Processional piety, quite *à la mode*,
Must further the views of the Vicar of Heaven.
Farewell! I "~~fall in~~" He adjusted his cloak
And his face, till he looked like a Saint orthodox;
None had dreamed that a sinister smile ever broke
O'er the lips of this latter-day Reynard the Fox!

HOPPING IN KENT—UNRIVALLED FEAT.—The other day, a Kentish
labourer took one hop from Faversham to Canterbury. He is none
the worse, and backs himself to repeat it on the first opportunity.

TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

(Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.)

AT Deal. Deal is not only unfinished, it is hardly commenced.
It is a charming place for a Tripper, but for anybody who aspires to
be more than a Tripper,—well, this carefully-compiled Guide is not
"for the likes of him." A Tripper should never be caught tripping,
—and this he might be if he once ceased the rotary or merry-go-
round-the-world movement, and became, what the celebrated bad
oyster was, and what a "welcher" never is, a settler.

There is a new terrace at Deal—but it is new; and the road is
new; and, as the song used to say, "Wait a little longer."

But, *per contra*, there is a first-rate pier, with a tramway (price
one penny) right up to the end of it; and at the end of it there are
baths, as good as you'll find anywhere; and the Deal Band can
come out there strong on occasions, pretending to be Brighton—at a
distance. Though, as to saying a word in favour of Brighton, *now-
a-days*, be that far from this Guide, which seeks to introduce the
Tripper to cheerful, but comparatively quiet, places, where London-
over-again is less an object than a pleasant lounge on a beach, a
walk on the sands, and sufficient amusement within reach, if you
feel inclined for it.

Sailing, bathing (not very great), lounging on beach under
shadow of an awning (an excellent idea of a spirited proprietor—*on
spec*), rowing, piercing, sailing, and plenty of fishing,—these are the
recreations of Deal.

The Tripper will go over to Walmer Castle, and visit Richborough,
which belies its name, being, apparently, a Poor-borough. How-
ever, the Guide-book purchased on the spot will tell you all this,
and time is getting on, the Long Vacation will be over, and the
undecided man will not have left London, unless this Guide becomes
his familiar friend, and tells him where to go.

From Deal to Dover by Coach.—Yoicks! tantivy! tallyho! and
any other sporting ejaculation inspired by the sound and sight of
the word "Coach"—that is, as a means of conveyance, not as it
sounds to Undergraduates' ears, who would only connect *coach* with
cram. And, by the way, on most occasions, the Coach from Deal to
Dover is connected, very closely connected, with *cram*. It is usually
crammed inside and crammed outside, and the weakest are left
behind in the struggle for places—for "booking" is a mere form
with the proprietor of the Deal and Dover Coach. How the luggage
is managed, the Proprietor and Providence (who most assuredly
watches over him) only know. How ten people manage, on an
emergency, to squeeze into space which is a tight fit for six, Provi-
dence may know, the Proprietor doesn't. But here it is advertised,
in large letters over the office-door, with two "o's" in Dover, either
because that is *the way to spell it*, or because the Printer was out of
the letter E. So the Tripper will read, staring him in the face—

"THE DOVER COACH,"

and will ascertain, on inquiry, that it starts from that office.

Ah, my Trippers! Imagine a neatly appointed turn-out, buff and
blue, or dark maroon, drawn by four greys, richly caparisoned, with
chinking bits and burnished buckles, tight reins, roses in their ears,
knowing leaders, strong, hard-working, but sprightly wheelers—
imagine the Coachman in his long white coat, with pockets in every
possible place, and a flap over his shoulder to protect him from rain,
airily flicking a fly off the leader's ear with his long whip, and
tooking the "tits" with a dexterous turn of the wrist and the
slightest movement of the left foot on the foot-board, as they whisk
round a right-angled corner—imagine the Guard, in scarlet and
gold, perched up behind, guarding the bags, beguiling the
passengers with his stories of the road, and occasionally awaking the
echoes with his post-horn—imagine all this, and anything sporting
the Tripper likes to add to the picture;—for, when he sees the reality,
the ideal will vanish, "leaving not a wrack behind," except the
"Dover Coach" as it really is, *viz.*, a second-rate ordinary omnibus,
with a knife-board outside, and a couple of steady useful animals to
draw it from Deal to Dover.

Montez, Messieurs les Trippers, montez! En route!

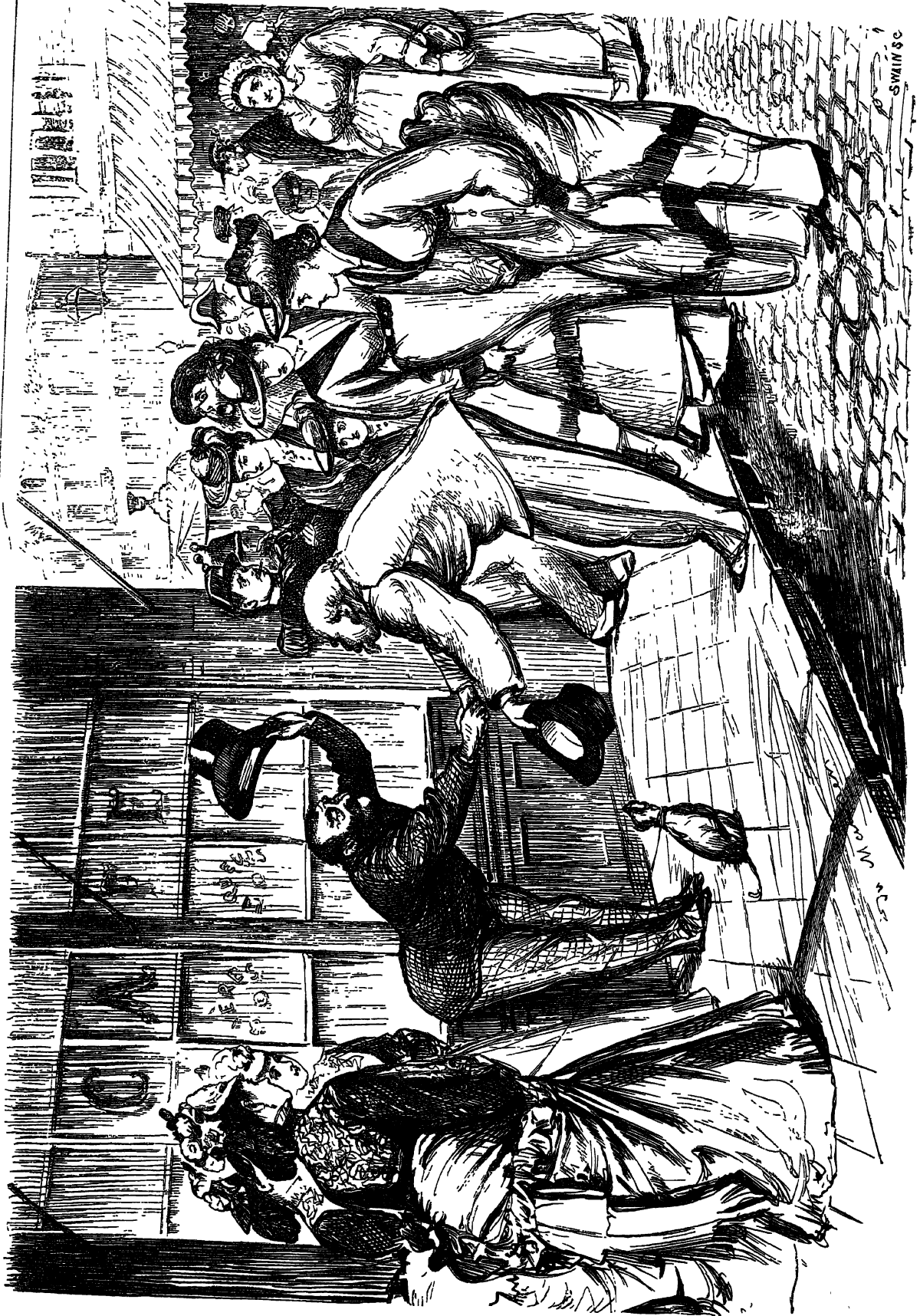
A Palace for the Parisians.

THE deliberations of the Committee appointed by the Versailles
Parliament to consider what should be done with the remains of the
Tuileries, have resulted in a report, drawn up by M. MONNET,
recommending a faithful restoration of the external features of the
building, but mentioning the circumstance that—

"M. GLAIS BIZOIN proposes that it should be the vestibule of an immense
glass building, exceeding the Crystal Palace in splendour and utility."

It is obvious to the meanest capacity that this idea of M. GLAIS
BIZOIN is worthy of a master—glazier.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.



EXCESS A FAULT.

"LA POLITESSE" CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR, EVEN AMONG THE POLITEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD—FOR INSTANCE, IT CAN BE CARRIED RIGHT ACROSS THE PAYMENT, SO AS TO STOP THE WAY.



ROMANCE OF THE KITCHEN.

Cook (from the Area). "O, 'LIZA, G' ME MY WINIGETTE—I'VE 'AD A—OFFER—
FROM THE DUSTMAN!"

"WHERE SHALL WE GO?"

AMANDUS exclaims to AMANDA,
When Roses are richest in bloom,
And Clematis climbs the verandah,
And full is the air of perfume,
"To go out of Town in September
Is an absolute duty, I know:
I've done it since first I remember—
But, where shall we go?"

"I don't care for Alps in hot weather;
Hill-climbing don't suit men of *nous*;
Very pleasant a tramp through the heather,
But scarce, as I hear, are the grouse:
Iceland sounds nice and cool, but they say it
Is turning to lava and snow,
Since volcanos and earthquakes betray it:
So, where shall we go?"

"There's your Uncle, whose partridge and pheasant
Uncommon good shooting afford;
But he potters away on the peasant,
Until one is awfully bored.
When a fellow gets so philanthropic,
They should send him to Hanwell, you know.
I can't stand the horrible topic—
So, where shall we go?"

"There's Trouville and Deauville patrician,
Where fashions in bathing are fine,
And the nymph is a very nude vision,
And it costs you a guinea to dine:
There's Brighton for fun and flirtation,
The Thames, for a jolly good row:
But I say, with a strange hesitation,
O where shall we go?"

Then AMANDA she said to AMANDUS:
"There must be some corner divine,
Where the countryfolk can't understand us,
And won't charge us double for wine;
Where, escaping from civilised fetters,
We can hear the cool rivulet flow,
And never be bothered with letters—
Aye, there let us go."

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

September 4, 1875.

I AM quite sure that you sympathised with me, when I was forced, by circumstances over which I had no control, to refuse your very kind invitation to accompany you and two other "guns" over the stubble on the ever-glorious First. If a proof were needed that your sympathy was sincere, a certain hamper, labelled "Game," received at my solitary lodgings yesterday, afforded the proof required. Your happiness was indeed a contrast to my misery. In my mind's eye on Wednesday I saw you the whole day. First you were blazing away behind the dogs; then, under the cover of a leafy hedge, you were exploring the succulent treasures of the luncheon-basket; then (a few hours later), you were driving merrily home in the dog-cart, so that you might reach the hall in ample time to dress for dinner. Yes, we both of us know that a certain amiable and accomplished hostess likes to see her husband and his guests assembled in the drawing-room before the sounding of the second gong. A pleasant dinner, some claret, a little music, and a pipe in the smoking-room after the ladies had retired. That was your programme, was it not?

And what was I doing on the First? Alas! I was all alone in London the deserted, London the dull! As everybody knows, there is not a soul in Town in September. This year is not an exception to the general rule. As a proof that my assertion is what the French would call "exact," I send you the diary of my day's work.

After breakfast I walked down Regent Street, and could scarcely make my way along the pavement for the crowds of red-cheeked people who blocked the way. Staring into every shop were fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers.

Driven from Regent Street, I lounged into the Park, and for my pains was deafened with the hearty shouts of a thousand vigorous children. Not satisfied with this cruel outrage, they knocked off my hat with india-rubber balls, and broke my shins with hoops of wood and iron.

Hurried thus from the streets and the gardens, I determined to

visit some of the "morning entertainments" which during the Season are so very popular. I looked in upon three, and quickly looked out again, for I found the rooms crammed to suffocation.

"There is evidently nobody in the West End of the Town," I murmured; "then let me try the East."

I walked into the City. I was pushed right and left, and took ten minutes to cross from the Royal Exchange to the Mansion House.

"The East is every bit as empty as the West," I cried, bitterly, and turned my face homewards.

Tired out and weary, I went to my second Club (my first is closed for repairs), and had to wait half an hour for a table. At last I managed to dine, but the meal was not served comfortably. The waiters seemed overworked, and the Members were numerous. However dinner is a great restorative, and I was soon merry and sociable. I met a Club friend.

"You here!" he cried, in surprise.

"You here!" was my very satisfactory answer.

We discussed the dreariness of Town, and after a small cup of coffee, a smaller glass of curaçoa, and a mild cigar, decided that the only thing to be done was to go to the play. We went out for Stalls, and would you believe it, my dear Mr. Punch, not a single place could be obtained for love or money!

From this letter you will at once gather that London (as is usually the case in September) is unquestionably empty.

Yours very mournfully,

THE LAST MAN LEFT IN TOWN.

The Model Man-of-War.

ABOVE half-a-million of public capital invested in the *Vanguard* has been added to the Treasures of the Deep. But the money sunk at the bottom of St. George's Channel is not all thrown away. Now we know what to look out for in case of a war. And, seeing that the *Iron Duke* poked her ram through the mail of the *Vanguard*, we now clearly discern that all our Ironclads of the future must be of the *Punch* type.



SELF-CONFIDENCE OUT SHOOTING.

Nephew. "JUMP, UNCLE! I'LL CLEAR YOU!"

[But he didn't "clear" him, and old Brown says he'll carry the marks to his grave!]

A TEMPERANCE LINER.

A CERTAIN Marine Engineer had his certificate suspended the other day for twelve months, by the Hull Local Marine Board, for drunkenness. He had signed Articles to go from Hull to New York in the Wilson liner *Navarino*, as Chief Engineer. He got down in a cab to the dock just as the steamer was going out of it. Witnesses declared him to have been so drunk as to be incapable of getting on board. Happily, perhaps, for others as well as himself, he was left behind. But we are not sure. For, according to the proverb, there is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of drunk JACK—amongst other drunkards. And the crew of the *Navarino* appear to have been, in respect of sobriety, the mates of their Chief Engineer. The *Times*, in a paragraph headed "Unseaworthy Sailors," and containing the above particulars, further states that:—

"The vessel left the dock at Hull on Saturday the 29th ult., the bulk of her crew being intoxicated at the time appointed for sailing. One of the sailors fell overboard, owing to his drunken condition, as the vessel passed through the dock lock. Later, whilst she was at anchor in the roads, another of the men jumped overboard, while intoxicated, and was drowned."

It will of course occur to almost every reader that although the *Navarino* had gone no further than the roads, her crew were already half-seas over. We can only hope that the vessel herself ever got so far as the middle of the Atlantic, and did not, very soon after she left Hull, go down to the bottom of the German Ocean.

Cause and Effect.

"LOUISE LATRAU, according to a letter from Brussels, is again a stigmatiser. For some weeks, her sister having kept priests and sightseers aloof, she reverted to normal habits and conditions; but relapsing into a state which led to priestly services being called in, the former symptoms, fasting, trances, and stigmata, have reappeared."

THIS case of miracle (so-called) abroad,
We stigmatise it as a case of fraud.

SCOTTICISM AND WUTTICISM.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED act of an ornament to the Scottish Peerage has received a due acknowledgment from grateful citizens. Witness the annexed paragraph in the *Times* respecting—

"THE EARL OF AIRLIE.—At a meeting of the Dundee Town Council yesterday, it was unanimously resolved to confer the freedom of the burgh on the EARL OF AIRLIE, in recognition of his generous assistance to procure a new water-supply for the town."

This resolution having been voted by the Dundee Municipality, there is too much reason to fear that more than one Member of that corporate but national body took occasion facetiously to remark that "it's aye the Airlie bird that picks up the worm."

PERFECT BEINGS.

"Wings are very much worn as ornaments."—*Le Follet for September.*

WE'VE all of us heard it,
And most of us said it,
And even the sceptic
Must now give it credit—
I mean the belief
Universally rife,

That women are angels,
Maid, widow, and wife;
But one thing was wanting
To make them *en suite*—
The wings, which they're wearing,
So now they're complete.

[Some tiresomely accurate person insists that the "Wings" are worn on the hats, not on the shoulders,—but this is a mere detail.]

Change of Name.

(For the Scene of the late fatal Railway Collision near Bradford.)

FOR Kildwick read Killed-quick Station.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A "Lover of Equity" desires to enter his protest against the fusion of Chancery with Common Law.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

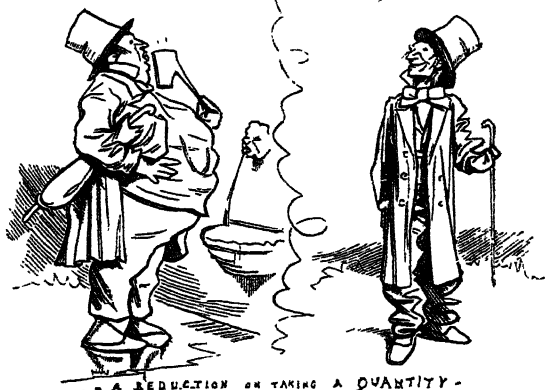
By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA IE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dull-dillitancy Society.

It may be objected that my designs are impossible except for millionnaires. Quite the contrary. I am prepared to furnish anybody and everybody with a hundred varied designs equally adapted to the peer or the pauper, the private house or the public-house, the palace or the pavilion, the homestead, the hut, or the hovel.

N.B.—The present writer has turned his attention largely to Hovels. Hovels furnished entire on the most reasonable terms, and taken to any part of the kingdom.



N.B.—All builders of Castles in the Air I am able to furnish with ideas—at a moderate charge. As the patient says, who is going through the system of Harrogate or Aix waters, "A considerable reduction made on taking a quantity."



The Hall.—The Hall, where you leave your hats, should be paved with tiles. This is what is termed "corresponding affinity" in decorative art.

A School-Room.—A School-room should be furnished exclusively with cane chairs. A boy inclined to be obstreperous will be reminded of the fate in store for him when told to seat himself in one of these chairs.

The Drawing-room should be as attractive as the magnet; for a drawing-room is a room which, like a successful piece, draws. There should be in it several cabinets or chiffoniers (called in Lodging-house English "sheffyneers"), because these are full of drawers.

These are general notes which may be of some use to my readers.

It is a great pity that the principle of Pantomime tricks has not been introduced into furniture.

Why should we avoid the Pantomimic in one art when we have adopted it in another? Why



reject in furnishing what we jump into in clothing? At one time no well-dressed gentleman was without a pair of pantaloons, and



the French tailor still has the "pantalon" on his list. Again, in the garden, the most jealous and the strictest of housewives would not object to seeing her husband utilising his leisure hours by training



Columbines. While, in some instances, when the landlord took an interest in the cottage of his ploughboys and other yokels, he might, like a fine Old English Gentleman, make them a present of half a dozen Columbines apiece, and let the clowns themselves train them up in the way they should go.



This is no digression, but merely a note or two on the road to the application of the Pantomimic Principle on furnishing.

(To be continued.)

A Nominal Euphemism.

AT Bow Street, the other day, a prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of theft. He was named JOHN SHOESMITH, but had at one time gone under the name of DUVAL, and many different names. Of all the aliases MR. SHOESMITH could have selected, the most appropriate one would surely have been COBBLER.



OUR MAID-SERVANTS.

Mistress (opening Post-Bag). "FOURTEEN LETTERS FOR YOU AGAIN TO-DAY, MARY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT."

Mary. "WELL, MA'AM, I OUGHT TO HAVE GIVE YOU NOTICE, BUT I HADVERTISED. YOU SEE HOW GOOD SERVANTS IS SOUGHT AFTER."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*One Evening in Town en route.*)

SIR,—No one, at this out-of-town Season of the year, would dream of representing You in London, except *en passant*. Having to leave the grouse in the North in order to join my yacht in the South (this is, of course, what I say to anyone I meet in Town) it occurred to me that London would be an excellent *via media*.

"To think, with me, is to do," as JULIUS CÆSAR said, on the celebrated occasion when—but as this ought to be known to every schoolboy, I will not pause for the historical details.

"Take me," said I to the Cabman, whose emotion on seeing me arrive was most touching to witness, "take me to mine Inn, the 'Bedford,' Covent Garden, where I take mine ease. Away!"

The Cabman touched his hat. It was a sign that I had touched his heart.

By the way, is there no voice that can make itself heard about the disgraceful state of Covent Garden Market? Of this another time. For the present, *passons*.

What was to be my evening's amusement?

SIR, Your Representative unhesitatingly chose *The Shaugraun*; first, because I hadn't an idea what the word meant; and, secondly, because a Sensational Drama is, to my mind, the easiest way of being amused without any mental effort,—a strong recommendation for hot weather. A Drama finds more employment for the eyes than the ears, and an Irish Drama by MR. BOUCHICHAULT would be sure to be full of sensational situations, with a relief of Irish fun. This being settled, it occurred to Your Representative that, at this time of year, when no one is in Town, he would be able to have his pick of tables, and the very cream of the *menu* to himself, at the now famous Holborn Restaurant. I lounged in. "Can't have a table, Sir, for another quarter of an hour," said the most civil and obliging of Managers, "unless you wouldn't mind going into the hot room!" He seemed to imagine I wanted a Turkish Bath. But the place was

UP OR DOWN?

WHITHER, lovely Lady, say?
Up or down the Thames to-day?
See, the great stream glistens:
Just to hear what we betray
Silently it listens.

Richmond Hill, where nightingales
Tell the ancient passionate tales
Full of love's emotion?
Greenwich, with a thousand sails
To and from the Ocean?

Everywhere the river-marge
Hath its beauty—tardy barge,
Steam-launch fast and fretful.
Whither shall we roam at large,
Carelessly forgetful?

Whether up or down we went,
How those magic hours we spent,
Ask: I cannot answer.
One there was who gave content—
Love, th' Oneiromancer.

Note by Mr. Punch.

Wise, O rhymers, 'mid the strife,
'Mid the Ups and Downs of life,
This your pleasant bias.
Still I fear, upon my life,
'Tis but *évap'oré*.

Rationalism and the Reverse.

PROTESTANTISM, CARDINAL MANNING has told us at Manchester, ends in Rationalism. But has not Roman Catholicism, a good deal of it, in the land of VOLTAIRE, and other "Latin Races" than the French, made the same end? Still, to some extent, no doubt, it has ended in the reverse of rationality. Few reasonable persons will deny that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and the legend of MARIE ALACOQUE, are entirely contrary to reason. However, people who profess belief in absurdities are not always so unwise as they seem. If CARDINAL MANNING will only try to analyse his own thoughts, perhaps he will discover that a man can at most only believe that he believes in propositions which express not any ideas that are conceivable, and in dogmas which he has swallowed whole without first having chewed them.

crammed. "London is here!" exclaimed Your Representative, to himself. Then a Happy Thought occurred to him: London is empty—so am I; therefore, we both come here. After dinner, London will be full—so shall I be.

"*Garçon, le menu!*" Bring me "*Purée à la Tomate*," and "*Côtelettes à la Cardinal*" (evidently His Eminence's idea of what's good—*à votre santé*, MONSIEUR MANNING!), while the melodious band discourses for me *La Gazza Ladra*, and that delight of the waltzers, known as *La Manola*. Now the fragrant cup of coffee, and the cigar (here, at a certain time, you can light up, without quitting the table,—a great luxury to the after-dinner smoker), and then, all hail McHansom and to Old Drury, to see Her Majesty's Servants perform *The Shaugraun*.

Heavens! London empty! Well, if London be empty by this time of the evening, it must be because Drury Lane is full.

In a stall chair I sat and saw the lately produced Irish Drama.

"Time writes no wrinkle on *thy* brow," MRS. BOUCHICHAULT," observed Your Representative to himself, on seeing the most charming and perfect delineation of the Irish Maiden trip on to the stage as comely, as neatly-angled, as bright, as bewitching as ever she was as *Arrah-na-Pogue* or the *Colleen Bawn*. "And Time puts you up to a good many dramatic wrinkles, MR. BOUCHICHAULT," was my next observation, as the piece proceeded. It was all good; all admirably put together; slow in parts; very little new from beginning to end, not even the perpetual mention of the faithful dog *Tatters*, who, without being either heard or seen throughout the piece, raises the same kind of interest in his behalf as was felt for "*Mein tog Schneider*," when MR. JEFFERSON played *Rip Van Winkle*. The Irish Wake was a novelty, and the Scene a good one. In spite of the heat, there was no doubt as to the enthusiasm of the audience, from the first row of the Stalls up to the Sixpenny Gallery, and assuredly no doubt as to the success of the piece, in which MR. BEVERLEY's scenery was no small ingredient.

It was over at 10:30, as all principal pieces should be in these early closing days, and Your Representative was able to step into

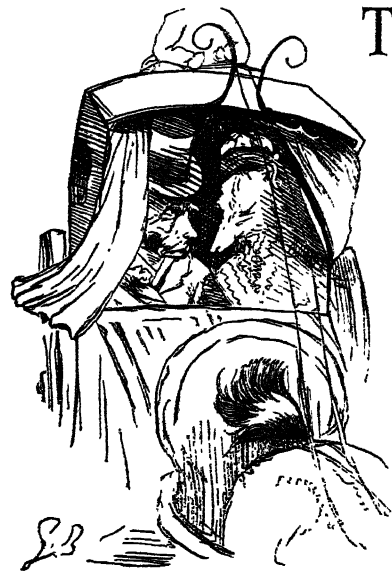
the Promenade of Covent Garden, see HERR JOSEF GUNG'L conduct one of his own waltzes, and hear the new cornet-a-piston player, who, on my arrival, seemed to be having a nice blow-out.

One can't be in "more than two places at once," but altogether this was not bad as an evening, *en passant*, for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A PIS ALLER.

(See last Number.)



THEN AMANDUS exclaimed to AMANDA,

"I think I have hit the right track,

Let us hurry away to the Forest—

I don't mean the New, but the Black.

To get out of Town in September

Is always a pleasure, I know,

And that Forest how well I remember—

In days long ago!

"'Tis a place where you're quite clear of tourists—

Of the terrible Cook and his band!

Who swarm elsewhere like locusts in Egypt,

And eat up the fat of the land.

There living is cheaper and better

Than in most other forests I know;

Yes! that Forest's the place of all others
To which one should go.

"There the traveller meets with innkeepers,
Who of honesty still have a share,
And don't think that because you are English,
To cheat you is perfectly fair.

Who really seem glad to see you,
And civil—though prices are low;
And whose bills do not always want checking,
As when elsewhere we go.

"You may wander in beautiful valleys,
Refreshed by the cool water's flow,
With the pine forest murmuring above you,
And the rivulet babbling below.
They've no waterfalls lit up to bore you,
Like that dreadful Swiss Staubbach and Co.;
One is free to see just what one likes to—
O say, will you go?"

Then AMANDA replied to AMANDUS,
"Call a Hansom, and let us away,
For London grows dustier, drearier,
And stuffier, day after day;
You have not a Club fit to dine in,
I've not a soul left that I know;
No Black Forest on earth can be duller—
So do let us go!"

DISTINCTION—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SAID MR. ROXBURGH the other day, by way of something sharp to suit the blades of Sheffield,—

"There is no nation in the world so distinguished as England by a House of Commons."

Collectively, we brag of our "Collective Wisdom," yet our M.P.'s are not all wise, regarded individually. So we may call our House of Commons "distinguished" if we like, but we can scarce apply that epithet (at least, by way of compliment) to certain of its Members. For instance, the Member for Stoke is a distinguished man, no doubt, but few of his fellow Members would covet his distinction. So the Member for Peterborough likewise is distinguished—but we will not attempt to say for what he is esteemed

to be so. MR. BIGGAR, too, has made himself distinguished this last Session, though, perhaps, not in a manner that most persons would think enviable. And not to prolong the list, MR. DRAX, M.P. for Wareham, may also claim to rank among our Members of distinction. He is distinguished as the man who is destroying CÆSAR'S Camp, in spite of the appeals which have been made both to his pocket and his patriotism.

SIGNS OF SWEETNESS.

NOW-A-DAYS we defy augury. We have renounced, at least, that superstition. No alarm will probably be created by the following piece of seasonable intelligence:—

"PORPOISES IN THE THAMES.—During the past fortnight several porpoises have been seen sporting themselves below and above London Bridge. One has been shot near the Cherry Tree Garden landing stage, Rotherhithe, and another was captured near Waterloo Bridge, and the carcass has been exhibited in the neighbourhood of the New Cut. The body of a dead porpoise has for the past week been floating up and down the Thames, to the great annoyance of excursionists in the neighbourhood."

We are not as our forefathers were when, as Old AUBREY notes in his *Miscellanies*,—

"A little before the death of *Oliver Protector*, a *Whale* came into the River Thames and was taken at Greenwich. . . . Foot long. 'Tis said, *Oliver* was troubled at it."

Nobody would now take the appearance of Porpoises in the Thames to portend that anything was going to happen to anybody. If such visitors may be regarded as ominous, they can only be looked upon as good omens. Perhaps Porpoises seen in the *Thames* are signs that we shall soon have better fish there—Zoologists, pray pardon the misnomer of calling a Cetacean a fish. They testify to the comparative purification of the Thames. A few years ago, the body of a dead Porpoise in the River would have added little to the annoyance of excursionists on it. Could you, dear friends and fellow-citizens, only contrive duly to dispose of all your sewage, then there might be a river of Middlesex which would resemble a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth likewise, in the special circumstance that there would be "salmons" not only in two of those fortunate rivers, but in all three.

Ducks and Dripping.

O WHETHER hie, the heat to fly?
Of course a sea-side trip!
Perspiring down we steam from Town,
And dripping take a dip.
To wipe us dry, in vain we try,
For drying makes us drip,
And so again we seek the main,
And strip, and drip, and dip!

No Vegetarian.

By the composer of an advertisement extracted from the *Aberystwyth Observer* there is—

WANTED, unfurnished, a small Garden and House, near Aberystwyth, within a mile of the town preferred.—Address —, Post Office, Aberystwyth.

The want of an unfurnished Garden as well as House, above expressed, may suggest that there are Welsh bulls as well as Irish. It is, however, obvious that anybody who wishes for a Garden without furniture can as little delight in leeks as rejoice in potatoes.

Dear Old England!

THE Sea hath its sharks,
And so hath the land:
They fall on their prey
By shingle and sand;
At Brinesmead or Groyne,
Congerwhinkle and Breeze,
There are ravenous things
In and—out of the Seas.

Jupiter Tonans.

THE Newspapers report that, on the evening of Thursday, a terrific thunderstorm broke over the north of Scotland. *Punch* does not wonder at it, considering how close the weather has been. Were he a heathen, he should ascribe the thunder and lightning to the awful puns of which he has lately received so many from Scotch correspondents.



A DREAM OF THE SEA.

ETHEL, WHO IS NOT TO HAVE A SEA-SIDE TRIP THIS YEAR, DREAMS EVERY NIGHT THAT SHE AND HER MAMMA AND AUNT AND SISTERS SPREAD THEIR SASH-BOWS AND PANNIERS AND FLY AWAY TO THE YELLOW SANDS.

A SEAT OUT OF SESSION.

He. This is better by far than St. Stephens!
She. Indeed, Sir!

"M.P.-rial interests" bow at my shrine?
'Tis more than you *once* were inclined to concede, Sir!

He. A proud fledgling Senator's *dictum*,—once mine,—
I beg leave to retract, and make open confession
I've altered my views on the choice of a Seat,
And think, in September, the pleasantest "Session"
Is—one at your feet!

She. Mere flattery!

He. Nay! as the sands of Sahara
Contrasted with *these*, was the Session gone by
As compared with our *causerie* here, *mia cara*.
Alas that such moments so swiftly should fly!
While howl of KENEALY, or wailing of WHALLEY
Will handicap Time, till his wings seem as lead.
But raising laid ghosts is the flattest of folly,—
We'll dream, dear, instead.

She. Of what?

He. Why, of coming events,—that wee finger,
That bright cheek, or anything *couleur de rose*.

She. 'Tis only the sunset.

He. Well, well, let us linger
And watch out this wonderful day to its close.
Quite cool? May I venture? This nook, I am certain,
Was built for a Nereid's shore-going seat:
It needs but a couch, and a seaweedy curtain,
To make it complete.

Now the Treasury Bench should not tempt me, my NINA,
To quit this snug seat where black care may not bide;
What talk about Trade or the Herzegovina
Is worth one more hour of such eve at your side?

She. An hour? I must go.
He.

Now the low beams begin
To gild our sea-grot, would its Nereid be flitting?
To leave it just now would be something like sin,—
So stay, Nymph!

(Left sitting.)

COSTLY EXPERIMENTS.

HER Majesty's Government, having learned that the loss of the *Vanguard* is considered by the nation "a costly but valuable experiment," are said to be arranging the following "trials," with a view to obtaining information:—

To Test the Endurance of the Travelling Public.—To allow accident after accident to occur on the Railways without taking any steps to fix the criminal responsibilities upon the Companies in fault.

To Test the Popularity of Recruiting for the Militia.—To repeat the experiment made this year in Somersetshire, when a Regiment was kept encamped on marshy ground, in tents half full of water, for a fortnight.

To Test the Good-Nature of the London People.—To allow (as heretofore) all the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis to be blocked up annually for weeks, that certain officials may have ample leisure to turn their attention to the mending of a gas-pipe or the reconstruction of a water-supply.

To Test the Power of our National Existence.—To allow our Army to remain disorganised, and the ships of our Fleet to be proved dangerous only to one another.

To Test British Prestige in Foreign Parts.—To allow our Flag to be insulted with impunity; to permit, further, our Representatives (in Asia) to be ill-used, and our Ministers (in Europe) to be out-witted.

And, lastly, to Test the Patience of the Nation.—To repeat the half-hearted policy that was the disgrace of last Session.



LOSS AND GAIN.

JOHN BUTT. "HALF A MILLION O' MONEY GONE TO THE BOTTOM AT ONCE!!!"

MR. PUNCH. "YES, MY DEAR JOHN, IT'S AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT! BUT NO LIVES WERE LOST, AND NOW WE KNOW WHAT WE'VE GOT TO TRUST TO!"

THE FATAL CONTRACT.

(A Warning to Travellers.)

SCENE I.—*The Saloon of a Steamship bound from the Port of London to — (passage two or more days). The Steward discovered discoursing affably with his Subordinate.*

Steward (smiling). Soup and biscuit. They will do well for the opening luncheon. A modest refreshment truly, but one that will be pardoned for the sake of the glories of the coming dinner.

Subordinate. Ha, ha, ha! The coming dinner!

Steward. You like the jest!

Subordinate. Right well. It is a merry one—a very merry one! Ha, ha, ha!

Steward (smiling). Well, I confess it lacks not quaintness. But come, we must be serious. Have you prepared the final breakfast—the breakfast that will be eaten at our destination by the thoughtless and unwary?

Subordinate. Ay, ay. That indeed I have.

Steward. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. And now, Boy, back again to deck to whistle away for the kindly storms that will keep our larder sacred. (*Exit Subordinate.*) Clouds! (*looking out of porthole*) clouds everywhere. 'Tis well, very well. Ah! I hear the fall of footsteps. The sound denotes the arrival of passengers, with whom I must contract. Ha, ha, ha! But let me dissemble. (*Enter Imperfect Sailor and CHARLES, his Friend.*) Good morrow, Gentlemen. I am the Steward of this pleasant ship. The journey will be a fine one. You will contract?

Imperfect Sailor. Faith, yes—if I do starve.

Charles (his Friend). Good! very good, indeed!

Steward. You speak truly, Sir—a very merry quip, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Your pardon, Sir, but you will be the death of me! But you will not starve if you contract with me for your provisions. First, lunch—a slight collation, some simple soup, a broken biscuit, a little cheese and butter, nothing more. And then a good Old English dinner: Salmon, meats of all kinds, fruit pies, nuts, cheese, grapes, plums, pears, and everything you can require.

Imperfect Sailor. A noble meal!

Charles (his Friend). A noble meal, indeed!

Steward. So you will say when you do see it. After dinner a rich meat tea—not devoid of kippered herrings. Supper for those who will. The next morning coffee with the rising sun, to be followed by a glorious breakfast (with fish, meat, and many eggs)—a breakfast worthy of our sires. Another good Old English dinner, and then tea, supper as before. Do you like the picture?

Imperfect Sailor. Much.

Charles (his Friend). Very much, indeed!

Steward. And for all this—a dozen paltry shillings!

Imperfect Sailor. Done with you, Sir Steward.

Charles (his Friend). Ay, indeed—a goodly bargain. I too say done.

Steward. Indeed, fair Sirs, then it would be uncourtly not to echo "done!"

[*The contract is signed, and the Imperfect Sailor and CHARLES (his Friend) gaily discuss the lunch—soup and broken biscuits. The Steward regards them with an air of triumph.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Off Greenwich.*

Imperfect Sailor. This boat appears to breast the waves most bravely. See, a gale is springing up. Already we have weather that old sea-horses, making for Battersea Bridge from Westminster, would call "dirty." Come, good Sir Steward, is dinner ready?

Charles (his Friend). Yes, indeed,—we ask for dinner.

Steward. Anon, fair Sirs, anon.

[*Exit, smiling.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Two hours later.*

Steward. Dinner waits, my masters. Salmon—the finest meats—boiled mutton, and white-sauced fowls. Come, and be merry.

Imperfect Sailor (struggling with his emotion). Begone!

Charles (his Friend—ditto). Begone, and quickly!

SCENE IV.—*The Same. TIME—The evening of the second day.*

Steward. I have called you once to breakfast, twice to dinner, and still you will not come. You are eating nothing. Nay, good my masters, let me urge you to take something—say a tiny piece of good fat ham, cut thickly, and smothered well in large broad beans and savoury melted butter.

Imperfect Sailor (faintly). You torture me! Begone!

Charles (his Friend—very faintly). O dear! O dear!! O dear!!!

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Steamer has arrived in Port. Imperfect Sailor and CHARLES (his Friend), having recovered, are seen eating breakfast.*

Imperfect Sailor (giving money). Take thy cash, false Steward, for food we did not eat—for phantom dinners and for shadowy teas.

Steward. They were there for you to eat. Why did you not come

for them? I own the passage was a rough one, but was that fault mine?

Imperfect Sailor. Fault or no fault, begone! Let us enjoy at least in peace the one poor solitary meal we have been able to eat since leaving London.

Steward. Your pardon, fair Sirs. For *this* meal we charge you each four shillings extra!

Tableau and Curtain.

WORDS TO THE WISE.



AT this season of the year, when so many of *Mr. Punch's* friends cross the seas in search of distant lands, "advice to those about to travel" rises to a premium. Under these circumstances, the Greatest Sage of this or any other age jots down a few opinions of more or less value—opinions which must be taken for exactly what they are worth; an unknown quantity. It will be seen by the intelligent that the following advice is tendered with a view to enabling the recipient to avoid what our "lively neighbours" (by the way, they are not particularly "lively" on the Channel) call *mal de mer*.

Angelina's Advice.—Choose a day for the passage when there is a magnificent sun-set and (insist upon this) a glorious moonlight. Pass the

afternoon in reading TENNYSON, and, as the evening star appears, accompanied by the silvery moon, begin to talk softly (after having disposed of Mamma in the Cabin) to EDWIN. In *his* company, the voyage will prove a very short one.

Mr. Decimal Point, M.P.'s Advice.—A mere question of figures. Take seventy blue-books, and find out the average of shipwrecks in the summer months and the average of shipwrecks to the vessels (taking care to distinguish between sailing vessels and steamers) leaving the Port of London. Repeat the operation with the other British Ports. Having obtained these figures, be guided by the result, and choose a day for your passage which would seem to warrant you in the belief that the statistics, properly considered, should yield you a fine passage.

Mr. Thomas Nipper's Advice.—Keep it up, Sir, keep it up. Choose any day you please. It don't matter a rap whether it's rough or fine. All you have to do when you come on board is to order the Steward to bring you a brandy and soda. Drink it. Next smoke a pipe. This done, drink a quart bottle of stout. After that take another pipe and another quart bottle of stout. Repeat the remedy every ten minutes until you arrive at Calais, and when you get there you will find yourself quite able to hold your own with the Mossoos who want to examine your luggage.

The Hon. Plantagenet Vagueboy's Advice.—The simplest thing in the world. Tell your Fellow to choose a good thingummy for you, and be careful when you go on board to see that the what-you-may-call-'em is on a line with the thingumbob. Before you turn in, ask for a glass of what-d'ye-call-it (mind you don't take what's-his-name, as it is never good on board ship), and be careful to regulate the—dear me, what is it?—by the—h'm, I had the word only a moment ago. If you make no mistake in carrying out these directions, you are sure to be as right as possible in the very roughest weather.

Mrs. Materfamilias's Advice.—Before going on board, mind you have a good meat tea, and be careful to drink a bottle of champagne. The moment you are in the cabin, put large lumps of ice on your head and lie on your back, eating every now and then a mixture of glycerine, ketchup, and camphor. These remedies were furnished to me by the Family Doctor. I am not altogether sure that I have given them quite correctly.

Mr. Punch's Advice (warranted infallible).—Take all the above remedies, and choose the most comfortable berth in the vessel. Then, if you want to be quite well, come ashore, and allow the steamer to start without you.



A LOVELY BURDEN.

Fine Woman. "TENNY—VENNY—PRENNY—PORTY MWAW—COM GET HOM LAR PORT CET LAR FAM!"

AN EARNEST REMONSTRANCE.

"I have almost forgotten *myself* in the universality of my remarks."—
MR. ROEBUCK at Sheffield.

SELF-forgotten? Nay, Tear'em, mellifluous Mentor,
As well might a circle forget its own centre,
The planets lose sight of their sun, or their axes,
Poor PAT of his wrongs, or JOHN BULL of his taxes!
Bethink thee, our ARTHUR, ere yet 'tis too late,
Thou pride of the People, thou prop of the State!
And in "universality" merge not that Ego.
That serves to Creation as pivot or peg. O!
Oblivious optimist, what should we do
For a pocket omniscience, if barren of *you*?
Who would fable our princes, and polish our *plebs*?
Who would shear, Sheffield-blade-like, through sophistry's
webs?
Who would rub up our rulers, and rub down our "roughs"?
Who could mix, as you mix them, Philipics and puffs?
All coming events from incredible distance see,
And contraries clearly invest with consistency?
Identify rabidest Rads with tame Tories?
Extol of our great House of Commons the glories?
Give the Cutlers their kudos, the *Times* its jobation,
And say complimentary things of Creation? *
Great Briareus-Argus, compendious host,
What comfort there lurks in that saving "*almost*"!
Remember, you rule the round world, JOHN,—as thus,
We govern all nations, and *you* govern *us*!
At once prophet-pedagogue caustic and drastic,
Political posturer polished and plastic,
Thersites-cum-Pangloss! Forget yourself? Fie!
Sweet Tear'em, stand fast by the infinite "*I*,"
Or we all are undone, and your followers fond
May be plunged once again in that Slough of Despond!
Though your programme's fulfilled, and you're satisfied quite
With the ROEBUCK régime, yet but deign to delight

* "Nobody can admire God's creation more than *I* do."—*Tear'em's Tribute.*

All our ears with a little thrasonical bounce,
Just to show how Old Tear'em *could* tickle and trounce,
And we too are content; but so long we have known
The bold bray of that big brazen trumpet (your own!)
That, without an occasional solo, we might
Forget,—but ah! no! that's impossible quite!
Yet tootle, sweet Tear'em, and earn our best benisons;
And ho! all ye small budding MILTONS and TENNYSONS,
With epic ambition, materials grand
For a modern "Arthuriad" lie to your hand.
Mighty HOMER might murmur, for never such luck he had!
Who'll run down to Sheffield and write the "Roebuckiad"? *

WONDERS AT A WATERING-PLACE.

(From Our Special Penny-a-Liner.)

THE inhabitants and visitors of Shrimply-upon-Sea have been thrown into a state of considerable excitement by a series of discoveries which have recently been made there. Shrimply-upon-Sea, as our readers are aware, is a well-frequented watering-place, fast rising in repute, and its lodgings-letters long have enjoyed the doubtful fame of being among the surliest and most slovenly of their kind. It is, therefore, the more singular that the discoveries have been made there, which we may proceed, without more prelude, to relate.

The facts are briefly these. On the arrival of the mid-day train last Monday afternoon (it being, as is usual, about fifty minutes late), a gentleman from London, of the well-known name of SMITH, engaged a sitting-room and bed-room, with a good view of the Sea, for the mutual accommodation of himself and better half. The simple word "APARTMENTS" attracting his attention, and no friendly introduction having led him to the house, MR. SMITH was much surprised at finding the door opened by a clean and civil handmaid, instead of by the dowdy and draggled young person who usually waits upon the lodger near the Sea. On entering the house, his astonishment was heightened by finding that the door-mat was not threadbare, nor the stair-carpet in holes; and his surprise was much increased by the subsequent discovery that the door



A FAIR OFFER.

Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

Pat (with a yell). "TUR-R-RN ME OUT! IS IT TUR-R-RN ME OUT! THIN, BEDAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-RN ME OUT!!"

of the bed-room could be shut without a bang, and that the windows of the parlour did not rattle to his tread.

Being induced by these allurements to engage the rooms forthwith, MR. SMITH was further able, at his leisure, to discover that he could sit at table without hurting his knees, and could recline upon the sofa without injuring his back. The easy chair, moreover, was not devoid of stuffing, nor fractured in its springs, nor was there any sign of weakness in its legs. Still more wondrous to relate, the white curtains were evidently recent from the wash, and upon the table-cover there was neither trace nor spot of candle-grease or ink!

Subsequent disclosures showed the like result. Both the bed-room candlesticks were furnished with extinguishers, and the two decanters were liberally provided with a stopper each. The wall-papers, though cheap, were not offensive to the eye; and the vases on the mantelshef were neither of them cracked. MR. SMITH, moreover, found that he could even lift the water-jug without an inward tremble for the safety of the handle, and that his looking-glass did not need any propping with a hairbrush to prevent its twirling round upon a sudden while he shaved. His comfort, too, at meal-times was considerably heightened by his finding that the pepper-box, when shaken, very rarely lost its head, and that the two salt-cellars had a spoon apiece. Moreover, the carving-knife was not loose in the handle, and would actually cut; while, to his wife's astonishment and infinite delight, the lid of the tea-pot was so securely fastened, that it never took the liberty to drop into the cups.

As a climax to his comfort, MR. SMITH likewise discovered that not a single (nor a married) flea, nor any heavier insect, disturbed his light repose; nor did his mutton, nor his muffins, nor his marmalade, nor his money, stand in any danger of consumption by the Cat.

RARE NATANTES.

"*Dux femina facti*," says VIRGIL,
 "*Ducks feminae factæ*," says *Punch*;
 And his ducks are MISS BECKWITH and PARKER—
 Web-footedest ducks of the bunch!

A BORE FOR JOHN BULL.

On wooden walls, in times of old,
 Well-manned, we placed reliance,
 Our own against the world could hold,
 And bid all foes defiance.
 On canvas wings our ships could speed
 Athwart old Ocean wavy,
 Till Steam arose, and we had need
 To reconstruct the Navy.

Still men-of-war were heart of oak,
 By foreigners unmated,
 Till we to the discovery woke
 They must be iron-plated.
 Lest, quick, new monster-shells should send
 Our ships to JONES, called DAVY,
 Our millions we'd again to spend,
 To reconstruct the Navy.

So, fast enough, we built a fleet
 Of Warriors, iron-sided,
 Which not a foe could dare to meet,
 As fondly we confided.
 Still "*Rule Britannia*" was our song,
 No Briton be a slavey!
 We never dreamed we'd have ere long
 To reconstruct the Navy.

Our ocean-bulwarks, iron-bound
 Soon after we had got 'em,
 Torpedoes, to our grief we found,
 Could penetrate at bottom.
 And now that to our cost we know
 A Ram their sides can stave, we
 With sorrow once again must go
 To reconstruct our Navy.

O task recurring without end,
 Each time with more expenses!
 But untold millions better spend,
 Than trust to vain defences.
 Out then, JOHN BULL, your money pour,
 As beef that yields much gravy;
 And brave that everlasting bore—
 To reconstruct the Navy!

A COMPROMISE AT FULHAM—ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.—The Eastern position at the North-end Station.

BAPTISM WITH A BOTTLE.

Two large canoes, according to the *Court Journal*, each hollowed from a single log of wood, were one day last week recovered from the bottom of the Loch of Kinnoird, Aberdeenshire, where they are supposed to have been lying for more than one thousand years, and whence another such canoe was fished up some time ago. "The largest canoe, on being drawn ashore, was christened by the MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY, and a bottle of whiskey was broken over the bow."

This proceeding suggests questions more or less grave.

Everybody almost will be ready to ask what was the use of christening a canoe which had been for more than one thousand years under water? Had it not had more than enough of water—and that by immersion?

The answer, perhaps, will be that water is not the matter where-with vessels—of that kind—are wont to be christened. They are christened with wine or spirits—as in the present instance with whiskey. In fact, their christening is a baptism to Bacchus.

A doubt might possibly arise in the minds of Ritualists whether the canoe christened by the MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY had ever been christened before; and some of them may, therefore, suggest that her Ladyship ought to have given it merely a conditional christening. This point will perhaps be considered by MR. MACKONCHIE and ARCHDEACON DENISON.

What do SIR WILFRID LAWSON and the United Kingdom Alliance think of christening a boat by breaking a bottle of whiskey over its bows? That it was about the best use which could have been made of a bottle of whiskey? Or, on reflection, will they not be rather inclined to regard the practice of christening vessels with ardent spirits or wine a vicious glorification of intoxicating liquors? What say the Teetotallers and their anti-Bacchic Momus, their *Falstaff*, who has abjured sack and addicted himself to thin potatoes? That is, if he himself really practises the dismal abstinence which he longs to have the power of enforcing upon others.



SO CONSIDERATE.

Page. "PLEASE, 'M, COOK WISHED ME TO SAY WHEN MASTER 'LL BE DONE WITH THE TIMES,—AS SHE'S A WAITIN' FOR IT!!"

CAUSIDICUS AD CANEM.

My old Dog stands by the Temple Stairs,
Watching the water's turbid flow,
And he thinks, as the Autumn sunlight glares,
This is a river he ought to know.

He gives a strange suspicious sniff
As he sees the dark stream eddy along,
And dreams of a lazy loitering skiff,
Of a Lover's laugh, of a Lady's song.

First drops of a deluge, heavy and warm,
Under Marlow Bridge had driven us three,
And we rocked in our boat in the thunderstorm:
If either grew tired, dear Dog, 'twas he.

Ah, the days are here for the straining oars—
The life and the love our toil to crown!
You shall splash, old boy, from the soft green shores
Of a river unsoiled by London town.

INTOLERANCE IN TURKEY.

ACCORDING to the *Osservatore Romano*, the POPE, the other day, in replying to an address from some pilgrims, complained that Catholicism is persecuted in certain countries, especially in Germany and Switzerland. His Holiness added that—

"Even the Turk, who was lately tolerant, had become the protector of Neo-Schismatics."

The world at large imagines that, in thus acting, "the Turk" has only afforded another instance of his accustomed toleration. Not to protect the "Neo-Schismatics," or any other Schismatics needing protection, would be intolerance. But the protection of Schismatics, apparently, in the judgment of the POPE, is the persecution of the Church. Who shall dispute it, if His Holiness is really the infallible judge of faith and morals?

TITIENS WITH THE TROWEL.

ON Tuesday last week the first brick of the New National Opera House on the Thames Embankment, was laid by M^{LE}. TITIENS. Here was a Brick laid by a Brick; a Foundation by a Songstress who has long been a main support of the Opera. The *Times*, in reporting this event, says, speaking of that Brick of a Vocalist—

"The lady descended by a stairway dressed with red cloth to that corner of the foundation which had been chosen for the honour, accompanied by Mr. MAPLESON, Mr. FOWLER, the architect, and some dozen gentlemen well known or interested in music, and all people and things musical, while about an equal number watched the proceedings from above."

There is one statement in the foregoing extract which in the minds of fair readers less thoughtful and more frivolous than those of *Punch*, will no doubt have created a sense of disappointment. M^{LE}. TITIENS, they are told, "descended by a stairway dressed with red cloth." Yes, that is all very well to know; but what dress did M^{LE}. TITIENS wear herself? This they are not told; whereas for them, it is just the one point in connection with the ceremony in which she figured about which they care to know, or take any interest.

Hero and Leander.

MRS. BROWN to BROWN, who has a bad cold.

CALL yourself a man,
Sitting there wrapped in flannel?
Rouse up, if you can—
And swim over the Channel!

BROWN respondeth.

I will, I declare,—
'Tis not gammon and spinach,—
If you'll do your share
By swimming to Greenwich!

[Tallows his own nose in triumph.]



L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

SCENE—*The Weekly Children's Ball at the Casino, Bricolville-sur-Mer. (Entrance, to Non-Subscribers, Freevance.)*
Master Isidore Bouchencœur. "VILL YOU, MEIS MARY, MEK ME ZE HONORE OF TO DANCE ZIS VALSE VIZ ME?"

A PAGE FROM THE VISITORS' BOOK.

ROYAL HOTEL, TOURISTVILLE, BLANKSHIRE.

Names.	Addresses.	Remarks.
The EARL and COUNTESS TIPTOPINGTON and Suite	Tiptopington Castle, Chalkshire.	Highly recommended. (Signed) A. PERQUISITE, <i>Courier</i> .
MR. and MRS. PLANTA- GENET SMITH	Birmingham.	Landlord most atten- tive and respectful. Company very select and genteel.
BARNEY O'TOOLE, Esq., of the Inner Temple (late Trin. Col. Dublin)	London.	Whiskey very good, if you ask for the Irish. Scotch bad.
ROB ROY M'GREGOR, of Gray's Inn (late St. An- drew's, Edinburgh)	London.	Whiskey good. Ask for the Scotch. Irish (almost) undrinkable.
MISS BRIDGET GRIMM and MISS ALLALONE	Clapham, near London.	MISS BRIDGET GRIMM desired me to say, that she found the Mistress of the local Sunday School most attentive to visitors, and the School chil- dren fairly advanced. (Signed) PRUDENCE ALLALONE.
THOMAS SNOOKS, Tourist	Dalston, London.	Beer good. Baccy in- different.
CAPTAIN THE HON. HEC- TOR FEATHERBED	St. James's St., London.	Not bad hotel. Only take care to tell the Boots to use varnish instead of blacking.
COLONEL GOSH, U.S.A., Family, and Helps	New York, U.S.A.	Waited here ten min- utes for dinner fix- ings while on the road to Paris, <i>via</i> Persia, Constanti- nople, Berlin, Scot- land, and St. Peters- burg. Slow.
MAJOR-GENERAL WEL- LINGTON BOMB and Family	Woolwich.	Found everything cor- rect, and all on the alert. (Signed) W. BOMB, <i>Major-General</i> .
MRS. FLIRTINGTON and the Misses FLIRTING- TON (3)	From Scarborough.	Found ourselves very comfortable. Farewell, dear Tourist- ville! (Signed) MAUD F. Parting is such sweet sorrow! (Signed) NELLIE F. When shall we meet again? (Signed) ALICE F.
MARMADUKE MOBS, CECIL SMALLS, FRANK FRESH- MAN (Reading Party)	Ch. Ch., Oxford.	Fun; but bad place for cramming.
MR. D. I. S. PERTIC	From Cheltenham.	I am afraid that the sheets were damp. (Signed) D. I. S. P.
MRS. MAJOR STINGY and Daughter	Bon Marchais, near Brussels.	The hotel was not so moderate as we were led (by friends) to believe it to be. (Signed) CHARITY STINGY.
Mr. Punch	85, Fleet Street, E.C., London.	Off at last. There is no place like home. By Order (Signed) TOSY, <i>Private Sec.</i>

THE HOUSE OF CALL FOR COUNTRYMEN.

MR. GLADSTONE the other day told the labourers of Hawarden that in a village like theirs there ought to be an institution which should—

"Assert its own existence and be a familiar, every-day part of life—an institution in which all families may take an interest, and in which they may find opportunities for culture united by judicious arrangements with opportunities of rest and recreation."

Perhaps Hawarden is, as it were, a village in Arcadia peopled with nymphs and swains, shepherds and shepherdesses, both equal to sing and prepared to reply in pastoral eulogues. The institution proper for a village like that would be, of course, a rural Athenæum. But are not the majority of English villages, unfortunately, so little like Hawarden that an average specimen of a rustic villager, if asked what sort of an institution he understood by that described in the eloquent language above quoted, would be almost certain to name the "White Horse" or the "Red Lion"?

A SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Being an additional Chapter to "The Tour in the Hebrides."



IR," said DR. JOHNSON, "let us take a walk down Princes Street."

Finding the Great Man in so excellent a humour, I seized upon the opportunity to put to him many interesting questions.

"Sir," said I, "pray what do you think of Edinburgh?"

"I think, Sir," replied the Doctor, "that its name is most appropriate."

"Sir," I continued, in a fever of anticipation, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will explain your meaning in greater detail."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I am sorry that my meaning should require explanation. I say that the name Edinburgh is appropriate, because I find the City primitive and beautiful. ADAM and EVE would, doubtless, have held it in

high consideration had they had the advantage of its possession. In short, Sir, they would have called it the Town of their Eden, or Edinburgh."

Mr. Boswell. A pun, Sir!

"It was a pun, Sir!" cried the Doctor, very angrily, "and I hastened to change the subject."

"I am surprised to find, Sir," said I, "that HER MAJESTY does not reside at Edinburgh. Do you not think, Sir, that she might use her Scottish Palace at Christmas time?"

"No, Sir, I do not think so," replied the Doctor, "and I can find no reason for your surprise."

"Indeed, Sir!"

Dr. Johnson. Sir, were Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to dwell at Edinburgh at Christmas time, she would be put to great inconvenience. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY exhibits excellent sense in selecting Balmoral for her residence.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, I trust you do not call in question my loyalty to the House of Brunswick?

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I do not; I only question your wisdom.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, if I do not trouble you, will you explain to me why HER MAJESTY should avoid Edinburgh at Christmas time?

Dr. Johnson. Why, Sir, the very branches put up in honour of the festive season would treat her with disrespect!

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, Sir!

Dr. Johnson. Sir, if Her Most Gracious MAJESTY visited Edinburgh at Christmas time, would she not find *Holly-wood*?

Mr. Boswell. Another pun, Sir!

"It was another pun, Sir!" cried the Doctor, very wrathfully, and I said no more.

The next day we visited Stirling. We walked up to the Castle, and admired the magnificent view we there obtained of the surrounding country. We next examined the ramparts.

"These old walls, Sir," said I, "must weigh many thousand tons avoirdupois."

"Sir," replied the Doctor, "you should have said pounds *stirling*!"

"Another pun, Sir!" I exclaimed.

"It was another pun, Sir!" roared the Doctor, and I thought it best to hold my peace.

The next morning found us at Perth. Here we were received



(LOCH) FYNE GRAMMAR.

(A Sad Fact for the School Board.)

Tugal. "DUD YE 'LL EVER SEE THE I-OO-NA ANY MORE BEFORE?"

Tonal. "SURELY I WAS."

Tugal. "AY, AY! MAYBE YOU WAS NEVER ON POARD TOO, AFTER TRUS——"

Tonal. "I DUD."

A CYNIC ON CENTENARIES.

Two more Centenaries! The World's gone mad
About this latest fashionable fad!
Here's a suggestion—why not celebrate
The birth of ADAM? "Who will fix the date?"
What matter? He *was* born (ah! more's the pity!)—
Be the exact date left to a Committee;
Say MANNING, HUXLEY, LIDDON, SMITH—a dozen
Of priests and savants equally well chosen;
And when by calculations just and joint
They've settled *that* preliminary point,
Doubtless the human race will be quite ready
To answer with subscription stiff and steady.
National pride's a localised insanity,
Our noble selves shown up by reflex vanity;
(That's why the Teutons find such wondrous charm in
The glorifying of their hero, ARMIN.)
But ADAM all may claim: no learned German
Has yet made out *his* name, at home, was HERMANN.
Our *last* find is, four centuries ago
Was born the mighty MICHAEL ANGELO;
So, in pursuance of the latest fancy,
We must proclaim the fact with loud jactancy.*
Upon our tall talk it might clap a stopper,
Could BUONAROTTI's spirit play eavesdropper
At R.A. council-doors! He who shook men so
In the strong days of JULIUS and LORENZO,
How would that eagle flutter our tame sparrows
Of Art, whose small strength braves small critics' arrows,
With pruriency, half voluptuous, half ascetic,
Or puling commonplace, miscalled pathetic,
False mediævalism's fantastic flummeries,
Or mock Catholicism's vapid mummeries?
That Titan-thewed exalter of high themes,
How would *he* rate our Art's distracted dreams,
The petty peddling of its puny toilers,
And all the modern mystery of pot-boilers!
In fight for fame, which *now* would come off victor—
This giant, or the dainty West-End pictor,
Whose highest inspiration must be sought
In dull or doll-face, tame truth over-wrought,
Or in a well-paid manufacturer's order,
And dealer's *flat*, our Art's best rewarder?
What a new light would glow upon "the Line."
From bull's-eye of the fierce old Florentine!
Punch recommends the thought to his Art-brothers,
As fitting *this* Centenary, of all others!

* Why should not *Punch* add to the language his translation of the French "*jactance*"?

most hospitably by the gentry and the people. In the company of our host (a gentleman of the highest consideration in "The Fair City"), we ascended Kinnoul Hill, and greatly admired the splendid scenery.

"A very lovely spot, Sir," I ventured to observe.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you are right. Sir, I have here found the people so kind-hearted, the City so handsome, and the scenery so magnificent, that I confess it would give me infinite satisfaction were I able to call the town in which I was born the place (as the Highlanders have it) of my *Perth*!

"A pun, Sir!" exclaimed our excellent host, and I could not help noticing that he seemed greatly surprised.

The Doctor made no reply, but I could see by the working of his countenance that he was suffering pain.

We came to our journey's end at Wick.

"What do you think of this place, Sir?" I asked.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I think that the title of "The Modern Athens" should be conferred upon Wick rather than upon Edinburgh.

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, Sir! May I ask why?

Dr. Johnson. Why, Sir? Sir, you must be very dull. I say, Sir, that Wick should be called "The Modern Athens."

Mr. Boswell. I confess, Sir, that I am dull, and yet I cannot perceive why Wick should be called "The Modern Athens" rather than Edinburgh.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you indeed must be dull if you do not associate Wick with the centre of *Greece*!

I was silent for a few minutes, and then I ventured to make a remark.

"Sir," said I, "you once expressed a very strong opinion about pun-makers. Sir, you asserted your belief that a man who would make a pun would be capable of picking a pocket."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I believe so still.

Mr. Boswell. And yet, Sir, during the course of our tour, you have made a large number of puns.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you have good grounds for what you assert. I admit, Sir, with a feeling of sorrow, that I have made many puns during our tour.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, may I venture to ask you why you have made so many puns?

"Sir," said DOCTOR JOHNSON, "the puns you have noticed are symptoms of a painful disease, known to men of letters as 'the Silly Fever.' I attribute the commencement of this melancholy malady to the depressing effects of a Scotch climate upon a Londoner in September!"

SING A SONG OF BRIGHTON!

SING a song of Brighton!
Pockets full of gold;
Skating-rinks, Aquarium,
Piers new and old.
When the Season opens,
The Stars begin to sing;
Wasn't it a famous place
When GEORGE THE FOURTH was king?
Pater, in the counting-house,
Slaves to make his money;
Mater, on the Esplanade,
Spends it, sweet as honey:
The girls are in the balconies,
Showing off their clothes—
And here comes a family
Distinguished by its nose!



“PLEASANT ALL ROUND.”

“*Enfant Terrible*” (after contemplating Visitor for some Time). “O, MR. BROWN, LET’S HAVE A GAME! WE’VE GOT A WHACKING BIG SPONGE UP-STAIRS! I WISH YOU’D SPONGE ON ’PA NOW; IT’D BE SUCH FUN! HE SAYS YOU ALWAYS DO AT THE CLUB—!!!”
[Tableau!]

JOHN’S GROWL.

(*In re Aries v. Taurus.*)

JOHN BULL he stood, in no merry mood,
O’erlooking his silver streak.
Sighed he, “I have prided myself on my JACKS,
As a set-off to Red Tape and Sealing-Wax;;
I never yet thought my Sea-doctors were quacks;
If they are, a new lot I must seek.
With my rivals in reg’ments I may not compete,
But, by Jingo, I *did* pin my faith to my Fleet!

“And when wooden walls and white wings were no more,
Done to death by the Iron-ribbed Demon,
I sighed, but submitted. Thinks I, while my shore
Is guarded by seaworthy ships as of yore,
I must bow to the change, though it’s rather a bore,
For at least it has left me my Seamen!
Trim hulk or black bulk, all is one; I’ve no fear,
While my Blue Jackets know how to fight and to steer.

“But now, by St. George, it is pitiful quite!
When the cannon-balls volley and hurtle,
What chance will my Iron-clads have in the fight.
If in peace—and a fog—JACK can’t steer them aright,
But they ram one another—go down in my sight,
Run blindly ashore, or ‘turn turtle’
I’ve a nice show of ships, if on paper I tot ’em,
But they won’t serve me much if they’re half at the
bottom!

“I have paid for them, too, at a pretty stiff rate,
These lumbering mountains of metal:
If matters go on as they have gone of late,
These lubbers of mine, high or low in the State,
Who can’t build a seaworthy ship, or steer straight,

With me will accounts have to settle.
What with Public Opinion and Purse, ’twill be funny
If I do not get value received for my money!

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN.

IN one sense, MR. GLADSTONE is certainly a leveller. According to a Liverpool paper, two hours before the meeting at Hawarden on Tuesday evening:—

“MR. GLADSTONE was engaged in his favourite exercise of felling trees. For a portion of two days he has been wielding the axe upon a large tree in a lane at the outskirts of Hawarden village, and he succeeded in bringing it to the ground late yesterday afternoon. Those who saw him say that he went to work in true woodman fashion, with his braces thrown off behind him and his shirt collar unfastened. After completing his task, he walked home with his axe slung over his shoulder, and two hours afterwards was at the meeting, looking not tired and weary, but quite refreshed with his bodily labour.”

The Right Honourable ex-Premier, depicted by a competent artist in the guise above described on his walk home, would most admirably serve for a wonder and a sign; namely, for the sign (*pace* SIR WILFRED LAWSON) of the Man in the Moon. Although his followers are disunited, he might be suitably represented carrying a bundle of real sticks. Long live the People’s WILLIAM to fell timber, if he prefers that occupation to the Liberal Leadership and lopping national expenditure. It is an employment which may typify advanced Liberalism; but whilst WILLIAM is physically cutting down the Monarch of the Forest, his mind, when not engaged upon Vaticanism, is doubtless often most profoundly absorbed with the rumination of the wisest designs for the support and preservation of the British Monarchy.

OVERLOADED.

POWDER! what folly! why, you’re fair enough:
Your face speaks for itself and needs no—puff!



WHO'S TO BLAME?

VULCAN. "IT'S NO FAULT OF MINE! I CAN MAKE A RAM; I CAN MAKE A TORPEDO; AND I CAN MAKE AN IRON SHIP! BUT I CAN'T TEACH YOU TO USE THEM!"

SOME WONDERFUL WANTS.

THE wants of our fellow-creatures, some of them, claim our sympathy. Others may contribute to our amusement. Subjoined are a few of the latter kind, extracted from sundry both local and London journals. The first of the series, for which thanks are due to a country paper, might be imagined to have appeared in the *Medium*, the *Spiritualist*, or some other of *Mr. Punch's* necromantic contemporaries:—

IF MRS. FRANK BEVEN wishes to see her Mother before she is buried, she will come to her lodgings at once.—Address, &c.

In these days of "materialised" apparitions of the dead-alive at "dark séances," to those at least who credit them, not the slightest difficulty can present itself in the idea of a corpse walking to give anyone wishing to see it a look in. The Ghost does indeed walk now-a-days out of the theatre, and in the flesh, which naturally occasions wags, especially if Scotchmen, to remark that Spiritualism is all Walker.

A want rather unlikely to be readily supplied is experienced at—

HARTLEPOOL SCHOOL-BOARD.—WANTED, by the above Board, a FEMALE INFANT PUPIL TEACHER, in her third or fourth year.—Apply, not later than August 31st, 1875, to, &c.

A female infant pupil teacher in the third or even the fourth year of her age would be an infant very much more precocious, probably, than the world has for some time seen.

In another quarter there is—

WANTED, a ROAST COOK, also VEGETABLE MAID, thoroughly experienced, for first-class Hotel by seaside.—Reply, stating age, wages required, and where last employed, to, &c.

How a Roast Cook could want wages is a question which has not occurred to the mind whence this requisition proceeded. It is evidently in a frantic state. The postulant of a Roast Cook, perhaps, labouring under the mental delusion that he is a native of the interior of Africa, contemplates eating his Vegetable Maid, boiled, together with his Roast Cook. Cooks would really seem to be delicacies in the imagination of a certain insane class of advertisers.—Subjoined is another inquiry for an esculent Cook:—

WANTED, a PLAIN COOK, to Bake. Two Cows kept; no family.—Address, &c.

The imaginary anthropophagist may be supposed to dream of eating his baked Plain Cook without sauce.

A story has lately gone the round of the papers about a father who rescued his child from the jaws of a crocodile; an incident which, whether it occurred or not, nobody can be surprised to see reported at this season. Perhaps the account of it put an idea into the head of a party who announces a—

NURSE WANTED. Four miles from Tonbridge. Two children. Able to take a baby from the mouth. £16 and all found. Help given in the Nursery. Address, &c.

Now that the better sex has so generally taken to swimming, it is at least conceivable that a Nurse could emulate the exploit of taking a baby from the mouth of an alligator.

A not uncommon want is expressed in an odd fashion by apparently an eccentric man of letters:—

A. E. I. O. U.—A Man, possessing the Five Vowels, Ability, Energy, Industry, Originality, Usefulness, seeks a Situation of emolument and trust.—Address, with particulars, &c.

Besides the five vowels, initials of the virtues abovenamed, there are, as LINDLEY MURRAY says, sometimes W and Y. W stands for Wisdom, which a man can hardly possess who expects any answer to an application for a place so very indefinitely described as the one which he means by a "situation of emolument and trust." It is, however, too probable that he could add Y to his vowels—Y for Yoke!

That same appellation may likewise be deemed applicable to the gentleman who meditates marriage in the circumstances thus candidly stated:—

A Respectable Single Gentleman, age forty-seven, income £50 per annum, would be glad to correspond with a Lady, with a view to marriage.—Address O 26, at the Printer's.

O 26, indeed! A better thing than matrimony for O 26 would be the employment which he could doubtless obtain by replying to the notification following:—

WANTED, a good-looking DONKEY, free from vice, to draw a Bath Chair.—Apply, &c.

Or this situation might also suit the man of five vowels and virtues, if the virtues are unqualified, and the advertiser is indeed justly describable as a "donkey free from vice."

Let us conclude this string of wants with the want of a droll individual who wants to sell a very extraordinary animal:—

JUST ARRIVED, a WILD BOAR, from the Brazils. Perfectly tame. To be SOLD.—Apply on board, &c.

This is obviously an advertisement to which there would be a peculiar impropriety in appending the notice that "No Irish need apply." Who indeed but an Irishman could expect to buy a tame wild boar? And, of course, if PAT came to be a customer for such a bargain, he would find that he had to deal with a compatriot.

It is a pity that advertisements such as the foregoing are dispersed throughout various newspapers. They would form pleasant reading arranged altogether in a continuous column, which might be set apart on purpose for them in an organ possibly to be established, and turn out a success, under the title of the *Colney Hatch Gazette*.

SWEETS OF THE SEA-SIDE.



Shingleton, near Dulborough.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WITH the desire of enjoying a few days of tranquillity and a few dips in the sea, I have arrived and taken lodgings at this "salubrious watering-place" (as the guide-books choose to call it), having heard that it was quiet, and possessed of a steep, cleanly, and bathe-inviting beach. As to the latter point, I find that fame has not belied it; but surely with a view to tempt me into suicide, some demon must have coupled the term "quiet" with this place. Quiet! Gracious Powers of Darkness! if this be your idea of a quiet spot to live in, I wonder what, according to your notion, need be added to its tumult to make a noisy town. Here is a list of aural tortures wherewith we are tormented, which may serve by way of time-table to advertise the musical attractions of the place:—

- 1 A.M.—Voices of the night. Revellers returning home.
- 1'30 A.M.—Duet, "*Io l'amo*," squealed upon the tiles, by the famous feline vocalists MADemoiselle MINETTE and SIGNOR CATERWAULINI.
- 2 A.M.—Baro-arole and chorus, "*Bow wow wow*" (BACH), by the Bayers of the Moon.
- 3 A.M.—Song without words, by the early village cock.
- 3'30 A.M.—Chorus by his neighbours, high and low, mingling the treble of the Bantam with the Brahma's thorough bass.
- 4 A.M.—Twittering of swallows, and chirping of early birds, before they go to catch their worms.
- 4'45 A.M.—Meeting of two natives, of course *just* under your window, who converse in a stage-whisper at the tip-top of their voices.
- 5 A.M.—Stampede of fishermen, returning from their night's work in their heavy boots.
- 6 A.M.—Start of shrimpers, barefooted, but occasionally bawling.
- 7 A.M.—Shutters taken down, and small boys sally forth and shout to one another from the two ends of the street.
- 7'15 A.M.—"So-holes! fine fresh so-holes!"
- 7'30 A.M.—"Mack'reel! fower a shillun! Ma-a-ack'reel!"
- 8 A.M.—Piano play begins, and goes on until midnight.
- 8'25 A.M.—Barrel-organ at the corner. Banjo in the distance.
- 9 A.M.—German band to right of you. Ophicleide out of time, clarionette out of tune.
- 9'30 A.M.—"Pa-aper, mornin' pa-aper! *Daily Telegraph!*"
- 9'45 A.M.—German band to left of you. Clarionette and cornet both out of time and tune.

10:15 A.M.—A key-bugler and a bag-piper a dozen yards apart.
11 A.M.—Performance of Punch and Toby, who barks more than is good for him.

11:30 A.M.—Bellowing black-faced ballad-bawlers, with their banjos and their bones.

Such is our daily programme of music until noon, and such, with sundry variations, it continues until midnight. Small wonder that I have so little relish for my meals, and that, in spite of the sea air, I can hardly sleep a wink. I shall return to Town to-morrow, for surely all the street tormentors must be out of it, judging by the numbers that now plague the sad Sea-side.

MISERRIMUS.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitany Society.

OLD furniture fanciers should avoid the localities where their taste has been especially consulted by the vendors of antique specimens.

Let them keep their eyes open, and remember that there is all the difference in furniture between a venerable appearance and a venerable appearance.

I know a clever man who can manufacture Elizabethan chairs and tables for a mere nothing, and turn them out as good as old. [Name and address on receipt of twelve stamps.]

To furnish Actively is to carry in your own furniture yourself, and place it where you like. This action need not be limited to your own furniture. You can carry in other people's. Only, to make such an action worth your while, it should be carried into your own house.

To furnish Passively is to give a general order, and let the Upholsterer carry it out, while you lie on a sofa and give yourself no further trouble about the matter. This is what a tradesman likes, whose motto is "Order is Heaven's First Law," and he will write to you to inform you that your "esteemed order" will receive every possible attention.

The conscientious Upholsterer will carry out your instructions, will carry in your furniture, will (as is said by SHAKESPEARE, who furnishes us with quotations) "set down ought in malice"

and carry one, and go on carrying" one, until he calls on you with his Little Bill—



and you say, "Dear me, how he's grown! I had no idea he was so big!"

DECLENSION OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES.

The following Nouns, with their disqualifying Adjectives, should be declined altogether by every student of my Grammar of Decorative Art: *e.g.*,
Nominative.—A broken old cheap chair.

Possessive.—I have this broken old cheap chair (implying, "And I will sell it to you a bargain").

Objective.—I don't want your broken old cheap chair.

But remember your French polish, and invariably let such a qualified Noun be declined with thanks.

The Verb "To Furnish."

—Of this Verb, as of all similar Verbs, there are three kinds, the Active, Passive, and Neuter: and it is also divided into Regular, Irregular, and Defective.

Neuter.—This relates to the tint of the papers, coverings, blinds, curtains, &c., &c.

First, in Wall Papers.—You must cautiously guard against the wall-papering so common now-a-days in external mural decorations.

The Art Student, having avoided the above, must be very careful in his choice of papers.

The first paper for choice will of course be *Punch*. *Cela va sans dire*. For your Dining-room you can't do better than choose certain low-toned papers. An example of

A Low-Toned Paper is the *Englishman*. I should unhesitatingly say, do not bring *this* into your dining-room or drawing-room, or library. There are a few other low-toned papers, whose tone is not quite so low as this, which may perhaps suit the taste of the present day. *A propos* of low-toned papers, it is a marvel to me (the author of this work) that the Authorities (whoever they may be) do not ask



me to decorate St. Paul's. Here is my suggestion for the Whispering Gallery: give it a low-toned paper. The Deans and Canons are welcome to this hint gratis. I trust the Canons are canons of good taste. But to resume.

There are some papers, which, for their washed-out appearance, might be called the weakly papers. But do not forget that, according to the sort of paper on which you ultimately decide, so must you choose your articles. A light paper will require light articles: a heavy paper, heavy articles. A neutral-tint would represent the political opinions of a Liberal-Conservative, and if this idea is carefully acted upon throughout, what opportunities for conversation will be afforded! The paper, whatever its tone, will speak for itself, and will speak for its proprietor.

Papers and Borders.—The question of borders will, perhaps, only occur for the parlour. Of course you must decide by your means whether you will have parlour-borders or not. Borders are placed at the extremes of papers; but this is less a question of extremes than of means. If you do have parlour-boarders, humour them, and avoid "crossing the boarders" in any way.

(To be continued.)

MELLOW PHILOSOPHY.

"I HAVE ceased," remarked a blasé cynic, "to care enough about my species to take any pleasure in saying disagreeable things."





IN PROPRIÀ PERSONÀ.

First Medical Student. "THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION APPEARS TO COUNTENANCE VIVISECTION!"

Second Ditto. "I SHOULD THINK SO, AFTER THE WAY THEY CUT ME UP AT THE COLLEGE!"

THE ANGLO-FRANCO VOCABULARY.

To those about to Travel.

ALL the World and his Wife and Daughters are now thronging the Pier at Dover, crossing the capricious duckpond, clambering up the ladder on to the Quay at Calais, and, probably, many of the World's Daughters (British branch) will be afraid to air what little French they possess.

It should be a great comfort to these young ladies to know that now our beloved language, grating and harsh as all our continental neighbours declare it to be, is taking wider and surer root in fashionable foreign conversation.

ADA MARTINGALE would be astounded, after wearying her brain at MISS ATHENA GAMBOL's over *cheval* and *chevaux*, to hear her chestnut called a "step-pair," or her brother's cob "un pau-nee."

The SLIPPERSON girls, who have left the Rink for the Righi, will ask in vain for any other translation of the "outside edge" than "ootzeeda ayshe;" and, though English spoken with a foreign pronunciation may not as yet quite supply the place of French, the following letter, from a lady of rank in Trouville to her friend at Etretat, will show what a long way it goes in that direction:—

MY DEAREST POPOTTE,

Tous les fashionable high-lifieurs de Paris, et même les tiptoppesuses de la vie aristocratique, se sont donné the meet sur la beach ici. Jamais, nevere no nevere je n'ai vu tant de keepsake vignettes, tant de splendid swells, tant de darling bēbēs together. Beautiful Meeses, Parisiennes charmantes, schōne damen, m'entourent. Les plus vaillants Gentlemen arrivent sur leur English Steppers ou leur American Trotteurs. Là c'est un breack à la Daumont, ici un Forinhan coché par LORD JIM JONES.

Remember, il faut absolument que tu sois introducée à Milady. Elle porte un amour de watterproof, et une billicoque garnie d'un aile de grouse, tout bonnement ravissante. Milady est aussi book-makeuse que n'importe qui, et je parierai 10 contre 1 qu'elle handicappera les fillies à marier par ici mieux que la PRINCESSE CHOCHNOSOFF elle-même. "To be, or not to be," voilà la question, my dear.

À propos, l'Aquarium est all there à l'heure qu'il est; à nous maintenant le Rink, pour les flirteuses qui savent patiner, et le petit Rottinrô pour nos

trotting girls, sur leur jolis hacks, et pour nos jump-ing gentlemen-riders et leur little grooms. Le lunch m'appelle, rien qu'une cotelette mottin-shope, et du pale-ale.

Mille kiss: à bientôt. Good-baye.

Postscriptum.—Je suis invitée à prendre le five o'clock tea à bord le steamer-yacht de Milord. Son petit cherubin de midshipman, SIR JENKINS, ESQUIRE, m'attendra ce soir avec ses hearts of oaks dans leur gig. Comme disait ce cher Prince à Marlbrook House, "it will be orfée jolly." Encore good-baye. Shake hands for ever.

Postscriptum.—Retour du yacht. Après tout, ma très chère, les deux langues se ressemblent énormément. Je me suis entendue appeler par SIR JENKINS, ESQUIRE, "dam jolly." Evidemment ceci ne veut dire que "jolie dame," en langue de midshipman. Je m'en servirai à la première occasion. Good night.

A WAITER'S WARNING.

"ENTOMOLOGY IN PARLIAMENT STREET.—MR. FRANK W. DUFFREY, 55, Parliament Street, writes to the *Field*:—"It will interest your entomological readers to hear that a fine specimen of the Death's-head Hawk Moth (*Acherontia atropos*) was taken in Parliament Street on Monday evening. It flew into the dining-room at the Red Lion Tavern, and was captured by one of the waiters, who was alarmed at its size and the peculiar noise it made. Apart from its being rather rubbed, it is a very good specimen of the largest of our lepidoptera, and is now in my possession."

"WILLIAM, where's JOHN?"

"What, is he gone?"

"Not gone away, Sir.

Sorry to say, Sir,

JOHN ill a-bed, Sir,

Bad in 'is 'ed, Sir.

'Ad a great fright, Sir.

Turned 'is 'air wite, Sir.

Last Monday night, Sir."

"Struck down with fear!

How? Let me hear."

"'Orrible thing, Sir,

Came on the wing, Sir;

Window in through, Sir,

Suddenly flew, Sir,

Into this room, Sir,

A shape from the tomb, Sir.

"Twasn't a bat, Sir;

No, Sir, not that, Sir:

Moth, Sir, we thought, Sir.

But wen it was caught, Sir,

Huttered a shriek, Sir,

A scream, Sir, a squeak, Sir!

Insect, you know, Sir,

Couldn't do so, Sir.

Wot should we find, Sir,

On its back, Sir, be'ind, Sir,

Printed, exact, Sir?—

A skull, Sir,—a fact, Sir!

JOHN gapsed for breath, Sir;

Thought it was Death, Sir—

Notice to quit, Sir.

JOHN was that frit, Sir,

JOHN 'ad a fit, Sir—

Went a'most mad, Sir.

JOHN very bad, Sir;

Better, bimeby, Sir:

'Opes JOHN won't die, Sir.

Doctor 'e said, Sir,

Moth, named Death's 'Ed, Sir,

In Nateral 'Istory, Sir;

Rare; but no mystery, Sir:

Honly a prize, Sir,

A catch in 'is heyes, Sir,

As a medical gent, Sir;

No call to repent, Sir—

That's 'is belief, Sir.

A sirloin of beef, Sir,

Just up—very nice, Sir.

Bring you a slice, Sir?

Potatoes and greens, Sir—

And any French beans, Sir?"



COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Yearly Visitor to Sea-Side Shop. "YOU'VE NOT GOT SO MANY JET ORNAMENTS AS YOU USED TO HAVE, MRS. BLACK!"

Mrs. Black. "AH, NO, MA'AM! YOU REMEMBER WHAT A RESPECTABLE CLASS OF GOODS I USED TO HAVE. NOW, FOLKS IS SATISFIED WITH ARTIFICIAL JEWELLERY AT 'ALF THE PRICE!"

LITERATURE VERSUS SCIENCE.

"Literature—that is a very high flight. Science—that is a higher flight still."—MR. GLADSTONE at the *Hawarden Literary Institute*.

YOUR pardon, dear GLADSTONE. We seldom dispute. Are you rightly reported? *Punch* cannot be mute. As a recognised leader and lover of Letters, He will not admit the Professors his betters, Or let ARCHIMEDES fly higher than HOMER, Through whose infinite realm you're a fortunate roamer. Our NEWTON reached Science's summit, we know, But on Poetry's peak was great SHAKESPEARE below? Imagine the wrathful discussion 'twould kindle If we had to decide 'twixt the Laureate and TYNDALL!

Punch, Proctor of Letters, designs no defiance To the absolute definite value of Science; But he holds that by logic 'tis clearly deducible That the Pen beats retort and alembic and crucible, Beats compass, theodolite, sewing-machine, Creates or suggests them, and tells what they mean. It gives us the easiest record of thought, And without its strong aid all our Science were nought.

September's long lights cross the lawn and the garden, You, statesman retired, enjoy autumn at Ha'arden; *Punch* hopes, when you've felled the due number of trees, On the turf by the Castle there, sitting at ease, You'll just reconsider that saying of yours— Since you're one whose terse apophthegm always endures. The different grooves which are occupied scan: See, Science takes Nature, but Letters take Man— Take Woman as well, a most exquisite field! Think over that matter, dear GLADSTONE, and yield.

The Binomial Theorem's something to strike; it Was clever, no doubt—I prefer *As You Like It*.

ARCHIMEDES was deucedly wise on the cone, ARISTOPHANES' *Birds* suit me better, I own: And though Science must have her keen Surgeons with lancets, Her Astronomers sage to watch Venus's transits (From boudoir to drawing-room, doubtless, and back again), Yet as long as life lasts men will tread the old track again, Will follow the Pen, that can wing them afar To regions beyond the least visible star, Will smile just awhile at the Science experiment, Then welcome pure Poetry's music, depth, merriment.

Since School-Boards have come a great change there must be, And even ex-Premiers have learnt Rule of Three: So, as Letters to Science is Dinner to Lunch— Thus verily sayeth

Yours verily,
PUNCH.

Head and Foot.

THE following advertisement, extracted from a newspaper, might, if the Compton Hotel at Liverpool were not a respectable Inn, be capable of misconstruction:—

HEAD BOOTS WANTED, for the Compton Hotel, Liverpool.— Apply to MR. RUSSELL.

In too many common public-houses at Liverpool "Head Boots," it is to be feared, may be taken to mean boots with which ruffians are accustomed to kick people's skulls in.

THE NEW WORK.

O! TENDER-hearted sex,
What instincts in you work,
That you should take delight
In doing *crevel* work?



"VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES."

Ragged Party. "AH! I SHOULD NEVER A' BEEN REDOOGED LIKE THIS 'ERE IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE LAWYERS!"

Raggeder Ditto. "AND LOOK AT ME! ALL THROUGH MY TITLE-DEEDS BEIN' MADE INTO BANJOS AN' SUCH LIKE! WHY, I SPENT A SMALL FORTUN' ADVERTISIN' FOR ONE TAMBOURINE AS WAS SUPPOSED TO A' BEEN MADE OUT O' MY GRANDMOTHER'S MARRIAGE-SETTLEMENT!!!"

LAWSON'S LAST.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON is a merry man. Indeed the adjective and the substantive might be very fitly conjoined, and the Honourable Baronet called a Merryman; a Mr. Merryman, but for the handle to his name. Say, as a Frenchman would, Sir Merryman. The Member for Carlisle has constituted himself a sort of Clown in the Temperance Ring. He may be regarded as the United Kingdom Alliance *Yorick*, whose jibes and flashes of merriment, in Liquor Law Debates and at Total Abstinence Tea-parties, are wont to set the tables in a roar. Such a *Yorick*, it may be suggested, would not have done in Denmark. We don't know that. Our Jester's jocosity is a great marvel you may suppose—he drinks no wine. Doesn't he? See *The Draper's* report of an entertainment lately given by a "MR. GEORGE MOORE, in his Cumberland Home," whereat—

"A Champagne luncheon was served in a large marquee.

"SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P., presided; MR. MOORE sat on his right.

"SIR WILFRID LAWSON proceeded to say—'Gentlemen, I have to propose the health of our worthy host. . . . And . . . let us pay honour to our worthy host—the kind, the hospitable, the generous, the popular MR. MOORE; and I call on you now to drink his very good health with all the honours.'

"The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm."

Drunk in what? Champagne, doubtless, by the majority of the drinkers. But by SIR WILFRID LAWSON? As President of a Champagne lunch party, one would think, in Champagne too. At any rate, he not only countenanced people in drinking Champagne, but also warmly exhorted them to drink it in drinking a health which he well knew very few would drink in water. The President of the United Kingdom Alliance, in presiding at a Champagne lunch, proposing a toast to be drunk with all the honours in an intoxicating liquor, and presumably drinking it himself, has joked a joke immensely surpassing the most brilliant witicism he ever uttered; and the best of it is that the joker of this high joke is the Mover of the Permissive Bill in the House of Commons, and the Permissive Law Orator, who, liquoring up in Champagne, goes about clamouring for leave to be enabled "to rob a poor man of his beer."

ADDENDUM TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

YANKEE doodle, doodle, doo,
Glory to the cross keys,
Scarlet Hat, Sirree, to you,
First of the M'CLOSKEYS!
PIO NONO showed more sense
Than bespeaks a noodle,
Biretting of your Eminence—
And singin' Yankee doodle.
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Yankee doodle dorum,
Yankee doodle slick right through,
Per secula seculorum.

MAC is now a Papal Prince.
The POPE, by his creation;
A sense intended to evince
That we're a glorious nation.
Although we do not, in the main,
Belong to his communion,
He valleys neither France nor Spain
A cent above our Union.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Long years may PIUS live to see,
But, sooner or else later,
'Tis like St. Peter's Chair will be
To fill, in course of Natur.
The Cardinals thereto will call
Some Cardinal or other;
'Taint no ways sure their choice won't fall
Upon their Yankee brother.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Prisoner of the Vatican
Remains in self seclusion,
Because he is Eu-ro-pean,
And cherishes delusion.
A Yankee Pope would in Old Rome
Ne'er stay and sulk so frantic;
He'd shift the Holy See to home,
Make Popedom transatlantic.
Yankee doodle, &c.

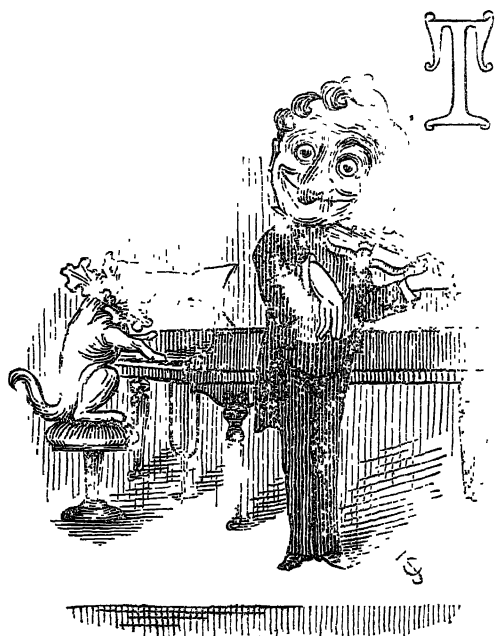
The POPE OF ROME, UNITED STATES,
By our free Constitution,
Might curse whatever Prince he hates,
Nor fear a persecution.
Anathema by name might fling,
Accordin' to his adviser,
At VICTOR, the "Sub-Alpine King,"
BISMARCK, or WILLIAM KAISER.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Rome Number Two Rome Number One—
Jeerusalem the Golden!—
Would flog, as in the cent'ry gone
New England flogged the Old 'un.
I reckon old St. Peter's Chair,
Or what them Romans call so,
We'd ship to home from over there,
And all its fixins also.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And Pilgrims then with Peter's pence,
Which his Successor collars,
Would shortly to arrive commence,
And bring no end of dollars.
Our Pontiff he'd be, I expect,
A valuable attraction,
And every soul of every sect
Would sing with satisfaction
Yankee doodle, &c.

So in the room of that old Hoss,
Which might be soon vacated,
M'CLOSKEY may be made the Boss
That's to be venerated.
I reckon now he's got the Hat,
That he may come to wear a
Considerable more than that,—
The ginocine Tiara!
Yankee doodle, &c.

NUPTIAL REFORM.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* records a marriage in humble life, transacted with an exemplary simplicity. The bridegroom, a MR. JONES, employed at the Old Brentford Gasworks, had to be sent for thereto from Church, to which he came from his work coatless, with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, and smoking a pipe:—

"There being nobody present but the bride and another woman, JONES was asked who was to give the bride away, when, turning to the sexton, he replied, with much feeling, 'You can do that, Guv'nor.' On the conclusion of the ceremony the happy pair adjourned to a public-house, and after 'partaking of some refreshment,' they departed—the bride to her new home, and JONES to his work at the gas factory."

How glad many young men of the middle and

even higher class, meditating matrimony, would be to be enabled to contract it with as little ceremony as what attended the nuptials of MR. and MRS. JONES! Of course, their customary morning dress including a coat, they would not come to Church from their employment in their mere shirt-sleeves, and if they adjourned from the altar to a public-house, it would be such an one as a decent restaurant or hotel. Thence the bridegroom, going like MR. JONES about his business, would go, after having partaken of a moderate refreshment, sober of course, and there would be nobody to remain behind drinking intoxicating liquors. The bride, satisfied to go home and wait there for her husband, would spare him all the expense of a wedding tour.

GENEROSITY AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

ACCORDING to a letter in the *Times*, by MR. J. HARDCASTLE, the Trustees of Felsted Grammar School, Essex, and the Visitor, the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, have been behaving in a most generous and gentlemanlike manner to the REV. W. S. GRIGNON, Head Master of the School for nineteen years up to last June, when the Trustees and the Bishop summarily sent him about his business.

It is true MR. GRIGNON may pretend to have done the School some little service. He raised the number of boys from sixty-eight to two hundred and sixteen. Many of them have gained University and College distinctions. One of his pupils was last year's Senior Wrangler. When first MR. GRIGNON came to Felsted School, it was in a bad way. Under the clever management of a House Steward, it had fallen into debt eight hundred pounds, for which the Trustees were personally responsible. MR. GRIGNON, at their request, took the House-Stewardship on himself, paid off the debt, reduced the School expenses twenty per cent., and put an end to complaints of long standing about the diet. But then, finding double work too much for his strength, he gave the Stewardship up, so that his self-sacrifice was not entire. The Trustees hereupon appointed their own Clerk Steward. He was seventy years old, and lived six miles off. So he visited the School once a week, and his duties were almost wholly entrusted to, and equally neglected by, the Matron.

But, of course, no complaints from parents or guardians were made to the Trustees. MR. VELEY, their Steward, was also their Clerk. Complaints as to the Steward's department would have had to be carried to them through the Clerk. MR. VELEY would have had to complain of MR. VELEY. MR. VELEY is no Essex calf.

MR. GRIGNON did not follow MR. VELEY's wise example.

In August last year diarrhoea and sore throat broke out in the School. In February last, scarlet fever. The drains, among other little matters, had been neglected. One boy, who sickened of scarlatina, was placed by the Steward or the Matron in the wardrobe-room, whence clothes were distributed to all the boys—certainly a slight mistake. All this may not have been quite the thing; but was there any occasion to make a fuss about it?

Nevertheless, in March, MR. GRIGNON sent the Trustees in a pro-

Too much praise cannot be given to MRS. JONES, and to MRS. JONES's relations, if she have any, for the readiness with which they entered into MR. JONES's views with regard to hymeneal ostentation. She is doubtless a sensible woman, and may be expected to make a wise man as happy as any husband can be who has to work for his living.

The subject of funeral reform has lately undergone much appropriate discussion in the dead season; but that of nuptial reform is equally suitable. Indeed, as a philosopher pleasantly remarked at a wedding breakfast, the marriage list in the newspapers, involving that of the births, represents the conditions necessary to those of the obituary.

MONSTERS AND BOGIES.

ARTILLERY, MR. MILTON tells us in *Paradise Lost*, was originally employed by a certain Generalissimo of Legions, one of which, considered to be under his special command, is that of the Inns of Court Volunteers. The original cannon appear, from MR. M.'s account, to have been monster guns, and may well be imagined to have resembled the 81-ton gun thus described in the *Times*:—

"The gun is mounted for proof on a sleigh or carriage composed mainly of iron—portions of the cheeks only being of wood—and carried on two six-wheeled bogie trucks. The bogies are pivoted under the sleigh by centre-pins working in square iron blocks, having springs fore and aft of each block."

The ordnance wherewithal the military Old Gentleman or Veteran, ex-Archangel, and Commander of the Rebel Hosts, assailed the Loyal troops under Major-General St. Michael, was invented by a Bogie, and constructed, as well as carried, by Bogies. It is natural to suppose that the Bogies introduced their own forms into the design of their field-pieces for ornament, like the dragons which decorate the now comparatively little, but formerly enormous, mortar in St. James's Park. A good sense of congruity and keeping was displayed in mounting the 81-ton gun on bogies. We trust that the bogie-borne gun will play Old Bogie with all at whom aggression may compel us to fire it.

test against the mismanagement of the School by the Matron and the House Steward. The Trustees perhaps took time to consider their reply. But MR. GRIGNON could not wait longer than till April, when he wrote a circular to the parents and guardians of the boys, disclaiming responsibility for the state of the School, and apprising them of his protest, and its failure!

That was bad enough—in the eyes of the indignant Trustees. But MR. GRIGNON was not content with that. About the same time he actually applied to the Charity Commissioners for an inquiry into the state of the School and its Trust!

Accordingly, on the 6th of June last, the five Trustees—who ought, by the scheme of the School, to be eleven, but have omitted to fill up vacancies—met, and passed a resolution, subject to the approbation of the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, cashiering MR. GRIGNON. The Bishop approved of this noble and righteous resolution. It was communicated to MR. GRIGNON six days afterwards, when he was in the midst of a school examination.

MR. GRIGNON immediately forwarded a protest to the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. DR. CLAUGHTON took no notice of it. MR. GRIGNON, in a fortnight, wrote to DR. CLAUGHTON again. DR. CLAUGHTON answered him through MESSRS. DAY AND HASSARD. Prompt and polite.

MR. HARDCASTLE says that MR. GRIGNON is fifty-two years old, received only £500 a-year, "is thrown on his own resources, and dismissed with a quarter's salary, with as little compunction as if he had been a drunken butler or a poaching gamekeeper." But had he not committed high treason against the majesty of the Trustees? Had he not been guilty of flat blasphemy in murmuring against their inscrutable ways? So, apparently, thought BISHOP CLAUGHTON. It is difficult to say which is the more admirable in this business—as told by MR. HARDCASTLE—the magnanimity, considerateness, and courtesy of the Trustees of Felsted School, or the behaviour of the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. The Trustees, however, did perhaps only what might have been expected of them; but the conduct ascribed to the Bishop must be acknowledged to exceed everything that could have been imagined. It is, indeed, lovely if true.

IN-SOLENT BEHAVIOUR.—Getting too near the Royal Yacht.



"UNCO CANNY."

Noble Sportsman. "MISSED, EH?"

Cautious Keeper. "WEEH, A' WADNA GANG QUITE SAE FAUR AS TO SAY THAT; BUT A' DOOT YE HAV'NA EXACTLY HIT."

FIE! FIE!

(Aberdeen Station, Saturday, September 18, 1875.)

THE account, in the *Times*, of the journey of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, on their return from Scotland to Sandringham, records the following extraordinary incident:—

"Aberdeen was reached at nineteen minutes past twelve, or one minute late. On the platform were a few of the public officials and an unusually large concourse of the general public, embracing representatives of the leading families of the county and city."

WE'VE heard of Scottish pride,
And something have believed,
But such a scene at Aberdeen
Must show us we're deceived;
For rank and caste disowned,
This rather stiff-backed nation
Have taught us all, both great and small,
Our duty in our Station.

The Prince's train arrived—
What met the princely gaze?
A great surprise for Royal eyes,
In these decorous days:
Officials, steady men,
The Public, in high feather,
The county swells, the city belles—
Embracing all together!

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

THE 35-ton Gun, named at its birth "The Woolwich Infant," was a strange monster; well, the 81-ton Gun may be fairly said to be a little Stranger.

OUR EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

AT STINGTON not long since, on the meeting of the School-Board, there ensued a brisk debate as to the duties of their Clerk. Certain members pleading ignorance as to what they had a right to expect their Clerk to do, it was explained by the Chairman that:—

"The duties of the Clerk were to give notice of meetings, and to mention special subjects to be considered; to keep the accounts, and to have them printed twice a year; to make any returns which the Education Department asked for, or which he required, and, under any circumstances, to make them once a year. The Clerk might appear for the Board in legal proceedings, and he must keep his office open at all reasonable hours that the rate-payers might inspect the books."

In addition to these trifles, it seemed to be considered that a Clerk should be a sort of general overseer and educational policeman, as well as a man of all work to the members of the Board.

Said one speaker, somewhat shrewdly:—

"Certain duties were defined, but the Act did not prevent other duties being done by the Clerk, which it might be proper to put on him in order to save a multiplicity of officers."

Considering their multiplicity of duties, candidates for School-Board Clerkships ought to be examined, with the view of testing thoroughly their fitness for the place; and, as there seems to be no knowing what a Clerk may be called upon to do, some few "fishing" questions like the following should certainly be put to him:—

1. What is your age, and weight, and power of physical endurance?
2. Can you write shorthand, and are you acquainted with the use of the boxing-gloves and globes?
3. For how long will you be satisfied to pocket without grumbling a salary not exceeding ninety pounds a year?
4. Can you clean boots, and will you be too proud, if called upon, to do so?
5. Who dragged whom, and when, round the walls of what?
6. Explain in a clear manner, and also with conciseness, the differential calculus, the origin of the digamma, and the atomic theory as applied to neutral salts.
7. Have you any taste for Art, and does your wife prefer chintz or cretonne for the covers of her drawing-room?
8. Cite the leading cases where the legal *cestui qui* trust of a copy-

hold assignment has established a contingent claim to the remainder, under the Act abolishing the use of lease and release?

9. When were you last vaccinated, and how much did it take?

10. Have you a good temper, and are you prepared to keep your office open until midnight, for inspection by the rate-payers, and to supply them gratis with pipes and gin-and-water whenever they drop in?

11. In case of sudden illness of any Teacher in your district, could you, at five minutes' notice, undertake to give instruction in Welsh, Russian, Greek, Turkish, trigonometry, therapeutics, geography, gymnastics, Hebrew, High Dutch, singing, dancing, Chinese, and thorough bass?

12. Do you go to Church or Chapel, and at which do you sleep best?

13. Explain and give the derivations of the following:—Cephalonian, Bacchante, Spectroscope, Herzegovina, Bunkum, Chiaroscuro, Consols, Contango, Baker's Dozen, Bosh, and Baily's Beads.

14. Does your wife wear a Chignon, and, if so, how much did she pay for it?

15. Transpose the first six bars of the music of the Spheres, pointing out, by counterpoint, their melodic progression in A minor from B flat to F in alt.

16. Who were the Old Masters, and in what Schools did they teach?

17. A. having sold a horse to B. and his co-heirs, state under what circumstances the assignees of C. can claim a limited co-partnership of the estate in tail.

18. Does your Mother know that you are out of place?

19. Can you cook accounts, and make an apple dumpling?

20. If a boy persists in saying that C-a-t spells Dog, where do you conceive that he expects to go?

M'Swiney Corrected.

WHAT LORD MAYOR M'SWINEY'S NEW CRY SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
—"Faith and Holy-Father Land."

THOUGHT BY A TOURIST.—Too many Coek's Excursionists spoil the *table d'hôte*.



POLO ON THE SEA.

AS IT IS TO BE PLAYED NEXT YEAR AT ALL THE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

BRITANNIA OBJECTS—

*To the Admiralty Circular, of July 31st, to Captains of H.M. Ships.
on the subject of fugitive Slaves.*

“EH! what!” cries BRITANNIA, rubbing her eyes,
With a look of exceedingly startled surprise,
“‘Supplementary Slave-Trade Instructions’?
I thought I had settled that little affair.
A pretty *postscriptum*, my Lords, I declare!
But I don’t see my countersign set anywhere,
To this newest of naval productions.

“My will, I conceived, was made clear to the world,
That, wherever my Union Jack was unfurled,
The Slave should find freedom thereunder.
That’s a fair and square rule which all quibbles should quell,
But, as for this roundabout ‘Circular,’—well,
It would tax a Sea-lawyer its bearings to tell:
One thing, though, is plain,—it’s a blunder!

“No need for tall talk about ruling the waves,
But, at least, my ‘broad rule’ does not recognise Slaves,
Whether stretched o’er green land or blue ocean.
A legalised Serf on a free British ship
Is a novel conception not easy to grip.
Re-rivet the chains he has managed to slip?
I rather rebel at the notion!

“With Slave-owning powers my Sea-dogs and I
Will find it stiff work to keep terms,—if we try.
We hold them in scorn, and they hate us.
O! I fancy I see a Committee of JACKS
On a fugitive wretch coolly turning their backs,
Or holding palaver, like shore-going quacks,
With a view to ‘determine his status’!

“My ships may not court the poor runaway thrall,
But, if once he’s on board, upon Britons to call
Their prey to the sharks to surrender,
I fancy is coming it rather too strong.

I demur to the ‘claims’ of the shackle and thong,
And to ‘rights’ which are based on the blackest of wrong
One may be just a trifle too tender.

“Let them look to their ‘chattels’! my craft were not made
To play any part in the Slave-snatching trade.
I have spent blood and bullion to burk it.
My stand has been taken, and if it should lead
To some trifle of trouble,—as well may succeed
When Honest Intent counters Villanous Greed,—
It is not my intention to shirk it.

“No, my Lords; your solicitude’s thoughtful and kind,
I regret the result is not more to my mind.
When you give my old rule a new reading,
I might be consulted. At present, I hold
That your course in the case is a little too bold;
You had better hark back, for your counsels are cold,
And your glosses obscure and misleading.

“What philanthropists fought for, and legists confirm,
Shall not be evaded by wriggle and squirm,
Nice quibble, or politic paltering.
My Law is writ large for all Nations to see,—
Ashore or afloat, ‘neath my Flag all are Free!
That’s a very plain rule, and you’ll reckon with me
If you think it requires any altering!

Riotous Religion.

THE papers have lately been enlivened with some edifying reports of “Roman Catholic Riots at Montreal.” It is a wonder that the denomination thus applied to Riots has not brought out SIR GEORGE BOWYER with a protest against it. The idea that a riot can have a religion, Catholic or Protestant, appears very absurd, but the fact, nevertheless, is undeniably so; at least, wheresoever there is a Latin Race or an Irishry.

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GUARD AND PASSENGERS
BY RAILWAY.—A Tip!



THE "FLAG OF FREEDOM."

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. "A RUNAWAY SLAVE, JOHN! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM UP, YOU KNOW! SEE OUR CIRCULAR OF 31ST OF JULY."

JOHN BULL. "GIVE 'IM UP, YER HONOUR!! AS WELL ORDER ME TO HAUL DOWN THAT THERE FLAG AT ONCE, SIR!!!"

HOMEWARD BOUND.



PIERPOINT—Are we materially better for our month's sojourn here? What shall we give KATE?

Will MRS. KITTLESPARK, on the plea that we were a large family, and that the boys have been a good deal in and out, and not so observant of the scraper and mat as they might have been, make some charge at the last for the extra cleaning of the front-door steps?

Have we sufficient money to pay all our bills and take us home?

Shall we calculate exactly how much it has cost us, dividing our expenditure under different heads, and comparing our expenses here with what

they would have been at Kilburn; or shall we waive all disturbing questions of finance, and rest contented with the reflection that we know now in middle life what a yawl is, have discovered a new kind of fancy bread, formed a nice acquaintance with dogfish and horse-mackerel, have been led to take an interest in the wind and the weather—which we hope to keep up in the North-Western suburbs of London—take EDMUND and EDWARD back bent on going to sea as soon as they are of an age to follow that precarious calling, and are all very brown?

Will Baby be good on the journey?

How many things shall we leave behind?

Shall we get all our fifteen packages (not to mention fresh prawns, pieces of seaweed, and cages with dormice) home safe?

How many cabs shall we require, and what will the Cabmen charge?

Shall we find the painting, papering, and cleaning at 53, Windermere Gardens, N.W., thoroughly and satisfactorily done, and quite finished?

Will absence have improved the servants, or the contrary?

Will Cook give us warning the morning after we arrive, because her present is not so good as SARAH'S?

Shall we find the cistern in good order, the gas all right, the roof sound, the spouting unexceptionable, the back garden door locked, the wardrobes and drawers undisturbed, and the wine-bin intact?

Will the garden be a wilderness?

Will the beds be well aired?

Will the joiners and masons still be hammering and knocking at No. 49, directly opposite?

What sort of weather will it be in London?

Will there be as much East wind at Kilburn as at Pierpoint?

Will it rain when we arrive?

Shall we find anybody in Town?

Shall we not, on the first evening of our return, say (children, perhaps, excepted) "After all, there is no place like home"?

Shall we feel to have very much the advantage of our friends and neighbours, the MUSKHAMs, who have stayed at home this year, or shall we, on the whole, envy them?

Will this be the very last time we shall go to the Sea?

VERY IMPORTANT!

By some unaccountable mistake, the following "Extra Parliamentary utterances" have not been reported in the London Newspapers. Mr. Punch, ever anxious to do full justice to the wisdom of our Legislators, begs to supply the omission. It will be noticed that the following speeches do not differ materially from the orations so frequently telegraphed to the Metropolis for publication at this pleasant season of the year:—

TORYSHIRE.

On Monday last SIR PERCY PROXY, Bart. M.P. for the Eastern Division of this County, attended a meeting of his Constituents, held in the Banqueting Hall of the Blue Lion Inn and Hotel, Dullborough. The Hon. Baronet was supported by the greater part of

the Bench of Magistrates, the Town Clerk, and others of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. So great was the interest taken in the proceedings, that at one time no less than fifteen persons were present in the magnificent saloon provided for the auspicious occasion by MR. CIDERBEER, the enterprising landlord of the Blue Lion Inn and Hotel at Dullborough.

The Hon. Baronet said that he had great pleasure in meeting his Constituents once again. Although he had not had occasion to speak in the House of Commons during the past Session, those of his Constituents who had perused the local Conservative paper of Dullborough would have noticed that his votes had been always given for those measures which had received the sanction of that Great Man, that Magnificent Statesman, that Excellent Financier, his Right Hon. friend MR. DISRAELI. ("Hear, hear!") He had much pleasure in telling them that the country was prosperous, and that, at the present moment, England, he might say Great Britain, was at peace with all nations. (Cheers.) There had been some heavy rains in the summer, but now they seemed to be enjoying fine weather. ("Hear!") This was very satisfactory. ("Hear, hear!") He could further say that the great question of granting a Government grant for the improvement of that noble structure—the Dullborough Town Pump (cheers) was now under consideration. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Nay, more, he had been assured by one of the Ministry of this great fact. (Great cheering.) He knew the question of the Dullborough Town Pump was a matter of deep interest in the County, and he was glad to be in a position to give them such welcome news. (Cheers.) The Member of the Ministry ("hear, hear!") from whom he derived his information very kindly added that the Cabinet, as a body, extended their great appreciation of the Town Pumps of Dullborough to the Pumps of Toryshire collectively and individually. ("Hear, hear!") He was pleased that a Merchant Shipping Bill had been passed, and was very well satisfied with the Budget. He had nothing more to say. (Cheers.)

After the meeting had listened to two or three speeches of purely local importance, a vote of confidence in SIR PERCY PROXY, Bart., M.P., was passed unanimously.

GLITTERBOROUGH.

On Tuesday last MR. WAGG, M.P. (of the firm of MESSRS. WAGG, CASH, AND WAGG, General Merchants), met his Constituents at the new hotel recently erected in this rapidly rising town. The magnificent saloon was crowded in every part. On the platform were the Mayor and MESSRS. THOMPSON, SMITH, SNOOKS, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, MR. ALDERMAN WILKINS, and other persons distinguished in the worlds of Fashion, Literature, and Art.

MR. WAGG said that he felt like the Clown in the Christmas Pantomime when he observed "Here we are again!" (Loud laughter.) Well, he had nothing much to say. (A laugh.) His friend the Prime Minister (a laugh) had at length reached the summit of his ambition—what he might call a "Dizzy" height. (Shouts of laughter.) Peace seemed to be the order of the day—not the DRY OF ALGERS ("hear, hear!") in China. This was most fortunate, as everybody knew that China was a very brittle article. (Loud laughter.) He was glad, therefore, that the Government had been tender with China. (Renewed laughter.) He did not think that a single Act that had received the Royal Assent during the past Session could be of any service to anyone. ("Hear, hear!") He could not give his reasons for this assertion—was he not a Liberal? (Cheers.) As a Liberal, he claimed the right to do, to say, and to think what he pleased, without consulting anybody. ("Hear!") Of course he excepted his Constituents, whose will was at all times his very sternest law. (Cheers.) As for the Session, like old Mother Hubbard's cupboard—there was nothing in it. (Shouts of laughter.)

A vote of confidence in the Hon. Gentleman was then passed in the customary manner, and shortly afterwards the meeting separated in great good humour.

POCKETBOROUGH.

On Wednesday the MARQUIS OF PERKYBOX (grandson of His Grace the DUKE OF CURFEW, to whose title he is the heir) met the tenants of Pocketborough at a luncheon given in the Duke's grounds.

The Noble Marquis said that he had much pleasure in meeting his Grandfather's tenants. (Enthusiastic applause.) Their greeting was so very kindly that he wished he could call them his friends—but that he could not do, as he regarded them as his enemies. He called them enemies because he knew perfectly well that he did not in the least represent their opinions. (Murmurs.) They were enemies to the Constitution of their country. (Renewed murmurs.) He justified his assertion by pointing out to them that they made no sort of use of that noblest of institutions, the Ballot. (Loud murmurs.) His opinions, he knew, were not shared by his Grandfather. (Loud and long-continued cheering.) He told his Grandfather (renewed applause), years ago, when he (the Noble Marquis) was a boy at Eton—in fact it was in 1873—that without the Ballot the country would be lost. As to the past Session, his Constituents, or

rather his Grandfather's tenants, would notice that he had been Counted Out when he had made an attempt to abolish the Established Church and the House of Lords. (*Cheers.*) Well, as he said before, he knew that he did not represent them. That was their fault. Why did they not get another man? (*Loud murmurs.*) In common fairness, however, he must warn them that so long as he retained a seat in the House of Commons he would certainly work with might and main to change England from a Kingdom into a Republic. (*Loud murmurs.*)

MR. PAIDWELL (Agent to His Grace the DUKE OF CUREFW) admitted that the sentiments of the Noble Marquis were perhaps a little extreme. They were charmingly expressed; but perhaps, taking everything into consideration, they could scarcely be said to be quite the sentiments of a High Tory. Now they were all High Tories in that town (*loud cheers*), and as High Tories he was quite sure that they would not forget that Pocketborough, from time immemorial, had been represented by the heir to the estates and title now belonging to his (MR. PAIDWELL'S) noble employer, His Grace the DUKE OF CUREFW. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) He therefore begged to move a vote of entire confidence in the Noble Marquis who had so ably represented them, during the past Session, in the Junior Chamber of the Legislature.

A vote of confidence in the views of the Noble Marquis was then passed unanimously amidst much enthusiasm.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitany Society.

Walls have Ears.—This is a sufficient reason for not giving them tongues as well, or they might be dangerous. The tone therefore

should be as low as possible, in fact a *dumb pattern* would be by far the best. I have seen the shapes of blue bells worked into such a paper. This might be adopted in dumb-bells.

Note.—While mentioning dumb-bells I would strongly advise all those about to furnish a house, to well consider the subject of bell-hanging [and bell-ringing]. Why should we have those startling sounds disturbing your slumber, frightening you out of your repose, and startling you at your studies? No, I have a new plan of dumb-bells, which I think will be the invention of the age.

Your wires (electric) should all work in one



room, and one servant, a page boy, should be kept to attend solely and only to the bells.

At the end of each wire is a dumb-bell, and the boy sits on a stool in the centre of the small office down-stairs.

SECTIONS SHOWING ACTION OF DUMB-BELLS.

1. Dressing-Room.	2. Bed-Room.	3. Bath-Room.
4. Drawing-Room.	5. Dining-Room.	6. Library.
7. Pantry.	8. Bell's Messenger Office.	9. Kitchen.

1. Gentleman in a hurry ringing for his boots.
2. Lady ringing for her cup of tea.
3. Gentleman ringing to say he has turned the hot water on and can't turn it off again.
4. Lady ringing to show visitors out.

5. Gentleman ringing to know why he is being kept waiting for his pudding.

6. Gentleman ringing to know what the dickens they've done with his blotting-paper.

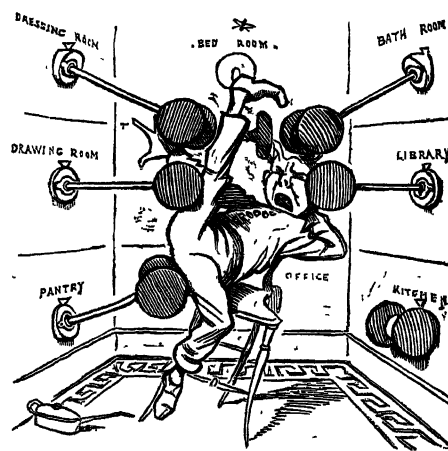
7. Butler and footman discussing politics.

9. Cook, housemaid, and ladies-maid entertaining their cousins the civil and military.

8. The Dumb-bell Boy.



DUMB-BELL BOY SEATED. NO BUSINESS BEING TRANSACTED.



THE DUMB-BELL SYSTEM IN FULL OPERATION.

Having for the time exhausted this portion of the subject of bells, I leave my *casus belli*—this joke is a side-board splitter, calculated to set a table in a roar—and return for awhile to the peaceful topic of paper patterns and walls.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH ON THE BRIDGE.

(Common-sense Counsel for Common-Councilmen.)

PUNCH "stood on the bridge at midnight," when Big Ben was tolling the hour, And an Autumn moon was gleaming through the mists above the Tower.

The Bridge was that self-same structure on whose wreck MACAULAY'S MAORI Will sit to portray, at no distant day, St. Paul's as a ruin hoary.

Thinks Mr. Punch—"Should that Maori bring a bit of the Bridge his view in, 'Twere well that he and his public should see the grandeur of greatness in ruin.

But if these confounded Councilmen are allowed to mess and mull, What unlimited scorn critics yet unborn will heap on the late JOHN BULL!

"Methinks I hear the Sketcher's sneer, his pencil as fast he plies, 'O land of WREN and RENNIE, thou wert wealthy, but not wise! Yon dome is a decent dome, indeed, in contour and proportion; But the Bridge—O buried London, what a nondescript abortion!



SYMPATHY.

Plain-featured Party, who is a strong advocate for Cremation, begs his Friend will see that his remains are submitted to that process, in case of his sudden death.

His Friend. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. BUT—A—HADN'T YOU BETTER WAIT TILL THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?"

"And yet 'tis written that once it stood, the pride of the Thames that washed it,
Till a league of Common Councilmen—the boobies!—went and boshed it.
JOHN BULL, no doubt was a Trader stout, but methinks it seems a pity
That tasteless greed had so tight a grip on the purse-strings of his City."

Quoth *Mr. Punch*, "This will never do! These turtle-gulping Vandals

Must not be permitted to perpetrate this sorriest of scandals.

JOHN's happiest part is not High Art, and Aesthetics rather fog him,

But to make him kick at this sort of trick, there is only need to jog him.

"I, *Punch*, must play the *Pontifex*, and quash this skinflint quorum;

(The only bridge they should meddle with is the old *Pons Asinorum*.)

On rival plans, and piers, and spans, let the rival C.E.'s squabble,
But a bridge like this is no thing; I wis, for the dolts to botch and cobbles.

"Trade must have way, and if JOHN's to pay, he has cash, and is good to give it;

But he shan't be lured into bogus schemes by the spell of a gilded rivet.

Though boiler-plate be a blessed thing, and the paint-pot Sham's sheet-anchor,

Yet the patchwork span these potterers plan might inspire a Saint with rancour.

"The *Gradgrind* theory's sway is wide in this money-grubbing grim age;

But a bridge as heterogeneous as KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR's image

MISTAKES ABOUT SCOTLAND.

(Contributed by a Converted Cockney.)

It is a mistake to believe that every Scotchman, when he goes to Edinburgh, immediately walks down Princes Street clad in the ancient costume of the Highlanders.

It is a mistake to believe that the *pièce de résistance* at every Scotch dinner-party is a Haggis.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman does not enjoy a joke every bit as much as an Englishman.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotch Sabbath in the country is a whit more *triste* than an English Sunday in the provinces.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman sets a greater value upon his "bawbee" than an Englishman upon his shilling or an American upon his dollar.

It is a mistake to believe that inns in Scotland are dearer and less comfortable than hotels in England.

It is a mistake to believe that we have a City in England that can compare favourably (from an architectural point of view) with the town of Edinburgh.

It is a mistake to believe that it always rains in the Isle of Skye.

It is a mistake to believe that there are no more "Fair Maids" in the houses of Perth.

It is a mistake to believe that Hampstead Heath is as beautiful as Dunkeld.

It is a mistake to believe that the Caledonian Canal is at all like the Serpentine.

It is a mistake to believe that Aberdeen is less imposing in appearance than Chelsea or Islington.

It is a mistake to believe that the countrymen of SCOTT and BURNS do not appreciate the works of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, BYRON, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and TENNYSON.

And, lastly (this is added to the Cockney's list by the wisest Sage of this or any other age), it is the greatest mistake of all to believe that *Mr. Punch* does not like and respect (in spite of an occasional joke made at their expense) the kindly, homely, sound-hearted people who live North of the Tweed.

A LITTLE DIALOGUE AT "THE C. S. C. STORES."

"AUSTRALIAN Beef has gone up,
I'm sorry to see, MRS. BROWN."

"Alas! my dear MRS. SMITH,
With us it has never gone down!"

Is a quite superfluous eyesore, a gratuitous concession
To the Demon of Utter Ugliness which holds us in possession.

"Up, up, æsthetic RUSKIN, then! Come forth with lash and lecture,
Thou foe of jobs and jumbles and hybrid Architecture!
Thy scourge and *Punch's bâton*, JOHN, together plied, must
trounce ill,
If they do not wake to wisdom e'en a Court of Common Council."

CONSERVATIVE EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I hear people call the present Ministry Tories. Sir, I say they are not even Conservatives. Here is MR. CROSS actually opening an Educational Bazaar at Orwell, and making a speech in which he tells workpeople that they might as well starve their children as not send them to school! MR. FORSTER could not have said more, and I don't see a pin to choose between FORSTER and CROSS, nor indeed between DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, for the matter of that. Education! Why, wasn't it DIZZY himself who boasted that he had educated his Party, and now his Party begins to talk, not only of educating the People, but of compelling them to be educated. He has given them a "Liberal education" with a vengeance. But he hasn't educated me. I hold to the belief that popular education is as dangerous politically as it is pecuniarily expensive. It will only make the working classes dissatisfied with their lot in life. Don't tell me education will prevent drunkenness. A sufficient preventive of drunkenness would be the Stocks, if we had a genuine Conservative and Tory Government to revive them amongst other good old Institutions insanely abolished. I know there is no hope of such Conservative legislation as that. Some say CROSS is what they call in advance of his colleagues; but, no doubt, they will soon all give in to the cry for education to keep in office—the time-servers! They're all alike to
Yours, in disgust,

AN UNEDUCATED TORY.



PREPARATION!

Parson's Daughter (to the Squire's Keeper). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE PHEASANTS, MUGGLES?"

Keeper. "WELL, MISS, THERE'S A LOT O' CITY GENTS A COMIN' DOWN WITH MASTER TO SHOOT ON THE FIRST, SO I'M A TAKIN' A FEW O' THEIR FLIGHT FEATHERS OUT!"

GENTLEMEN HELPS.

(Apply to Punch's Registration Office.)

REGINALD DEUCEFACE wants an Engagement in a decent Family. Snobs objected to, and needn't come bothering. He doesn't intend to do any dirty work, and he is going to get up when he likes; but in return for a liberal salary, he will teach his Employer any or every game of cards that exists, give him a few wrinkles for Pool, make him a book on the next Derby, and teach him to mix American drinks.

MEDICUS (Middlesex Hospital) has studied this question, and sees that Helps are only to be used when there can be three or four of them. He knows three other first-rate fellows (all ploughed in last Exam.) who would be very happy to join him, and get an Engagement in a comfortable house (as their present lodgings are beastly), where there is a billiard-table. In return for their grub and bed, they will all be delighted to perform operations on their Employer, to write him as many prescriptions as he likes, and if they kill him, will dissect him in the most artistic manner. Troublesome dogs or cats in the neighbourhood promptly vivisected. N.B.—No old frumps, or Ladies who object to Beer or Birdseye, need apply.

HON. FITZROY PLANTAGENET has heard of this sort of thing, and thinks it will suit him down to the ground. He has no objection to living in anybody's house, and being treated as one of the Family, if he is paid a pot of money for it.

F. O. CLARK wants an Engagement in a Provincial Family desirous of entering Society. His terms are high, but he is worth the money, having been in good Society all his life. He will teach the men of the family to walk, talk, bow, ride, and generally behave themselves everywhere, from the ring at Doncaster to a ball at Buckingham Palace. He will impart instruction to the girls in dancing, flirting, and polite conversation. If his efforts meet with success, he will furnish his employers with some good introductions.

JOHN (generally called JACK) HARKAWAY, having come a howler over the Leger, is stumped. Wishes to come across a muff, who wants it taken out of his horses. Doesn't mind tooling a drag or tandem in the Park, but objects to a one-horse brougham. Will

drive his Master to fires, but won't wait outside theatres, and will be blown if he'll put on livery.

WOOD B. BENEDICT thinks it's all very well talking about ninety million (he is not quite certain about the figures) superfluous women, but there seem to be a jolly lot of superfluous men. He is one. He has got five hundred a year, and only spends a thousand, but he wants to marry and settle down, only the girls of the present day are so sharp. If any of this superfluous stock (under forty, and with more than two thousand pounds a year) will marry him, he don't mind. P.S.—He never advertised before, but, while he is about it, will do the right thing. N.B.—Reduction made on taking a quantity.

AN UNLUCKY OMISSION.

It is much to be regretted—considering the comments called forth by the letter which COLONEL PONSONBY, by HER MAJESTY'S command, lately addressed to the Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club—that the letter was not printed in its entirety. It was written on two pages, the second of which seems to have been detached by some unlucky accident before the letter reached the papers.

Punch is glad to be able to supply the missing passage:—

"At the same time, the QUEEN has commanded me to remind all Officers of Her Majesty's Navy of the importance, especially in the navigation of much-frequented waters, of keeping a careful look-out, and never, under any circumstances, exceeding such a rate of speed as will leave them in thorough control of their vessels. Above all, the QUEEN hopes the Officers of her Navy will bear in mind that the maritime rule of the road—according to which vessels under steam shall give way to vessels under sail, as being less manageable—admits of no exception, whatever be the dignity of the flag or rank of the passengers on board of the vessel on which steam is employed."

Had this passage of the letter accompanied the portion already made public, we should probably have heard nothing of the disagreeable comments provoked by the publication of the first part only, without the context.



A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

SCENE—A French Shop at the Sea-side.

Young Lady (wishing to improve her French). "O—ER—ESKEE VOOS AVVY—"

Tradesman (wishing to show off his English). "O YES, MEES—SAIRTENLY!"

Young Lady. "ALORE VOOLY VOO ONVOYAY—"

Tradesman. "VATEVARE YOU VILL PLEASE, MEES!—VARE?"

Young Lady. "ER—JE DEMURY ROO DE L'ECKEW, NEWMERO—"

Tradesman. "VAT NOMBARE, MEES?"

Young Lady. "O, KATTER-VANG-KANGS; VIZEEVEE LE BEWBO DE—"

Tradesman. "YES, MEES—IN FAICE OF ZE OFFEECE OF POST.—VAT A BEAUTIFOOL TIME IT MEKS TO-DAY!" &c., &c., &c.

THE LATEST FASHION.

SCENE—Pall Mall. TIME—Three P.M. Perfect Swell discovered lounging down the shady side. He wears the costume of "a Gentleman of the period." To him enter Imperfect Swell, attired in a suit of huge cheque dittos and a Prussian Helmet wideawake hat. They encounter one another.

Imperfect Swell (surprised, but hearty). Hallo, you here! How are you?

Perfect Swell (annoyed, but polite). How are you? (Trying to avoid Imperfect Swell.) Good-bye. See you again soon.

Imperfect Swell (laughing). I don't think you will for some time. Fact is, I came from Switzerland yesterday, and to-morrow am off to the Highlands. Only passing through, you know.

Perfect Swell (making another attempt to get away). Hope you'll enjoy yourself. Good-bye.

Imperfect Swell (not to be put off). But I say, look here. Why are you wearing a frock-coat and all that sort of thing, eh? Been to a wedding?

Perfect Swell. No.

Imperfect Swell (surprised). No! Then why do you wear 'em?

Perfect Swell. I am wearing them, I suppose, because every fellow wears them. I mean to say (looking at Tourist costume with intention), they seem to be the sort of things most fellows are wearing just now.

Imperfect Swell (subdued). Really! Well, you see, I've been away such a long time, that I'm quite out of it. But, I say—what are you doing here? Passing through, eh?

Perfect Swell. O dear no. Been staying in Town for the last three weeks.

Imperfect Swell. Come, you are joking! Staying in Town in October!

Perfect Swell. Of course. Everybody here. But I am so sorry. Really must run away—promised to meet a fellow at PRINCE's at four. Ta, ta!

[Exit, with a sigh of relief.]

Imperfect Swell. Everybody in Town! Well, then, the Highlands must wait!

[Exit, to "wake up" his Tailor. Later in the day he dines at his Club (established 187-), in full evening costume, to the surprise of his friends, and the envy of his acquaintances.]

MORE CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS!

IN consequence of the very successful manner in which the plan for the degradation of London Bridge has been devised and accepted, several proposals for the further improvement of the Metropolis will be brought forward at the next meeting of the Common Council:—

1. To avoid the *détour* of St. Paul's Churchyard, it will be proposed to throw open the Cathedral as a public thoroughfare. Carriages and carts will pass through at a walking pace.

2. Owing to the complaints made by several members of the Common Council, who are also members of St. Stephen's Club, of the interruption to their slumbers by Big Ben, a suggestion will be made to the First Commissioner of Works to pull down the Clock Tower, and melt the bells into something useful.

3. Temple Bar being both dangerous and unsightly, it will be proposed to leave it in its present condition.

4. It will be proposed to excommunicate *Punch* for having dared to impugn the taste of the Common Council!

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillianty Society.

THE *Wall-flower Pattern* for a ball-room is charming. Of course you will decide what sort of ball-room it is to be before settling your pattern.

Shall it be a cricket-ball-room or a tennis-ball-room? A soft ball-room, or an elastic ball-room? Patterns are at once suggested by these distinctive appellations.

Summer Room.—Decorate this cool apartment with a frieze all round. Get a friezingly polite artist to do it for you. You can speak of this as "An ice room." If you don't speak of it like this, you won't have your little joke, and you *must* have your little joke. [N.B.—You needn't speak of it at all unless you like.]

A modern writer on paper patterns says there's "nothing so dreary as an unrelieved pattern." I beg to differ from him; an unrelieved SENTRY is far more dreary than an unrelieved pattern. If it's damp, the SENTRY, unrelieved, must stay where he is; not so a pattern of unrelieved colour on a wall, which, in the damp, can run, and ultimately go away altogether.

However, if you want to be kind to a fault, you can relieve your patterns as they do the sentries at certain times of the day. The Artist can (if he likes, and you can shoot him if he won't do what you want) indicate this idea on the walls of the

room by portraying a soldier saluting his sergeant and guard, and saying, with SHAKESPEARE (who need not be in the picture), "For this relief, much thanks."

Gold.—Gold can be judiciously introduced into papers. Gold can do anything it likes, in fact. The effect on the papers will be—well, start a daily paper, and see for yourself. *Ex-perientia, &c.*

Having omitted to make any allusion to furniture during this disquisition on papers, I consider it advisable to introduce at this point a simple rule—forming part of my present Art Grammar—with regard to *Furniture Verbs*, which are divided into

Regular, Irregular, and Defective.—The Regular is divided into regularly good and regularly bad. The rule is to avoid the latter.

The Irregular chiefly applies to clocks, which are, of course, included in the items of furnishing.

The Defective will be evident from the accompanying illustrations.

1. The Necessity Table. "*Necessitas non habet Leas.*"
2. The Old Greenwich Pensioner Chair. Lost a leg. Lost an arm.

You send one to be mended. The Carpenter tells you that it is "weak in the back." To which you will reply, "Then it won't be back in a week?" This is a side-splitter which will send him into tight fits.

With the above furniture "thrown in," I can now beg your attention for a very few moments to the important question of

Mural Decorations.—There are intra-mural and extra-mural decorations. The latter are divided into two classes—(1) those

extra-mural decorations which you put up yourself but don't want, and which are simply extra; and (2) those put up for you, outside chiefly, by streets boys gratuitously.

These latter (specimens of which may be seen on the Pompeian remains, and belonged also to the earliest school-time, or out-of-school-time, of youthful Egyptian arts) consist of such designs as a portrait of yourself (not generally flattering), suspended in the air to a gallows, after the model of the hangman whom *Mr. Punch*, in the old legitimate show, hangs on his own gallows-tree, with some legend underneath, professing to give his (the artist's) opinion on you personally, as, for instance, "SMITH is a fool!" "Old SMITH is a Hass!" and so forth.



Intra-mural decoration of the same genre will be supplied gratis, if you have a small family in your house, and allow them lead pencils. They will practise spelling on your walls. Encourage this talent if you will. By so doing, you may be rearing up pupils of a school of Decorative Art of which your countrymen will

be proud (a "Proud Countryman" would be a fine subject for the wall of a rustic villa, or would make a good sign for an old inn), and, if this satisfies you,—you are very easily satisfied, and at a small cost.

(To be continued.)

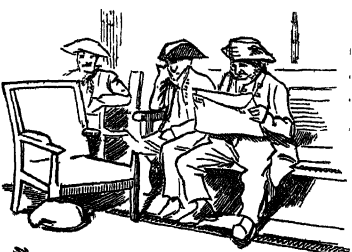
MACBETH AT THE LYCEUM.

THERE is little to be said about MR. IRVING'S *Macbeth* which has not been said already, with quite unusual accord, by the critics in the papers. It is a picturesque and energetic performance, based upon and working out a very distinct conception of the murderous Scottish thane, as what the Scotch call a "fey" man; that is, a man borne helplessly along in a career of crime under the sway of an irresistible fate. But MR. IRVING seems to have overlooked, or not to admit, that the impressiveness and pathos of such a spectacle depends mainly on our sense of the height of nobleness from which the "fey" man has fallen; and that the strength of the tide which sweeps him down will be gauged involuntarily by our feeling of the thews and sinews with which the swimmer buffets and bears up against it. Those who can conceive SHAKESPEARE'S *Macbeth* as thin, pale, and haggard in face, meagre almost to emaciation in frame, shrill and high-pitched or hollow of voice, feverish and restless of movement, and hysteric of temperament—those who can clothe in such hectic and sickly flesh and blood that "minion of valour," that "Bellona's bridegroom" who drives in flying swarms rebel kerns and gallowglasses before him, and unseams the merciless *Macdonwald* from nave to chaps—the Thane whose praises, as a valiant warrior, are poured out, post on post, before the king, till he acknowledges him chief of his chiefs—the noble *Macbeth*, who has "won golden opinions from all sorts of men"—may be prepared to accept MR. IRVING'S impersonation, if not as consistent with the text of SHAKESPEARE as it stands, at least as within the limits of fair psychological and histrionic interpretation.

But all must see at once that this is *Macbeth* without the background of stalwart strength and material courage against which his murderous deeds, if they are to have any relief, must stand bloody off; it is, as has been well said, an "abject" *Macbeth*, exhibiting before us, in the utmost elaboration, the extremities of physical terror, and the most palpable and pitiable writhings and wrenchings of remorse. And, as in *Hamlet*, MR. IRVING expunged those passages of the text which he found in the way of his interpretation, so, in *Macbeth*, the introductory scene, of which *Macbeth*'s fighting feats are the theme, is bodily struck out, and we lose even our old friend, "the bleeding sergeant," because, for the actor's purpose, the thought of *Macbeth* as a mighty warrior must not be called up in the spectators' mind.

MR. IRVING has gallantly—whether wisely or not is another matter—chosen in *Macbeth* a part, with which every one of his personal peculiarities seems to jar. Now there are some physical barriers from which the utmost histrionic energy and courage must fall back baffled and beaten. Such a barrier nature seems to have raised between the part of *Macbeth* and the person of MR. IRVING.

He is, by physique and temperament, absolutely unfitted to embody a rude, stalwart, fierce, fighting, northern warrior of those stormy times when gracious *Duncan* ruled. His thews and sinews seem unequal to the wielding of heavy bill and battle-axe—his body to the weight of bull's-hide targe and ringed byrnie. The exhibition of physical terror and cowering, shrieking remorse, with no suggestion of strength and manhood behind it, becomes repulsive. We turn from it with a kind of loathing, largely dashed with contempt.



Even his courage in the last Act—when he is tied to the stake, and, bear-like, must fight the course—is feverish, tetchy, and irritable, more like the waspish petulance of an angry sick woman than the concentrated fury of a strong man driven to despair.

In the presence of this pervading character of MR. IRVING'S conception, all details of odd or ungraceful habits of pose, or movement of body and limbs, all peculiarities and tricks of elocution—the sudden shrillings or sinkings of voice, the guttural slurring of some lines, or the long-drawn dragging out of others,—are hardly worth insisting on. They are only to be noted as mannerisms already fast growing into affectations, which, like the abuses attacked by MR. BURKE'S famous Bill, "have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished."

MISS BATEMAN'S *Lady Macbeth* had many points of high excellence. She, too, has peculiarities of elocution which sometimes detract from the effect she aims at—as in the Sleep-walking Scene, the slow, drop-by-drop utterance of her "Who-would-have-thought-the-old-man-had-so-much-blood-in-him!" But her strong marking of the different moods of the wicked woman, from the intense determination of the First Act to the breaking strength and failing spirit of the Third, was both original in conception, and powerful in execution. But she should distinguish, by a more decided change of voice and manner, her evil brooding over *Macbeth's* letter from her triumphant greeting as she throws herself into his arms; and she should be more careful to assume a serpentine smoothness and lowly courtesy of subject and hostess as she bows before *Duncan*.

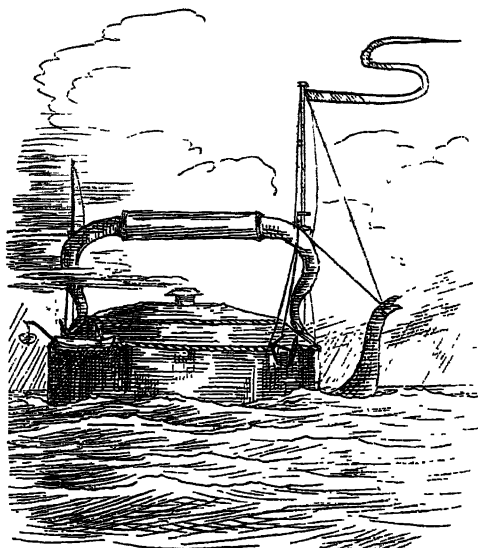
Punch must again protest, as in the case of *Hamlet*, against arbitrary changes of scene running in the teeth of the text.

What is the meaning of bringing *Duncan* and his train in front of *Macbeth's* Castle by moonlight, and setting the Castle at a distance which deprives of all meaning the reference to the martlets' nests under its eaves and cornices? Is it not evident that SHAKESPEARE meant to conjure up in the minds of his audience of the Globe—he had no scene-painters—a close view of the grim, grey Castle front, basking serenely in the pleasant air of summer afternoon, as if in contrast to the dark deeds of blood and horror about to be wrought within it after set of sun.

And if there must be not a "moving grove" only in the last Act, but moving miles of the country between Birnam and Dunsinane, at least the management might give us the comfort of a set-piece to mask the raw, straight edges of the shifting cloths.

Punch must congratulate MRS. BATEMAN on her courage in getting rid of the chorus of witches, even at the cost of MATTHEW LOCKE'S music, and bringing back the weird sisters to the original mystic three—The Fates of *Macbeth*—the Eumenides of modern tragedy.

RAISING THE VANGUARD.



Earls wouldn't; Sunday out.

DEAR P.,

CONCERNING the proposed floating of the *Vanguard*, could not the experiment be tried of attaching to her, at low tide, a number of those gentlemen who are so clever in floating Public Companies? The Blue Book of the Foreign Loans Committee

INCE the Court-Martial has pronounced sentence, *Mr. Punch* has received the following communications on this interesting subject, which are published for what they are worth:—

SIR,

It appears to me that the *Vanguard* might be raised by attaching twenty-five thousand balloons to her hull by means of chain-cables. The only difficulty would be, when and where to drop her.

Yours extraneously,

BALLOONATIC.

recently published will suggest the eminent members of the commercial world whose extraordinary powers of flotation especially qualify them for the task. Even should they fail to float the vessel, and, in the attempt, go under themselves, the loss would hardly be irreparable.

City, Sept. 19.

Yours,

IN CORPORE VIII.

SIR,

I HAVE given intense thought to the problem of raising the hull of the *Vanguard*, and, up to the present time, I have come to the firm conclusion that one of the obstacles to successfully floating it is its great weight; and another may be found in the fact that there is a large hole in the vessel's side.

Hoping my humble efforts may assist any ideas which may have been formed by others on the subject, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours reflectively,

A. NOODLE.

The Owl's Nest, Bedford. Monday.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THAT there are difficulties to be met in raising the *Vanguard* cannot be disputed, but with money and encouragement there are few things impossible to the modern Engineer. Let the Government place £1,000,000 at my entire command, and give me a baronetcy before I commence operations, and I think I may promise that the task of floating the noble ship would appear less formidable than it does at present to

Yours faithfully,

ARCHIMEDES JONES, M.I.C.E.

Anvil Lodge, Hammersmith, Sept. 28, 1875.

MY DEAREST PUNCH,

DON'T laugh at me, if I seem foolish: I was always a giddy thing. Promise you won't make fun of me, and I'll tell you an idea I have of how to make that *Iron* thing—you know, the something "Guard"—I mean how to make her swim again. I'd have a great big Borton's dress to put her in. It must be a large one, of course. Am I very silly?

Yours affectionately,

Shrimpton-cum-Prawnly, Goose Day.

ARABELLA.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE a firm belief that successive shocks, from seaward, produced by a huge battery charged with a sufficient number of Electric Bells, would have the effect of driving the *Vanguard* into shallow water. Hoping you will not think me officious in making this suggestion,

I am, Your galvanic Servant,

Stockton-on-Tees, Friday.

ELECTRICIAN.

SIR,

I HAVE a splendid idea for floating the *Vanguard*, which I mean to keep to myself.

Yours sincerely,

AUT FACE AUT TACE.

P.S.—Might not water-tight doors be called "Sink Ports"?

DEAR OLD BOY,

My recent experiences in endeavouring to raise a hundred pounds convince me that the *Vanguard* must remain where she is. If you can drop me a fiver do.

Yours ever,

IMPECUNIOSUS.

P.S.—I have no present address. Direct—"VANGUARD," G. P. O.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

OF course, long before this, you have come to the same conclusion as myself with respect to raising the *Vanguard*.

You may just as well try to raise the Devil.

Nothing can be done except to censure the *Iron Duke* and give the *Vanguard* what the Court Martial has already given her Captain and principal Officers, ADMIRAL TARLETON and the Captain of the *Iron Duke*, in other words, everybody concerned in her loss—a good "blowing up."

Yours, sternly,

Sept. 30th, 1875.

COMMON SENSE.

Michaelmas Day, 1875.

CORN may be down and Coal may be dull,
And Indigo puzzle the clever;
But COTTON they say, in the City to-day,
Is soon to be higher than ever.

With him in the Chair of London's Lord Mayor,
He who talk after dinner fears,
Of Mansion House fare may partake without scare—
He'll have COTTON in his ears!



AWKWARD.

The Aristocratic Jones (rather ashamed of his loud acquaintance, Brown). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING IN THE WORLD I PARTICULARLY OBJECT TO, IT'S TO HAVING ANYBODY TAKE MY ARM!"
Brown. "ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW!—YOU TAKE MINE!"

A GIANT'S JUBILEE.

(Fiftieth Anniversary of the opening of the first Passenger-Railway, Darlington, Sept. 27, 1825.)

"Now, my lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other modes of conveyance in this country—when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the King and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know that there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered, but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live."—STEPHENSON'S *post-prandial prophecy*.

O, a flourishing brood are our latter-day Titans,
 The children colossal of Iron and Steam;
 Though as black as Old Nox, and as ugly as Sheitans,
 These promising pets of BRITANNIA may seem.
 One strenuous babe, spite of croaking and snarling,
 His Jubilee reaches, still crescent and stout,
 And so they at Darlington drink to their darling,
 Whom STEPHENSON dandled, and HACKWORTH brought out.

He seemed but a rickety bairn to his gossips,
 His shape was uncouth, and his action but slow.
 Would he flourish or fade? 'Twas the merest of toss-ups,
 The quidnuncs opined, fifty autumns ago.
 But his sponsors had faith in their black-visaged bantling,
 And now, though a youth, as these Titans count years,
 He beats ancient Brontes in stature and scantling,
 Briareus in grasp, and in speed has no peers.

Fifty years! Men are grey who first saw him at play;
 His sponsors are dead, his detractors are dumb;
 And he, to the sprawling young gnome of that day,
 Seems as huge *Hurlotrumbo* to *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*!
 Fifty years! and "Owd Neddy," who took him in tow,
 The swart "Puffing Billy" he fostered might fail

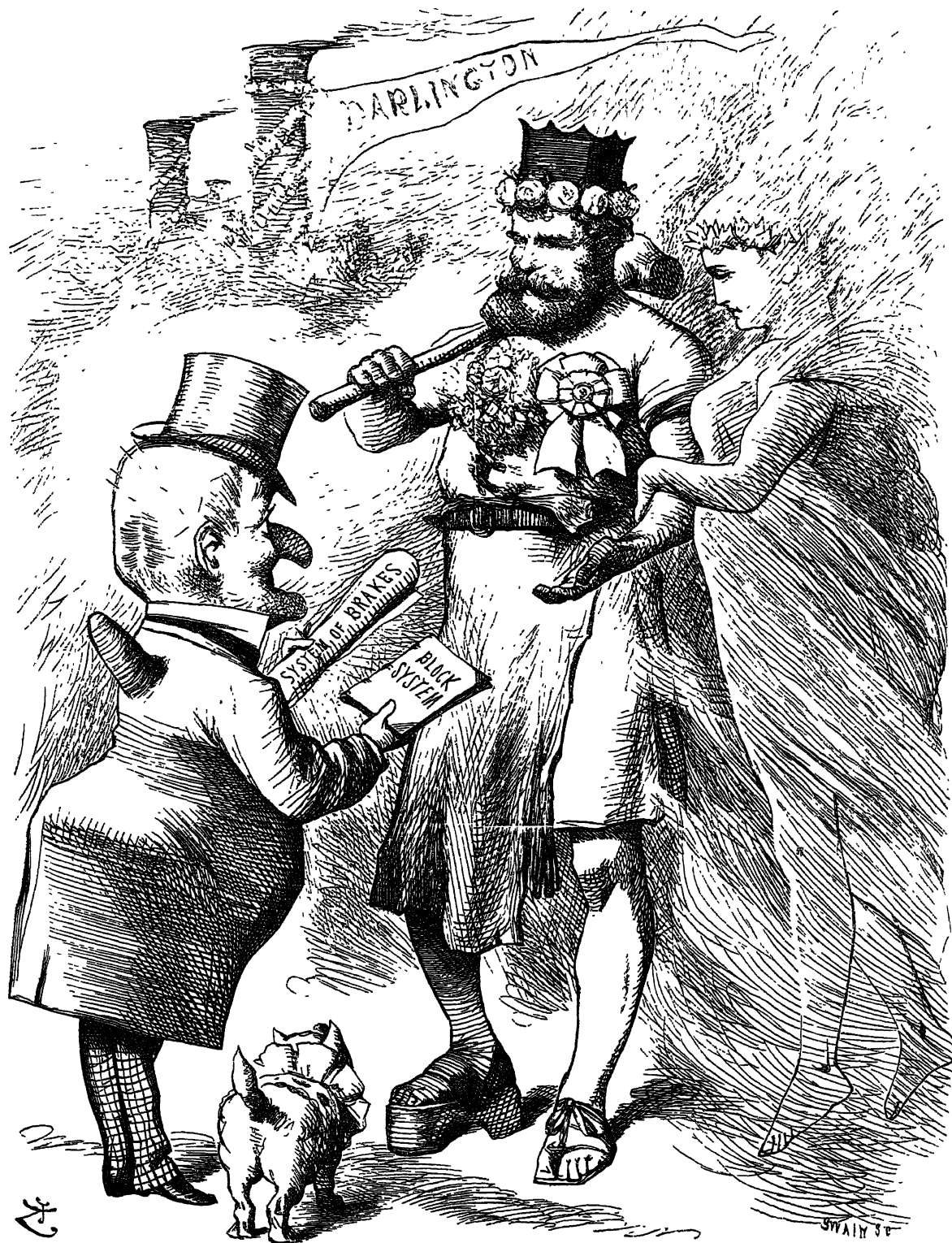
To detect in the iron-thewed Titan we know,
 Our Hercules-Puck, with the thousand-leagued trail!

Our good-natured giant, he's patient and pliant,
 Will fetch and will carry at anyone's hest,
 A glutton at toil, of fatigue he's defiant,
 A sleepless Colossus who never needs rest.
 No henchman so stout for so humble a hire works,
 What wonder men cheer at his Jubilee *fête*!
 And toast him in wine with rhetorical fireworks,
 Our sturdiest, steadiest Servant of State!

Yet giants we know have their weaknesses ever,
 So soft in the *caput*, or weak at the knees,
 And our young Colossus, though potent and clever,
 Plays cantrips at times little likely to please.
 Though our huge Iron-Horse is not vicious or idle,
 Yet to make him run straight, and steer clear of a spill,
 He needs a stout rein, a strong hand on the bridle,
 And *brain*!—the Bonassus!—to guide his good will.

Small blame to the juvenile Titan, but trainers
 Who boast of their favourite's power and pace,
 If they hope of the "National Stakes" to be gainers,
 Must learn that good jockeyship counts in the race.
 This sturdiest servant of civilisation
 May stay to the end if they handle him well;
 But we want fewer "spills" ere a satisfied nation
 Claps hands to this chorus of whistle and bell.

We may drink to the health of our Giant of Fifty—
Punch empties his bumper—yet gladly would find
 His trainers of tall-talk a trifle more thrifty,
 While yet in the race Matter handicaps Mind.
 Brute force is *not* all, nor material progress;
 While soul's at a stand, stoutest sinews are vain,
 And Civilisation an iron-toothed ogress
 Our Titans may toil for, but cannot sustain.

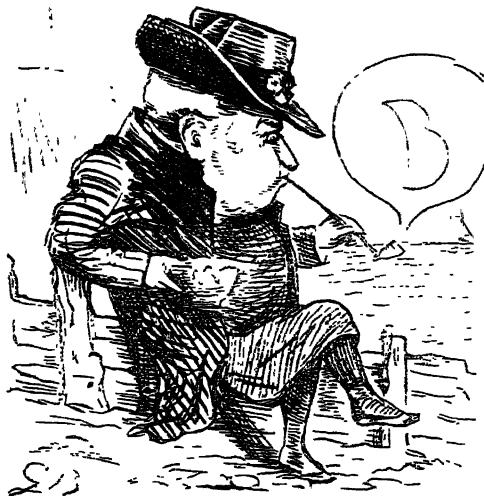


THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

(MR. PUNCH'S present to *Vulcan and Vapour* on the 50th Anniversary of their happy Union.)

MR. P. "LET'S HOPE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, THAT BEFORE THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY YOU'LL HAVE BROUGHT BLOCK AND BRAKE BOTH TO PERFECTION."

AMONG THE FISH.

(Meditations in the Brighton Aquarium.)

to the building at times when the public are not admitted! Watch long enough, and you will see an instructive sight—Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and other great municipal functionaries devouring the Turtle—with their eyes.

Aquariums make us acquainted with strange tankfellows. When the Golden Eel thus unbosomed itself about the Mud Fish to a friend of both parties, it had reason on its side. A compromise has since been effected. So long as the Mud Fish has the privilege of being the companion of the Golden Eel, it is only to be accosted by its scientific name—*Lepidosiren*.

Have Ichthyologists reflected what may be the effect of captivity upon the fish? Do the Crabs become more crabby, and the Chub more chubby? Do the Carp carp at the passing remarks of the tench, and are the Plaice more or less common-place than when they had the range of the Channel? We trust there is no foundation for the report that the Cray-fish occasionally go crazy.

The Company should provide intelligent and well-informed persons, of good manners and address, to guide the pronunciation of visitors. Even the best of men may go astray when he is confronted with the Axolotl for the first time; and we know that Anemones and Zoophytes have been stumbling-blocks to many generations, and are yet far from being household words. But there is no excuse for anyone calling a Gurnard a "Cunard," or making the *g* in "Conger" soft. It would increase the public comfort, if one of the officials were to proclaim in a loud voice the proper pronunciation of Octopus every half-hour during the day.

Do not raise your expectations too high. Be prepared for a little disappointment. The Sea-horses are under fourteen hands. It was hardly fair to the Paradise Fish to give them such a pretentious name. The Telescope Fish are scarcely six feet long, and the Boar Fish, whatever rumours you may have heard to the contrary, show no indications of tusks.

Great sympathy was expressed for the Toper. Not a drop of anything to drink but salt water. Common humanity might surely prompt the management to do something to alleviate such sufferings. One suggestion we will presume to offer. Put Bass in the same tank with Toper, and there will be no more discontent. The Monk Fish might be safely trusted to see that there was no approach to excess.

Smokers should not neglect the Pipe Fish, and an important section of the artisan class will do well to make acquaintance with the Weevers.

We could not learn whether the Skates had been to the Rink. The Herrings and Sprats are together. We waited some time, hoping to see a long standing question satisfactorily settled, but we had to leave without seeing a sprat catch a herring.

Happy Aquarium which shall first exhibit a live Sea Serpent, and happy those who may hold shares in the concern! The only chance for any rival establishment would be to secure a Mermaid.

A NASTY DOSE.—The thing to put London Bridge to-rights (according to the Common Council)—"GREGORY'S Mixture."

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

(A Chapter from Punch's "Pilgrim's Progress.")

PUNCH dreamed a dream.

He was walking in a dreary and desolate country. On either side of the dark-coloured road were stunted, leafless hedges. Every now and again there was a mile-stone, and once or twice he saw a pool of murky and stagnant water. The sky was hidden from sight by heavy lowering clouds, and although he knew that it was mid-day, everything seemed to him to tell of night. The hedges were black, and so were the mile-stones; so, also, were the pools of stagnant water. In the distance he could see tall factory chimneys belching out huge volumes of smoke, and the air was dense with a yellow and loathsome fog.

And as he went his way, he came upon a house—a house which those who saw it might have called a hovel. The glass of the windows was shattered, or replaced by rags or boards; the door was broken, and all but hingeless. The little garden space was full of weeds, and in the weeds lay broken bottles.

Punch was curious. He pushed aside the broken door, and looked in. He saw a miserable room nearly bare of furniture. The table had three legs—one shorter than the others. A couple of tottering chairs, a heap of rags to represent a bed, and the inventory was complete. Seated in this room were a couple of half-naked children, with hollow cheeks and large hungry eyes. As the door was pushed open, these children raised their hands in silence, and Punch felt, as he looked upon them, that they had no strength to cry, even for the bread for want of which they were pining away.

Punch was glad that he was only dreaming. He left the hovel, and walked on. Again the road seemed to be utterly deserted. The factory chimneys were still adding their volumes of smoke to the dense overhanging clouds. He saw no living creature. He murmured to himself, "Where are the men of this strange country? Where are its women?"

His question was answered by a voice from under the smoke-cloud. "The women are over yonder, working," and a dirty finger was pointed at the factories.

"Do you work?"

"O, yes," was the reply. "I am a Fogger. It is I who beats down the wages of the wives. You see, women can't combine like men, and I can get them to take almost anything. Lor bless you, they don't stand out for tommy and beer. They think themselves lucky if they can get anything to feed their half-starving families with! We give them eight shillings, instead of twelve—and quite enough too, for the sort of work they do."

"Is it not good work?"

"Well, it's hard work." And then came a laugh. "Making chain-cables is no joke. But, as to its being good work, well, that must be proved at sea."

"And what are you?"

"Can't yer see—a man!"

And, for a second time, Punch was glad that he was only dreaming.

Punch walked on. He grew nearer and nearer to the smoke, and soon the air resounded with the sounds of heavy blows, soon the walls were red with the glare of fiery furnaces. Punch entered a workshop. What did he see?

Haggard and slatternly women doing unwomanly work. Some were carrying heavy weights on their heads: some were wielding iron hammers,—all were labouring beyond their strength; all were more like African slaves than English maids and matrons. Health, youth, and beauty, maidenliness and mannerliness, had all been sacrificed in the hard struggle for bread.

"And have these poor creatures no fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, to save them from this?"

Again Punch was answered.

"I have a brother, but he was taken years ago from the Tavern to the Hospital."

"I have a husband, but he spends all he earns in gambling and drink."

"I have a lover, and when I get bigger wages he will take me to the church, and then I'll work for him instead of father."

And once more the air resounded with the din of the heavy hammers, and once more the walls were red with the glare of the fiery furnaces.

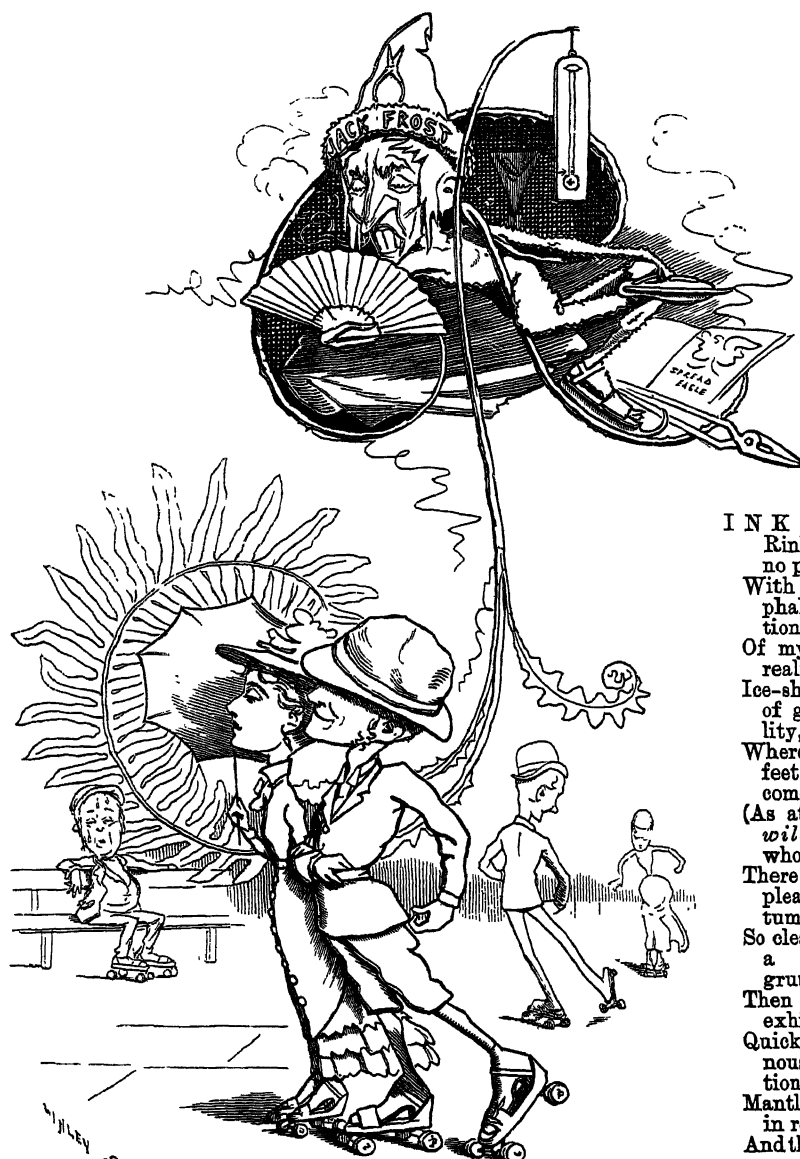
And for the third time Punch was glad he was only dreaming.

So Punch went his way, and now he found himself in a crowd of respectably-dressed people, and the crowd of respectably-dressed people cried to him with one voice—

"Punch, we complained of you, years ago, for painting the Black Country too black. But we were wrong, and you were right!"

And they spoke so loud that Punch awakened from his dream, to find himself seated in his study, his right hand resting on a book with a blue cover, inscribed "Factories Inspectors' Reports" (MR. BREWER on the Iron Manufacturing Districts, S.W.).

A GROWL FROM JACK FROST.



But this Rink, that gives no heeding
To the seasons swift succeeding,
Spring and summer, autumn, winter,
Joints will twist and bones will splinter,
On these go-cart things with wheels,
Skates, forsooth—without the steels.
Skates whose waggly wheel-born motion,
Is to that of skates indeed,
As duck-pond's flow to tide of ocean,
Or donkey's jog to lightning's speed—
Is a parody, at best,
Of motion's poetry contest,

When, through winter vapours hazy,
Beauty, with my breath more bright,
Cuts the ice, in circles mazy,
Winding, whirling, wheeling light;
While man's strength, on skates beside her,
Finds its proudest task to guide her;
And o'er strength and beauty skating,
Jack Frost, at his task of mating,
Hovers happy and hilarious—
Braving Pisces, or Aquarius!
Rinks, indeed! In spite of fashion,
They put Jack Frost in a passion!

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

VANGUARD COURT MARTIAL.

By the Court. CAPTAIN D., why did you slacken speed when you got into a fog?

Captain D. If you please, Sir, I thought—

By the Court. What the devil business had you to think? Up to the mast-head immediately, Sir!

By the Court. CAPTAIN H., why did you not reduce speed when you got into a fog?
Captain H. If you please, Sir, I did not think—

By the Court. What the devil business had you not to think? Up to the mast-head immediately, Sir!

RAVENS ON THE "RAILWAY JUBILEE."

SCENE—A Chimney Corner. SMELFUNGUS and MUNDUNGUS croaking behind pipes.

Smelfungus. What a fuss and parade they have been making up there at Darlington, to celebrate the starting of the first passenger train fifty years ago on their Railway!

Mundungus. Wonder how many railway accidents have happened from then till now?

Smelfungus. A Railway Jubilee! Why Jubilee? What is there to rejoice at in the invention of railways?

Mundungus. After fifty years' experience, less, I should think, than there is in a golden wedding.

Smelfungus. A fast would be fitter than a jubilee for either anniversary.

Mundungus. Railways have brought, on the whole, more mourning than joy.

Smelfungus. Yes. As undertakers and mourning-linendrapers especially may say, "Good for Trade."

Mundungus. Mourning, even sincere, is always much aggravated by mourning bills. But, how many persons have Railways made to mourn in earnest, turned out of house and home?

Smelfungus. By cutting through their parks, and spoiling the beauty of landscapes.

Mundungus. Hush! You'll be called an aristocrat if you talk like that. Say, rather, cutting through their shops, and ruining business, for which no award could possibly compensate.

Smelfungus. So individuals are sacrificed to the community.

Mundungus. As though by cannibals.

Smelfungus. And with what results?

Mundungus. Of course we are told, unbounded Prosperity and Progress.

Smelfungus. Beef at one shilling and sixpence a pound.

Mundungus. Fowls nine shillings a couple. Geese eleven shillings each.

Smelfungus. Oysters three shillings a dozen.

Mundungus. Continually increasing excess of population.

Smelfungus. Competition and struggle for existence in every walk of life daily getting more and more wolfish.

Mundungus. Greater and greater difficulty for young men to get on.

Smelfungus. And young women to get off. What with the expensive habits and dress which have resulted from Railways and prosperity, what young fellow of the middle class not in business, and not doing a roaring trade, dares to marry? In these days, and at this season, nobody, however silly, would venture, even in the newspapers, to propose marrying on two hundred a year.

Mundungus. Well; there, perhaps, is an evil tending to work its own cure. If half the population would only keep single, its rate of over-growth would decline. Meanwhile, the lot of the unmarried is all the better—if they would only think so.

Smelfungus. But they don't. So they



THE SILLY SEASON.

Brown (reads from Newspaper). "STURGEON PICKED UP DEAD ON THE BEACH AT WEYMOUTH—"

Mrs. B. "LOB, BROWN! AND IT AIN'T A MONTH AGO YOU AND ME 'EARD HIM PREACH AT THE TABBYNALE!"

A PLEA AGAINST THE BEE.

A CERTAIN "C. R." has announced in the *Times* the discovery that the Bee, from time immemorial reputed a model insect, the embodiment of virtuous diligence and industry, is, instead of that, a truculent and noxious pest, no better than a wasp, a cockroach, or an earwig. This discovery is news indeed. It is also just now particularly seasonable, as this is the season of fruit, especially of monstrous pippins and gigantic peaches and pears. "C. R." accuses Bees not only of devouring his own wall-fruit and that of other people, but also of having wantonly pitched into and stung himself, and being prone, without provocation, to fly at and sting mankind. His denunciation of Bees has naturally raised a swarm of gainsayers about his ears, and the character of the Bee may, perhaps, be considered to have been satisfactorily vindicated; but, if "C. R.'s" assault upon it could have been sustained, the immortal poem in which it has been extolled by DR. WATTS would have to be re-written. Instead of being represented as an entomological pattern to a moralising infant, the Bee would deserve to be proposed as a study to an idle and vicious boy, abandoned to the indulgence of a swinish appetite, and glorying in it. The verses of DR. WATTS might then be replaced by the following perversion of his panegyric:—

THE BEE.

How doth the gorging greedy Bee,
Destructive little brute,
Hum all day long from tree to tree,
And spoil the choicest fruit!

Behold how deep she scoops a cell,
When peaches she attacks,
In nectarines and pears as well
How big a hole she makes!

Likewise to eat and drink my fill
I should be happy too;
For Nature has disposed me still
But little else to do.

In prog and grub, by turns with play,
Might all my life be past,
Till I, perhaps, should come to weigh
Good fourteen score at last.

However, there is every reason to think that "C. R." has mistaken a sort of blow flies for Bees, and that, having, as he says, been stung by a Bee, he is labouring under melissophobia.

pine—and repine—in unwilling celibacy, while the rich tradespeople and the proletarians go on increasing and multiplying like Colorado beetles, and overrunning the earth with their Cockney abodes.

Mundungus. Impregnating our air with noxious gases and noisome effluvia.

Smelfungus. Turning our rivers into filth.

Mundungus. That is, turning our filth into the rivers.

Smelfungus. And what are we the better for railways? What have we got by them that we had not in the old coaching times?

Mundungus. Facility of locomotion, as the phrase is—quick conveyance from place to place. But then one place is daily getting more and more like another—and all more like suburbs of London.

Smelfungus. Railway receipts grown to £22,000,000 in one year! What have we got to show for it?

Mundungus. About the greatest blessings I see from the railway system, and steam, and commerce, and communication between man and man, are cheap pine-apples, gutta-percha, and india-rubber.

Smelfungus. In the meanwhile an Ironclad costs above half a million, and we have to reconstruct the Navy every two or three years.

Mundungus. Every shot or shell we may have to fire from a monster gun, bang will go from five-and-twenty to fifty pounds.

Smelfungus. Public expenditure and private extravagance, grasping and squandering, increase yearly, at the rate of thousands of millions. And every now and then there is a smash for three or four.

Mundungus. All the fat's in the fire.

Smelfungus. And—with the Iron Horse all over the civilised earth to feed—all the coals. There at least they will be before long. Prosperity is blazing up, but when our coal-fields are exhausted? How then?

Mundungus. Prosperity will have burnt itself out.

Smelfungus. Darlington won't be much inclined to celebrate a centenary Railway Jubilee, I take it.

Mundungus. If the world lasts so long.

Smelfungus. Let us hope it won't.

Mundungus. We shan't, at any rate, old man.

Smelfungus. No; long before that we shall both of us have fallen martyrs to bile and indigestion.

Mundungus. And so have got rid of a world of sorrow, stink, steam, rheumatism, ritualism, roguery, and rhodomontade!

Smelfungus. And a good riddance, too!

(Curtain falls on them croaking severally.)

GRACIOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

Or, *Pour Encourager les Autres*.

It is rumoured that, in consequence of the general satisfaction given by two of their most recent official communications, the Lords of the Admiralty intend sanctioning the invariable use of the following form of letter, to be used in all cases where the recognition of assistance rendered at sea becomes absolutely necessary. The same form to be adopted by the Board of Trade:—

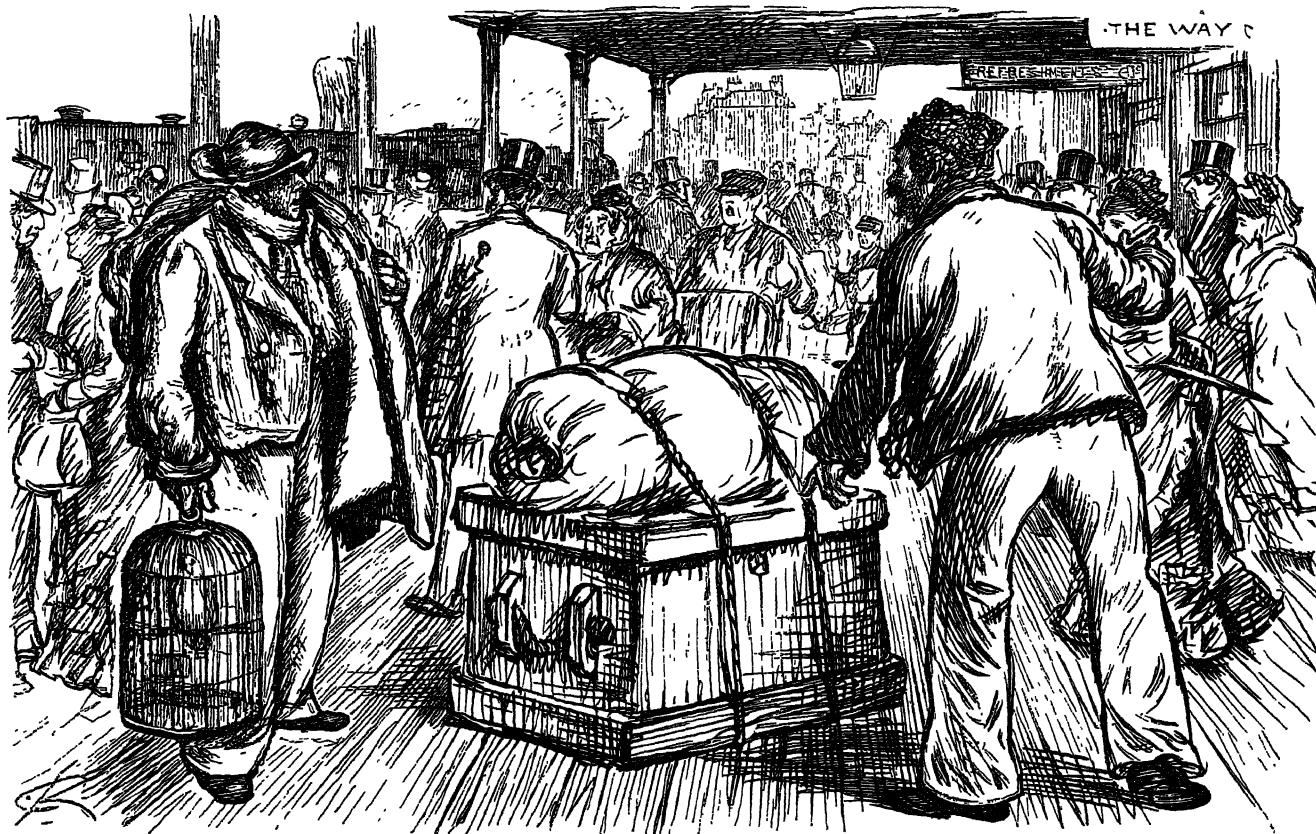
Whitehall, [Date].

SIR,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Admiralty to inform you that, in consequence of your heroic gallantry in saving the crew of the ship —, during a heavy gale, you have made it necessary for their Lordships to take notice of the matter; and, on your enclosing a stamped receipt for Five Pounds, and a letter of thanks, I shall be directed to forward to you, in the course of the next financial year, the above-mentioned sum, together with a concertina, or any other article you may, within the above-mentioned period, select from the Lowther Arcade.

Their Lordships, however, desire me to warn you that, should you at any future time render like services at sea, you must not look for any further recognition of such service.

Your Obedient Servant,

To CAPTAIN —, of the — [SECRETARY FOR TIME BEING].



"THERE BE LAND RATS."

Jack Ashore. "BILL, JUST KEEF A HEYE ON MY JEWEL-CASE 'ERE WHILE I GO AND GET THE TICKETS. THERE'S A LOT O' SHARKS ALWAYS CRUISIN' ABOUT THESE RAILWAY STATIONS, I'VE HEARD!"

FLOURISH FELSTEAD!

Now that the REV. W. S. GRIGNON has been dismissed by the Trustees of Felstead School, a new Head Master will probably be required for that once rising educational establishment. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in preparing an Examination Paper which should be immediately submitted to Candidates for the appointment. A single answer in the affirmative to any of the following simple questions will of course be an ample proof that the competitor does not possess the necessary qualifications for the peculiar position he wishes to occupy.

1. Do you think it advisable that a Head Master should call the attention of Parents and Guardians of his Pupils to the existence of a neglected fever raging in a School over which he has (theoretically) the supreme control?
2. Do you think a Head Master, who properly represents his subordinates, should feel aggrieved if his Assistants are told to go to the Matron to get the cheques for the salaries due to them?
3. Do you think a quarter's notice, given with the scantiest courtesy, an improper or insufficient warning of dismissal, when addressed to a respectable Clergyman, who has spent twenty of the best years of his life as Head Master of a School he has rescued, by his exertions, from debt and obscurity?
4. Do you think that the aged Clerk of the Trustees of a School is an improper person to become the Steward of the School of which his employers are the Trustees—do you, in fact, object to his filling two positions, in which the duty of servant and master are strangely jumbled together?
5. Do you think there should be any appeal to a higher power in the case of the Trustees neglecting to perform the duties they were appointed to perform?
6. And, lastly (most important of all), in the event of your being appointed Head Master of Felstead School, will you expect to be treated with the courtesy and respect generally accorded to a person claiming to be a scholar, a gentleman, and a divine?

NATIONAL MISTAKES.

(By a Dyspeptic Newspaper-Reader.)

It is a mistake to imagine that water-tight compartments can be relied on to keep iron-clads afloat, if they strike on a rock, encounter a ram, or are struck by a torpedo.

It is a mistake to imagine that our Naval Officers understand their business.

It is a mistake to rely upon our Navy as a first line of defence against invaders.

It is a still greater mistake to rely upon our Regular Army as a second.

A greater still to trust to the Militia as a possible third.

And the greatest of all mistakes to regard the Volunteers as anything better than an armed mob.

It is a mistake to imagine that the British Flag is the standard of freedom, and that slaves setting foot upon British ground (including the quarter-decks of Her Majesty's ships) "never, never, never shall be slaves" any more.

It is a mistake to imagine that with the freest and finest Constitution in the world, we are free from the lowest political vices.

It is a mistake to believe that our houses are our castles, so long as we live under the sway of Bumbledom.

In fact, it is the greatest mistake in the world to believe now-a-days that BRITANNIA rules the waves, or that JOHN BULL has the slightest right to turn up his nose at the follies, shortcomings, or vices of his neighbours.

Potato Show, Alexandra Palace.

EXHIBITORS, Committee too,

Around the tables moved with air profound,
Wearing the looks of men who knew
The Eyes of England on them, and around!



UP AND DOWN STAIRS.

Young Mistress (at the Parlour-Door). "ELIZA, WHAT IS THAT BELL RINGING FOR SO VIOLENTLY?"

Cook (below). "IT'S ON'Y MR. MUM. I WANT YOU DOWN IN THE KITCHING A MINUTE!!"

A SPEECH TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

An exceptional "introductory lecture" was delivered on the first instant, in the Medical School of the Westminster Hospital, by MR. RICHARD DAVY. In marked contrast with discourses reported the next day, and filling much space, it must have greatly disappointed many respectable persons who love to read, or sit and listen to, a succession of moral and scientific platitudes. MR. DAVY—according to a summary of his address—began by saying candidly that:—

"He disapproved *in toto* of introductory addresses, but, at the request of the Medical Council, conformed to custom. Both students and teachers preferred a day's pheasant shooting to hearing or giving an 'introductory.' As a surgeon, he should cut down his sermon from an hour to fifteen minutes, and his successor might still further reduce the volume of these fruitless harangues."

MR. DAVY wronged himself in calling his lecture a "sermon." It could have had no effect in common with morphia or mesmerism. Still, in point of brevity, it was a model which preachers might study.

Having touched on the subject of medico-chirurgical reform, the Lecturer next, in a few strokes, gave his audience a sketch of their professional prospects. He told them what honours and payment they might hope to obtain by the practice of their noble calling. Thus did he set forth the generosity with which an appreciative Government, and a grateful Public, are accustomed to requite the services of medical men:—

"Their salaries were simply miserable; hospital physicians and surgeons were, for the most part, unpaid. Poor Law Officers most piteously; surgeons in the services very badly, and young practitioners not at all. For seven years' hard work in the Marylebone Dispensary he had received one guinea, and a very distinguished London assistant physician had found that his salary equalled that of the man who put the skid on the omnibus wheels at Holborn Hill."

Who, then, would enter the medical profession but a wealthy

OTTOMAN OUTLAY.

So the Turkish Government is obliged to come to a composition with its creditors, whom it proposes to pay, for the next five years, half in cash and half in paper! This is the result of gross extravagance, especially in two principal branches of lavish expenditure—money squandered to satisfy the demands of the Harem, and to pay for the Fleet. Both the ships and the ladies are more ornamental than useful. It is difficult to say which the SULTAN has found the more costly—his Ironclads or his Silkenclads. This cool act of repudiation will tend to swell the ranks of the rising against Turkey, by adding to the other rayahs in revolt all the British creditors of the Porte, who will now be just as bitterly bent on getting rid of their Turkish bonds.

Vindication of Wales.

IN the course of his discourse on Crime before the Social Science Congress at Brighton, LORD ABERDARE mentioned that the crime of Wales, in proportion to the population, is but half that of England. This statement may help to remove from some minds a prejudice they have been imbued with in the nursery, that—

"TAFFY was a Welshman, TAFFY was a thief."

This slanderous nursery-rhyme should be cancelled, or re-written, now that LORD ABERDARE has vindicated his countrymen from the aspersion it implies. He has demonstrated, by figures, that TAFFY is not half such a thief as JOHN BULL.

Ward Hunt to his Friend Punch.

WE haven't hauled down the British Flag
(See one of your recent productions),
But we've chosen the other alternative—
We've hauled down our Mis-instructions.

A STRONG CASE FOR PLIMSOLL.

IF the report of BISHOP CLAUGHTON'S conduct in the dismissal of the Head Master of Felstead Grammar School be correct, his Lordship is clearly un-seeworthy.

philanthropist? Of course not anybody except a poor fool. Perhaps this consideration may, in a measure, account for the shortcomings of medical science, as well as for the general quality of the introductory lectures delivered on the First of October. Possibly, in some cases, for that of the whole course.

MR. DAVY warmly supported a prophylactic Act of Parliament denounced by sentimentalists. Moreover—

"He was pained at the nonsense which had been let off over vivisection. Practical experiments were as important to medical men as to the Royal Artillery at Dartmoor."

In conclusion—

"He advised every one to resign at once any and every thought of becoming a medical man unless he possessed three qualifications:—First, independence; second, an aptitude and love for the profession; third, the readiness to pay a heavy premium in this world for his prospects of reward in the next."

It may be hoped that MR. DAVY'S introductory lecture will, in any sense a "sermon," at any rate not prove a "fruitless harangue." The "lastly" of this "sermon" is commended to the attention of all young men who dream of living by the practice of the medical profession.

Longevity at Felstead.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE in the *Guardian* that the Felstead Rump have advertised for a new Head-Master. They promise him £200 a-year, and "five pounds capitation fee for every boy beyond 25 and up to 75, two pounds for every boy beyond 75 and up to 150, and one pound for every boy beyond 150." Will you please to let me know, per return, whether these are the common ages of boys in Essex, and if the longevity of that county extends to girls? If so, I shall migrate thither.

Yours truly,

AN OLD MAID.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 16, 1875.



BILLINGSGATE À LA FRANÇAISE.

MISS MIGNONNETTE MILLEFLEURS HAS MASTERED THE GRAMMATICAL DIFFICULTIES OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, AND IS ANXIOUS TO FAMILIARISE HERSELF WITH ITS IDIOMS. DURING A SHORT SOJOURN ON THE FRENCH COAST, SHE ADOPTS THE PLAN OF MARKETING FOR HERSELF AND HER FAMILY, AND ACQUIRES THEREBY AN IDIOMATIC FLUENCY THAT IS QUITE APPALLING.



HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

Mr. Muckleston (after missing his Bird for the twentieth time). "I SAY, GASKINS, I DO BELIEVE THE BIRDS ARE FRIGHTENED AT ME!"
Old Keeper (blatantly). "THEY DIDN'T OUGHT TO BE, SIR!"

PLAIN WORDS WITH A PROPHET.

Concerning certain predictions from the Pulpit of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.

"It is my duty to show that the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England is not only a grace to the Catholics of this land, but a benediction upon England itself. . . . The mind of England is infinitely nearer to Catholic truth than it was twenty-five years ago. . . . Englishmen know the Catholic Church better than they did.

"If England ever come again into conflict with the Catholic Church, though I am no prophet, I will foretell the result . . . it will lose the last fragment of its Christian inheritance. But I do not believe it will."

CARDINAL MANNING at Kensington.

Most reverend Cardinal! mellifluous MANNING,
A vastly pretty programme you are planning!
But though the project has your *imprimatur*,
Punch dares to traverse it with his *negatur*!
Your benediction's bold, but, as you state it
(You're quite correct!), we *don't* appreciate it.
We've snapt the golden link? Most true. The fetter,
Though gilded, galled us. Freedom suits us better.
That English common-sense you laud so sweetly
Runs counter to your Eminence completely.
Dreading free play of individuality
Far less than Rome's infallible finality.

"Do we not know the Catholic Church?" Well, slightly—
And, but that *Punch* desires to speak politely,
(While fires—*pro tem*.—are out and pikes are rusted,)
He'd hint that Church is "better known than trusted."
For we have memories: and, when holy touters—
Dupes to decoy and silence stubborn doubters,
With that fine mingling of the bland and bounceable,
Which irritable listeners wish were trounceable—
Paint her an unambitious, loving Mother,
Why, then, your Eminence, 'tis hard to smother

Irreverent laughter, for the sketch is risible.
Your Church has long been audible and visible,
And if we do *not* know her voice and features,
We English must be very purblind creatures.
"Great, solid, calm," you call us. Flattering, very;
But then your application makes us merry.
You kindly show us—thanks for the civility!—
Our greatness measured by our—gullibility.
Unarmed, submissive, poor, without ambition—
'Tis so you paint the Church's meek condition
Within our borders, most persuasive *Pictor*!
But give the Ultramontane Boa-Constrictor
The power, and tightening of the coils *might* follow;
And then—we know the Creature's power of swallow!
Nay, nay, your Eminence, there are no terrors
For us in any Syllabus of Errors,
Pea-bladder which the POPE may shake at pleasure
Against the very things we trust and treasure;
But Mother Church's milder voice of suasion,
Which she so deftly uses on occasion,
Will hardly coax our Common-Sense to closing
With her bland offer. No! JOHN may seem dozing,
But if, with his experience, he hark back again,
And, lamb-like, tread the well-known Romeward track again,
Lured on by wandering prophets of things pleasant,
Like—shall we say your Eminence?—at present!
Punch, his pet spokesman now, will yield his function,
And, though he'd mark with pity and compunction
The double-dupe's decline—a sorry sight, JOHN!—
Could scarce resist the verdict, "Serve you right, JOHN!"

"BACK AGAIN" AT THE ADMIRALTY.

SUSPENSION of the Slavery-Circular is all very well, as far as it goes. The next step will, of course, be suspension of the blundering official who framed it.

THE NEXT NAVAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XLV.—“*The Lively Polly*.”

THE *Vulcan* was ploughing the sea bravely. In spite of the immense thickness of her iron sides, she was moving at a speed of at least two knots an hour. It is scarcely necessary to explain to the nautical reader that she could have attained even a greater rate of speed, had not the Lords of the Admiralty issued their celebrated instructions regulating the consumption of coal.

“And so, Mr. SIMPLE SIMON,” said our First Lieutenant (a Fellow of Trinity, by the way), “our Junior Midshipman will join us at Portsmouth from Cambridge.”

“Yes, Sir,” I replied. “MR. MUTTONHEAD has done well. You will have noticed, from reading the newspapers, that he joins us as Senior Wrangler.”

“Yes, yes, very fair,” commented my superior officer. “Still, I must confess that I should have been greatly disappointed had he not joined us as First of his year.”

“I suppose, Sir, he will resume his ordinary duties when he reports himself?”

“Quite so. He will personally superintend the weighing out of the rations, and will occasionally (in his official capacity) test the quality of the grog.”

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by a cry from the sailor on the look-out. The Second Lieutenant hurried on to the quarter-deck, and, after the customary salute, addressed himself to his senior.

“Sir,” said he, “it is my duty to inform you that black care often sits at the back of the helmsman, and that, therefore, *post equitem sedet atra cura* may have a wider meaning than the glorious old Roman was inclined to give to it.”

“Always classical, SOBERSIDES,” remarked the First Lieutenant, with a smile; “but I hope you bring no bad news. Remember *garrula lingua nocet*!”

“Well said!” exclaimed SOBERSIDES (who, I must admit, was something of a sycophant). “But I wish merely to report to you that the look-out, through his telescope, has made out a boat in the offing. She appears to be steering for us. How shall we get out of her way?”

“How far off is she?”

“Some five-and-twenty miles.”

“We may yet have time to save ourselves!” exclaimed the First Lieutenant, gallantly. “MR. SIMPLE SIMON, will you be good enough to get the Book of Signals.”

Of course, I complied with the request; and for the next three hours the First Lieutenant, SOBERSIDES, and myself were engaged in perusing the mysterious volume.

In the meanwhile, the boat discovered by the look-out continued on her reckless course. She seemed to be a deserted pleasure yacht, of about two tons, and, from the fact that she carried the name of *Lively Polly* painted in white letters on her bows, I took it that she hailed from the Port of Margate.

By degrees, she came nearer and nearer, until she was within half-a-mile of us. Then there was a cry of astonishment from the lips of the younger of our crew. She was carrying a sail—an article of nautical perambulation scarcely known to the rising generation.

“*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*,” I heard one of our Second Class boys observe to a companion.

“*Turris*!” replied the other, suiting the action to the word.

“Really, MR. SIMPLE SIMON,” said our First Lieutenant, “I do not like to disturb the Captain in the midst of his experiments, but I think I must trouble you to request his presence on deck.”

“Aye, aye, Sir,” I replied, and I descended below, and knocked at the door of the laboratory of my Commanding Officer.

CHAPTER XLVI.—*The Captain of the “Vulcan.”*

“Come in!” And I entered.

The Captain of the *Vulcan* was a thin, intellectual-looking student. He wore long hair, and his eyes were shielded from the glare of a small fire (in which several crucibles were glowing) by a pair of azure-coloured spectacles. His laboratory, or (to use the nautical term “cabin”) was furnished with a library of dusty volumes, a stuffed alligator, and a few skeletons. He was standing near a camera, and held in his hand a penny whistle.

“This interruption is very *mal à propos*,” he exclaimed as I entered.

“What is the matter, MR. SIMPLE SIMON?”

“We are in danger of a collision, Sir,” I replied, respectfully.

“We are always in danger of a collision,” he murmured, petulantly. “Really, I must leave the matter in the hands of the First Lieutenant. I have every confidence in him.”

I bowed, and was about to leave the apartment, when an irresistible impulse seized me to put a question to my Commanding Officer.

“Your pardon, Sir,” I said with some hesitation, “but the experiment upon which you are engaged seems to interest you deeply. Is it indiscreet to ask you what you are doing?”

“Not at all!” he cried, with the enthusiasm of an inventor. “I am attempting, with the aid of photography, to fix and depict a ray of sound.” And he blew the penny whistle, and concealed his head in the curtains of the camera.

On my return to the deck, I found that the *Lively Polly* was within a few yards of the *Vulcan*. We consulted the Signal-Book for the last time, and prepared to meet our fate like Officers, Gentlemen, and Scholars.

The crew of the *Vulcan* stood still, and closed their eyes, and then came a shock. The *Lively Polly*’s bowsprit had made a hole in the side of the *Vulcan*, and all was lost!

At this moment the Captain appeared. He was calm and resolute. He spoke to the First Lieutenant—

“What is the size of the leak?”

“Two inches by three, Sir.”

“At what rate is the water coming in?”

“About a pint an hour, Sir.”

“Then get to the boats, and save yourselves!”

Within five hours of the collision, every man belonging to the *Vulcan* had left that hapless ship to her melancholy fate. And such is life on the waves!

CHAPTER XLVII.—*The Last of the “Vulcan.”*

It was many years after the events related in the last Chapter that I (now SIR PETER SIMPLE SIMON) was coasting in a steam-launch off the Isle of Thanet. On board were my eldest son, his wife, and their youngest daughter, a charming little maiden of nineteen. My grandchild, who was called WOLFHILDA (a family name), was standing near me, looking through a pair of opera-glasses at some object seen dimly in the distance.

“O, Grandpa!” she cried, with a little joyous laugh, “do let us see what it is! I am so curious!”

Willing to please her, I smilingly put the helm hard-a-port, and we soon neared the subject of our conversation. It turned out to be a very old ironclad, covered with sea-weed. In the starboard side was a hole, which had evidently grown larger, in the course of years, from rust and the action of the waves.

“O look, Grandpa!” cried WOLFHILDA, pointing to the stern of the vessel. “See, the name is written up!”

I put on my spectacles, and then leisurely looked at the boards at which my descendant was pointing. Then I uttered a cry of surprise.

It was the *Vulcan* that we had deserted five-and-forty years before; and as we gazed upon the wreck, the brave old ship at last began to sink.

Two months afterwards, the spot once occupied by the *Vulcan* was occupied no longer!

Clerical Conference Question.

IN the course of a discussion, at the Oxford Diocesan Conference, on the subject of Church Patronage, the BISHOP OF OXFORD made a remark which may have raised a question:—

“As to the appointment of Clergymen for terms of years, it must be remembered that Governors of Colonies and others had retiring pensions, and a Clergyman without an incumbency would be in a cold place as far as this world’s advantages were concerned.”

But, it may have been whispered among the Bishop’s diocesans, is not a cold place in this world preferable to a warm berth in the other?

A King in a Fix.

WHAT ALFONSO, knave and cad-rid,
Can do, is a mystery hidden;
When his capital is Mad-rid,
And the race he rules mad-ridden.

"CAB, SIR?"



CONSIDERING that we have had a show of Cabs, Cab-horses, and Cabmen, it seems to be only just to the employed that we should have an exhibition of the employers. Should the scheme come to anything, *Mr. Punch* will expect to hear that the Cabmen of London have agreed upon the following list of prizes.

First Prize.—Lieutenant and Captain the Hon. BERTIE DANGLE (Life Guards, green). Is in the habit of paying cabs at the rate of two shillings a mile. Has a very small bump of locality. Considers the distance between the Guards Club, Pall Mall, and the Bank of England, Thread-needle Street, to be seven and a half miles. Forgets to dismiss his cabs, and pays willingly and handsomely for keeping the vehicles waiting.

Second Prize.—MR. WALTER CECILUS THOMPSON. Connected with the City Money Market and South Belgravia. Although he is a keen man of business, he pays his cabmen half-a-crown a mile, because he wishes them to consider him a votary of fashion and the "West End." When addressed as "My Lord," adds an extra shilling to the fare.

Third Prize.—MAJOR ALF. PAY. Recognises a good horse when he sees one before him. Pays only a shilling more than the legal fare, but gives his cabman a cigar before parting. Never bullies the driver when there is a mistake in the turning.

Fourth Prize.—MISS LILY HEARTSEASE. Pays nothing, but makes her Mamma give an extra shilling when the weather is showery. Says "Thank you!" when the door is closed for her.

Fifth Prize.—MR. JEREMIAH GRUMBLETON. Growls on entering the cab, and pokes his umbrella through the trap-door when anything displeases him on the way, but who always pays double fare at the journey's end.

Sixth Prize.—MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. Know the fares, know the distances, and know that cabmen have to live, and very often, moreover, have to support wives and children, and, knowing all this, are not too hard upon poor fellows who are out all hours of the day and night in all sorts of weather.

Grand Extra Prize.—For saying a good word for the Cabmen (who, mind you, are not an ungrateful set!), *Mr. Punch*.

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to say that he will accept, in lieu of a prize, future good conduct and civility.

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.

A Poem of Modern Progress, disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Black Country Niderings, ironically called British Workmen!

"The women are said to take the place of fathers as well as of husbands, while the men are idle and drunken. . . . At Bromsgrove I heard also of the growing custom of idle, lazy young lads looking out for skilled industrious wives, in order to obtain an easy life."—MR. BRAWER on the Black Country.

BRAVE Britons of Bromsgrove! You've hit on a plan
Which redounds to the praise of the creature called Man!
The term sounds archaic. It once, so 'tis said,
Stood for one who'd a fancy for winning his bread
Before he devoured it, and held it foul scorn
To sponge on the sex which to motherhood's born.
You have altered all that, and the heads of your houses,
Brave lads, are your stout Amazonian spouses.
You loaf, "train your whiffets," and guzzle and gorge,
While they sweat at the anvil and puddle and forge.
Ingenious scheme! Let us hope it may solve
Some of those puzzling problems which sages revolve.
Want work for our women? Absurd! while they're able
To hammer a spike or weld links for a cable.
These swarthy she-Vulcans set fancy agog.
The old rule marital of knuckle and clog,

One would think, should be waning, since women must work
At the toil their protectors are eager to shirk.
Brute-force in its bondage too long must have held her,
This "Oliver"-wielder and chain-cable welder,
Once known as Weak Woman! 'Tis pleasant to think
That the sex in the stichy can swelter and swink,
Whilst husbands and fathers,—these titles are nominal,—
Reserving their vigour for duties abdominal,
Grow fat on her toil, and their idleness cheer
With such light recreations as skittles and beer.
"Our Amazons?" Nay, 'tis not quite one's idea
Of a latter-day version of Penthesilea.
Those virile viragoes of old played the man,
As masters, not serfs; but the Black Country plan,
A happy contrivance, as cunning as brave,
Unsexes the Woman, but keeps her a slave;
Shifts at last to her shoulders Man's share of the Curse,
Yet leaves him sole lord of her person and purse.
The British Workwoman! Up, pencil, and ply,
And bid her appear to the general eye!
No LELY or LAWRENCE is wanted to limn
That Daughter of Drudgery, grimy and grim.
A sight to raise dandified Chivalry's gorge,
For her skin is not sleek, and the reek of the forge
Hides, not the cheek-roses the bardling be-sings,
But the pallor which ill-tended motherhood brings.
Yes, paint her, true limner, in hues of eclipse,
Toil's grime on her forehead, shame's seal on her lips,
Our Nymph of the Hammer, hard-worked and ill-paid,
The scapegoat of sloth, and the victim of Trade!
Paint her so, and present her, the tribute of truth,
To the chivalrous souls of our stout British youth,
In the Black Country hives who the parasite play
Upon creatures, though loathly, less wormlike than they,
And contrive to lead easy and jovial lives
On the toil of their mothers, and sweethearts, and wives!

Hurrah! These magnanimous males may well cheer
For material progress, *plus* "tommy" and beer!
If the poor Woman's part in our grand Iron Age
Be the heaviest toil and the scantiest wage,
Give they not sweet assurance of family joys,
These she-smiths and their partners, the Black Country boys?
Where men drink, drowse, and dawdle, reserving their force
For that physical discipline, needful, of course,
When the bread-winner's restive. A chain-welding slave,
To coward marital and mercantile knave!—
Say, is there a creature more hopefully human,
Than this pride of our Progress, our Black Country woman?

ANOTHER GLORY GOING!

As if it were not enough that Temple Bar should have given way, another of the most venerable institutions of the City of London has come to such grief as will necessitate its abolition, or at any rate its disuse. Witness the subjoined paragraph of melancholy news touching Aldgate Pump:—

"ALDGA TE PUMP WATER.—The *Sanitary Record* says it has had a sample of water from the Aldgate Pump analysed by MR. J. A. WANKLYN, whose report shows that the water contains of solids 8; chlorine 11.1; ammonia, free, 0.01; albuminoid 0.76. It is, therefore, positively impure, contaminated, and dangerous water."

Even if not absolutely removed from the site which it has occupied almost from time immemorial, Aldgate Pump will remain where it now stands only as it were a defunct carcase and a doleful monument. From the dignity of a hydraulic engine it will have sunk into the abasement of a supernumerary post. Aldgate Pump, if permitted still to exist at all, will drag on a miserable existence, divorced, so to speak, from the vitality it possessed as a fountain of living water, which, however, it perhaps really ceased to be, when the spring whence the neighbourhood derives water to drink coming to contain, among other matters, "albuminoid" enough almost to make that water "thick and slab," became converted into a truly dead well. Alas, poor old Aldgate Pump!

A Safe Speculation.

"The *Investors' Guardian* publishes the following list of Companies, which were registered during the week. . . . VIRTUE & Co., &c., &c., &c."

Do you wish to be happy, lighthearted, and brisk,
With nothing to harass or hurt you?
Do you want an investment without any risk?
What can you have better than Virtue?



THE ORNAMENTAL v. THE USEFUL.

Servant. "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE!"

Lady. "O, NO! I WANT A HOUSEMAID."

Servant. "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO MAKE THE BEDS?"

Lady (surprised, but composedly). "CERTAINLY NOT!"

Servant (thinking the place will suit). "AND I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT BE EXPECTED TO ANSWER THE DOOR?"

Lady. "OF COURSE NOT! THE FACT IS, I WANT A SERVANT TO LOOK AT, AND I DON'T THINK YOU WILL DO!"

CARDINAL POINTS OF FACT.

IF sometimes there is wisdom in the wig, how much always rather in the Hat—the scarlet hat, the gift of an infallibly wise donor? Although it is just possible that a Cardinal may err, who can point out any mistake in the eloquent discourse delivered by CARDINAL MANNING on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that benefaction to England by heretics misnamed Papal Aggression? Mark, for instance, the extraordinary accuracy of the statement that:—

"The English Church, which remains established by law and endowed with property, is so divided and subdivided by the internal conflicts of religious belief, that but the other day it was necessary to invoke an Act of Parliament to determine their conflicts—nay more, to settle how Almighty God is to be worshipped."

Now that we are told by CARDINAL MANNING, we see the full scope of the Public Worship Act. Its framers no doubt thought they had merely devised a statute to compel the observance of the law which had long ago settled what public worship was to be, but was only not strong enough to prevent the Ritualists from mimicking Roman Catholic ritual. But the Legislature may learn from CARDINAL MANNING that they meant not only to settle much more than that in respect of worship, but also to determine conflicts of religious belief—as though Parliament had pretended to be a synod. Who dares to think that he knows better than what CARDINAL MANNING says? Of course the Cardinal doesn't know better himself.

Here also is wisdom, in part perhaps prophetic, though our MANNING disclaims the pretensions of our CUMMING:—

"He did not pretend to be a prophet, but he ventured to foretell that if ever England again clashed with the revelation of Divine Truth, she would lose the last fragment of her Christian inheritance. But he did not think England would, for Englishmen now knew that the Catholic Church had nothing to do with politics, or with the Crown, except to obey it like good subjects."

As long as the Ultramontanes, or as CARDINAL MANNING calls them, the Catholic Church, do that, there is small chance that England will ever clash with what he also calls the revelation of Divine truth. Nor is there any fear that English Ultramontanes, any more than Irish, will meddle with politics, or will do otherwise than obey the Crown like good subjects, as long as the law allows them the liberty they now enjoy, or any further liberty they may claim. How loyally doubtless the Bishops would all behave in Germany, if BISMARCK and his King would only desist from enforcing education laws, which, being calculated to make the children of German Catholics not only Catholics but Germans too, are therefore opposed to Papal policy!

Good Works.

"The Commissioners of Works intend to distribute, this autumn, among the working classes and poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in the Metropolitan parks."

Your bedding-out plants you may offer the poor,
Now Autumn her leafage is shedding;
But Winter will teach you they want something more,
And then you can offer them—bedding.

A Rare Opening.

TALK of Women wanting work! Here's a chance—from the advertising columns of the *Daily Telegraph*—for an accomplished and industrious young Lady:—

WANTED, a DAILY GOVERNESS. Hours ten to six. For three Children, aged eight, ten, and eleven. Requirements, English, French, Music, and Needlework (and perhaps Drawing). Salary to commence at seven shillings per week.



“BON VOYAGE!”

“GOOD BYE, MY DEAR BOY! AND MIND YOU GIVE MY LOVE TO INDIA.”

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

The Confession of a Voluntary Trappist.

AYING what is not true, I know, is a sin, or at least as a baby I was taught to think so; but I find it difficult to believe it, since making the charming acquaintance of so many ribbons of Diplomacy, stars of the two Houses, and lesser lights of the Legal and Medical professions, who assure me by their daily practice of the contrary; so that I suppose it is only some latent souvenir of a Puritanical code of morality which makes me shudder as I sit in the back dining-room in Stucco Square, when I hear that worthy but dilapidated Mrs.

SHRUB, with the chronic snuffle which peppermint and prevarication engenders, answer the knock at the front door with a responsive—

"Hout of Town, Sir. The fam'ly is at presink on the Riggy, and don't return afore the hend of October."

The "fam'ly" being myself and my two daughters.

When a widow in Society,—the best Society (well, not Marlborough House, you know, and Carlton Gardens, but next door)—is expected to be everywhere during the Season, from pigeon massacres at Hurlingham to Son-slaughter on the Rink at PRINCE'S, it is difficult on limited means to bring both ends to that affinity which a plump banking account renders so easy: so when Society goes out of Town we must go out of Town too.

Accordingly, we go out of town, that is, we close the shutters, send away our servants (who are engaged by the month, and, most unaccountably, are found fault with just four weeks before the Ministerial whitebait dinner), carefully dress all the furniture in Tussore polonaises, call in the invaluable Mrs. SHRUB, and retire with our *Murrays* and *Baedeckers* to the back dining-room, where ETHEL and WINIFRED study the route we have chosen for our trip, and study it till I am satisfied they can both pass a thorough examination in it when we go down to my brother-in-law's in November.

I had seriously thought of covering the small area of leads which forms our landscape with cotton-wool or salt, which, with an old Christmas-tree and a couple of alpenstocks, might have added to the illusion: but as strict economy is the order of our vacation tour, I have thought better of it, and simply put the refrigerator there, which suggests ice, you know, though there is never any in it.

ETHEL practises the zither (the lessons are cheaper than a first-rate pianofortist), and WINIFRED has set up the tails of a brace of black game, as a souvenir of the Tyrol, where we think of spending a week as soon as the Righi has been sufficiently explored in the pages of *Baedecker* and *Murray*.

My French and German, both learnt at Highgate some years ago, are, happily, sufficiently polished to admit of teaching my dear girls the necessary phrases which waiters and guides consider indispensable; so that I feel sure that no tourist, and few foreigners, will ever know that we have never left the back dining-room of 44, Stucco Square, South Kensington.

"I wonder who it was that called!" Mrs. SHRUB says. "The gent wouldn't leave his name. But he come on foot, and 'is ginral appearance warn't by no means aristocratic."

There are always a few men in town rushing through on their way from Cowes to the Continent, or from the Grampians to Germany, which makes it awkward sometimes, for my dear girls can never take exercise until the evening.

After all, the parks are lovely when no one is in town, and I send them sometimes down to Battersea, where they are sure to meet no one of their acquaintance, and where they can get up some of the plants MURRAY will speak of so continually.

Lucky thought, to ask for GOUFFÉ's *Cookery* at MUDDÉ's. A cutlet, or chop is the most we indulge in; but it becomes quite

exciting to know what dish we shall have for lunch, as I never allow my girls to mention the word chop, or cutlet without an addition, or an alteration.

Chaudfroid à la Maréchale means cold cutlets. *Epigrammes à la Montmorency*, does not sound like chop and potatoes, but it gives an additional zest to our somewhat monotonous meal, and, as we sometimes vary the entertainment by the substitution of mutton-broth, it does not jar on our nerves when one hears it, in the dear girls' voices, dished up as *Potage à la Reine Pomaré*, or *Purée de Gibier aux Quenelles Impériales*.

The only luxury I allow ourselves is a cup of coffee. This we take sitting on the leads outside, with the refrigerator as a table. We make believe it's a *café*, and ETHEL pretends to be waiter, and calls out "*Parillon à gauche-Bôdm*"—as to the manner born. We have no neighbours but the cats—all the others being really absent either in Switzerland, or Shepherd's Bush, at the Hague, or, perhaps, only at Littlehampton.

The blacks are unpleasant, it is true, but we try to think they are snow-flakes, and we wrap ourselves in our rugs and chorus the *Ranz des Vaches*, certain that we shall be able to describe our autumn tour as well as any of our friends we may meet this winter.

MYNHEER VAN DUNK.

(A new Version.—Ad usum Sir Wilfrid Lawson.)

MYNHEER VAN DUNK,
That he might not get drunk,
Drank milk and Thames water gaily,
After ridding the first
Of what it had worst,
By a LIPSCOMBE'S filter daily.
Singing, O, that our London milk might be
As pure as it is in Alderney!
Milk mixed with water, as one to four,
No Londoner thinks of scorning;
But of milk unwatered he sees no more
Than the cow supplies,
Milked under his eyes,
In the Park on a summer's morning.
And his milk, like his water, should filtered be,
And drunk, even then, most cautiously.

SHORN OF THE SHOULDER-KNOT!

MR. PUNCH.

SIR. Grate constunation have been occasun'd in fashionable Alls by the startlin enounment in the *Army and Navy Gazette* that "the uniform of deputy lieutenants has been subjected to a reform which may be described as radical, seeing that the swallow-tails have been developed into tunic-skirts, the lovely epaulettes abolished, and the sash changed into a sword-belt." Wel may this inavation unda the nam of Refaum be call'd Raddicle. Honly that ain't a bad enuf wurd. Revolucionary I calls it, and if heppalets is abolisht in HER MAJESTY'S Sarvis, wot next? Wy verry soon the Uniforms of gentlemen in Domestic Employment will be stripped of the same deckerations. This is a prospect witch hevery gentleman, and gentleman's gentleman of true consawvative feelin must regaud with the gratest Alawm and disgast. Hand when Shouldanots go, in cawse Lace and Plush, and likewise Cocket Ats, and abuv all Air Powda will go too. Has the *H. and K. G.* truly obsawves—"The new tunic may look smart, but what is a deputy lieutenant without his epaulettes?" True and wot is hany uther Gentleman in Livary? Hand, though possible a Tewnric may look smart enuff in certing suckemstences, honly fancy *Mr. Punch*, honly pictsha to yourself me and WILLIAM in Tewnrics beind our Caridge. We too shal be put hinto Tewnicks next, and then it won't be no long time befaw you'll beold on the foot-board 2 pair of lowa limbs not to say legs in—Oorra the thort is too Dreddful to contumplait in—Trowsas. I think I sea my swallow-tails develupt into tewnrick skirts, and my carves envellupt and id in loose cloth overhaws instead of exhibited in silks and tites. Our unifawms will be diwested of heverythink distanguy. At last it will cum to plane close. The ideaw makes me fit to sink into my shoos. I can no maw. In a state of utta Colaps and Postration, I remane, honna'd Sir, eva your most abeedjient umble Servent,

JOHN THOMAS.

Belgravy, Oct. 8, 1875.

NOT TO DO IT.

WHAT certainly will put down the rising against Turkish rule—Consul-tations and stipulations.



BELLE À LA MÉCANIQUE. (A RINK WRINKLE.)

RAILWAY JOKES.

As Played Daily on the Principal Lines.

TURNING Business into Pleasure.—Take a Traveller pressed for time, and induce him to enter a train supposed to be in correspondence with another train belonging to another line, and by which other train the Traveller proposes to proceed to his destination. As the first train arrives at the junction, start off the second train *en route* for Town. The dismay of the Traveller when he finds his journey interrupted will be, to say the least, most mirth-moving.

The Panic-stricken Passengers.—Allow an express train to arrive at the station of a rival Company two hours behind its time. The Travellers will, of course, be anxious to learn the cause of the delay, and will (again of course) receive no sort of information on the subject from the servants of the rival Company. Should there be any nervous Ladies in the train, the fun will become fast and furious.

A Lark in the Dark.—Start a train ten minutes late, and gradually lose time until it arrives in the middle of a long tunnel, and then stop the engine. Stay where you are for half an hour, whistling and letting off steam every now and then, to increase the excitement. Should it be known in the train that an express is due on the line of rails already occupied by the carriages, the humour of the situation will be greatly improved. Before playing this joke, it will be as well to lock the carriage-doors, and to carefully sever the cord of communication existing (on some lines) between the Passengers and the Guard.

A Comical Meal.—On a long journey promise that the train shall stop at a stated station ten minutes for refreshments. Lose time in the customary manner, and allow the train to arrive at the stated station half an hour late. Permit the Passengers to descend and to enter

the Refreshment-rooms. The moment they are served, drive them back hurriedly into the carriages with the threat that if they are not immediately seated in their places they will be left behind. When the Passengers are once more in their compartments, the carriage-doors should be securely locked, and the train can then remain waiting beside the platform for three-quarters of an hour.

The Strange Companions.—Invite Ladies and Gentlemen to travel in a First-Class Carriage. When the compartment is a third full, over-fill it with "merry" excursionists holding Third-Class tickets. The contrast between the "merriment" of the excursionists and the disgust of the Ladies and Gentlemen will be found a source of never-ending amusement.

A Wholesome Joke (added by Mr. Punch and suggested to the Passengers).—Whenever you find yourselves subjected to the "fun" of the Railway Officials, write to the Newspapers and obtain a summons against the Directors of the Company which you believe to be in fault. *Verb. sap.*

PUNCH TO OCTOBER.

Jovous Month of the Pheasant!
Gamely come to the front:
Give us a time that's pleasant—
Menses tristes sunt.
Now and then a disaster
On the bright blue sea—
Royalty steaming faster
Than safe, where sails fly free:
Now and then a collision
'Twixt ships of monster power,
Bringing a sudden vision
Of battle's terrible hour.

Come, awaken, October!
Give us a happier time:
England's oaken *robur**
Should shake off folly and crime.
What can there be absurder
In a land of progress and pith,
Than every morning a murder
And every evening a myth?
O for October weather
Out on the moorland wide,
Birds in covert and heather,
Beauty at eventide!

If the Winter chills us,
If the Spring is severe,
If a wet Summer fills us
With fancies utterly drear,
Yet our English Autumn
Ought to have days divine:
Fair month, have you brought 'em,
With game, and peaches, and wine?
Ministers turn one acid
With blunders worse than crimes:
O for an Autumn placid—
And nothing new in the *Times*.

Come, russet, ripe October!
Month when England's 'ale,
Sipped by Judges sober,
Doth o'er all drinks prevail.
Bring thy calmest weather,
Spare the yellowing leaves:
Punch, with his lengthened tether,
Over their downfall grieves.
Ay, and Youth at the portal
Of life will grieve much more
Than *Mr. Punch*, the immortal,
Who has seen some Autumns before.

* *Stabat ingens animoso robore quercus.*

THE GAME FOR RACKETY BISHOPS.—
Lawn-tennis.



"TURN ABOUT."

George. "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"

Tom. "'SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!"

THE RUNAWAY COACH.

"Many a Layman has been somewhat startled of late by the pace at which the Clergy run away with the old Coach of the Establishment whenever it is repaired."—*Times*.

A propos of DISRAELI! How sad the reproach,
That he cannot pull up the runaway Coach,
That off the brisk team at a gallop will go,
The leaders too High and the wheelers too Low,
While the Whip who maintains he can best understand 'em,
Is driving the POPE and old HOMER in tandem!

BEN 's a judge of a horse too: indeed, there are few men
With eye that is keener, or truer acumen.
We remember his speech, when, with humour to flavour it,
He backed Angel to win, although Ape was first favourite.
But what can he do—ask his warmest adorers—
When Rectors will jib, and when Bishops are roarers?

Away down the hill goes the runaway team;
The old woman who sits on the box doesn't scream;
For though the old coach has been many times patched,
Its early materials are not to be matched.
And the Coachman observes, with no atom of doubt,
"Only give them their heads, and they'll run themselves out!"

Punch must needs shake his head o'er this coaching revival:
And, whether 'tis BEN on the box or his rival,
Only hopes that the team (if they must have their kick),
Won't smash the old Coach by some rascally trick:
And whoe'er holds the reins, if the horses go wrong,
Let us wish him strong wrists, and a whip with a thong.

THE RULE OF ROME.

An "Inquiring City Clerk," fresh from his Roman History, writes to ask if "S.P.Q.R." stands for "Small profits, quick returns."

LADY HELPS.

ON this subject much nonsense has been written. They are quite as suitable (perhaps more so than otherwise) to the cottage as to the castle. The cottage need not have a name spelt with a Celtic series of dissonant consonants. A few hints may be advisable to the numerous "Lady Helps" at present in the market.

A Lady may efficiently help the mistress of the household to snub her husband, by adroitly echoing (and improving) the said mistress's remarks of a personal character.

A Lady may help the Cook to produce an original dinner, by suggesting fresh combinations, which will make the said Cook indignant, and even furious.

A Lady may help the Butler effectually, by decanting the '45 port, and shaking it a little first, as you would DUFFY'S Elixir.

A Lady may help the visitors to the house by reading all the letters that may chance to be thrown aside, and taking advantage of any private intelligence they contain.

A Lady may help the master of the house by a flirtation in the library, while the mistress is away on a round of visits.

A Lady may help the daughters to quiet talks in the Park with ambitious Curates.

A Lady may possibly help the son and heir to—herself.

You see, there are ladies and ladies, as there are *fagots et fagots*, and *Mr. Punch* has his suspicions of the Lady Helps of the future.

An Experienced Envoy.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin announces that:—

"The Arnim Case will come on before the Supreme Tribunal on the 20th of October."

By-and-by, perhaps, BISMARCK will discern COUNT ARNIM to be a person possessing one important qualification at least for an office of trust. He must see that he is a well-trying man.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From Our Own Special Eavesdropper.)



LORD SKYNFLYNT has invited a small party of his friends to stay a few days with him at his mansion in Ayrshire. But, as a rumour is abroad that His Lordship's guests last autumn were chiefly fed on rabbits, there are reasons for supposing that His Lordship's invitations will this season be declined.

SIR THOMAS NODDY has accepted a seat on the directorate of The Aldgate Pump and Houndsditch Milk Adulterating Company.

LADY PRATTLEWELL is suffering from the loss of two of her front teeth, which she has sent to be repaired by her dentist, MR. TUGWELL.

The EARL OF STARBOROUGH has purchased the St. Giles's Theatre, and there will shortly make his *début* before a British audience, in a burlesque, which has been expressly written for him by his wife.

The HONOURABLE MR. SCAMPERTON has just returned from a short tour upon the Continent, wherein he visited Vienna, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg and Moscow, returning by the way of Amsterdam, Constantinople, Athens, Norway, Venice, Heligoland, and Rome.

LADY BOOBIE is at present on a visit at LORD OGLEWELL'S, near Greenock, where she is enjoying some fair sport in her favourite amusement of fishing—for compliments.

CAPTAIN SHARK is just now living with, and on, his friend LORD LOOSEFISH, to whom he is imparting some, but not much, of his knowledge in whist, billiards, and *écarté*.

VISCOUNT NINCOMPOOP has laid a wager with LORD POPPINGTON that he will shoot a score of sparrows, sing a comic song, swallow a pint of shrimps, and swill a quart of soapuds, standing on his head, all within the space of sixteen minutes and six seconds.

MAJOR SLYBOOTS has returned from a campaign in Dumfriesshire, where he has been laying siege to the widow of LORD MONTBAGGE.

MR. HOOKITT, after vainly trying to negotiate a loan upon some Honduras and Ojibbeway Ship Railway State Securities, shot the moon last quarter-day without taking out a gun licence, and since has not been heard of, even by his Uncle.

LADY ROUGELEY has contrived, after several attempts, to bring LORD CRÆSUS on his knees (figuratively speaking, for his Lordship has a wooden leg) before her eldest daughter.

MR. BORER has again been blackballed at the Snarlton Club, although on this occasion he was both proposed and seconded by Members of the Government.

The EARL OF MAGNUMBURY is unfortunately laid up with a sharp attack of gout, in consequence of a week's visit to his friend LORD BEESWING.

MR. DUNDER HEAD, M.P. for Muddleborough, took the chair, on Monday last, at a meeting of the Anti-Vaccination and Small-Pox Insurance Society.

MR. SNOBLEY has started in his yacht for Alexandria, with the intention to waylay the Prince when he proceeds to India.

LADY BUTTERFLY has been fluttering about among her friends. She is now on a flying visit to LORD CHRYSALIS, at Grubwell.

COLONEL LONGBOW is enjoying some rare sport in Central Africa. According to his letters, which have not yet been credited, his average bag per diem has consisted of six elephants, eight gorillas, ten ostriches, twelve tigers, fifteen lions, twenty reindeer, and a brace of hippopotami.

VISCOUNT LIQUORUP has proposed, and has been declined with thanks by the HONOURABLE MISS BELINDA GOODIE GOODIE.

SILENCE IS BRAZEN.

O WHERE is the BISHOP of ROCHESTER?
On a jaunt beyond the seas?
And where, out of reach by goad or spur,
Are the Felstead School Trustees?
The GRIGNON affair—what an ugly tale!—
Could they not, if they chose, explain?
Do they let it pass by, like the idle gale,
As a slander they all disdain?

Again and again is the story told,
Which a word might at once confute;

But from pen, ink and paper their hands they hold,
And their tongues keep also mute.
In the pride of a conscious rectitude,
Can it be they forbear reply?
Are they, Bishop and all, in too haught a mood
To a fiction to give the lie?

The world may believe that a Board of Trustees
Did an act of ungenerous spite,—
Which a careless Bishop confirmed at his ease,—
Whereas both may be in the right.
They are silent still, they are silent all;
They are dumb while accusers shout.
They are deaf, as it were, to a trumpet-call—
Will nobody draw them out?

COTTONOPOLIS.

MR. ALDERMAN COTTON has expressed his intention of reviving the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of next November. On that day London is to be rejoiced with a glimpse of Trade Deputations and Volunteer Detachments marching gaily from the Guildhall to Westminster. The Prophet *Punch* begs to give an anticipatory programme of the Procession.

Policemen getting out of the way.
Enthusiastic Mob, who have got no work to do.
Military Band playing "*See the Conquering Heroes come.*"
Shop-Assistant carrying Banner. Motto—"By Adulteration we Live."

Deputation of Grocers in their own Carriages.
Trade Trophy. Pickles, Copper, Sugar, Sand, Red Lead,
Cut-up Birch Brooms, and Tea.
First Volunteer Detachment. Sixteen Captains and a Private.
Military Band playing "*Take this glass of Sparkling Wine.*"
Bar Attendant carrying a Banner. Motto—"Rob a Poor Man of his Beer."

Deputation of Licensed Victuallers in Carriages
(the vehicles kindly lent for the occasion by several eminent Brewers).
Trade Trophy. Liquorice, Strychnia, Gin, Cayenne Pepper,
Whiskey, and Oil of Vitriol.
Second Volunteer Detachment. Seven Sergeants, a Colonel,
and a Bugler.

Military Band playing "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*"
Boy carrying a Banner. Motto—"Two and two make five."
Deputation of Butchers driving in Carriages and Six
(attended by Wholesale Dealers asking for a larger share of the profits).

Trade Trophy. Scales, Bones, Fat, and Cheque-Books.
Third Volunteer Detachment. A Provincial Pioneer.
Banner of the City of London. MR. ALDERMAN COTTON.
Standard of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. H.I.H. Mr. *Punch*.
The late Lord Mayor in a Brougham
(wishing that he had thought of "the Procession notion" himself last year).

A strong guard of Cavalry, with Carabines loaded with blank Cartridge.
Carriage and Twelve containing the Rt. Hon. Baron *Toby*
(attended by His Lordship's Veterinary-Surgeon in Ordinary).
Some Trade Deputations, with their Trophies
(a little late).

Some Volunteer Detachments
(just a trifle disorganised).
An Assortment of City Officials
(in Carriages of unequal merit).
Guard of Cavalry guarding Nothing.
A State Coach, moving very unsteadily, containing
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR
(attended by his Chaplain, Mace-bearer, Common Crier,
Secretary, and a few Friends).
City Trumpeters playing extempore Voluntaries on horseback.
Guard of Infantry. Guard of Artillery.
Guard of Cavalry.

State Coach and Sixty-Six, carrying
The Staff of His Imperial Highness Mr. *Punch*
(representing His Imperial Highness).
Guard of Infantry. Guard of Artillery.
Guard of Cavalry.
Gigantic Mob, enthusiastic but disorderly.
Policemen getting out of the way.

750,000 Soldiers, Sailors, Ploughboys, Apothecaries, Gentlemen, and Thieves.

750,000 Soldiers, Sailors, Tinkers, Tailors, Ploughboys, Apothecaries, Gentlemen, and Thieves.



THOSE TERRIBLE TURKS!

"MY DEAR FELLOW, YOUR'E LOOKING QUITE BLUE. WHAT IS IT? INDIGO?"
 "No. TURKS."

"OUR BULWARKS ON THE BRINE."

ON Seamanship when Sailors disagree
 How can JOHN BULL expect to fare at sea?
 Fault sinks a ship; on whom should censure fall?
 Chiefs judging Chiefs, are snubbed by Chiefs of all.
 Our Sires could trust their Navy. Are their sons
 As safe with Ironclads and monster guns?
 In time of war protection we must owe
 To ships which may be foundered at a blow.
 Then, if we wish in ease at home to dwell,
 Commanded they need be, and handled, well,
 Now that the day of wooden walls is o'er,
 And JACK can board his enemy no more,
 But they will conquer who the best can steer,
 And fight the battles of the Engineer,
 The Fleet whereon our sole insurance lies
 Would be well officered, if fools were wise!
 There, with the Navy to construct anew,
 May be some room for "reconstruction" too.
 But where will Admirals, conflicting, end?
 How far does "unseaworthiness" extend?
 Our iron walls are 'gainst *teredo* good;
 But has that insect not bored heads of wood?
 These thoughts may somewhat tend to waken fears,
 Which bid us cry, "Call out the Volunteers!"
 Them with the regular troops in camps combine,
 And double the Militia and the Line,
 To fight for hearth and home as best we can,
 Now *Vanguards* can no longer guard our van."
 But Seamen, as to seamanship at sea,
 In one particular at least agree;
 "My Lords" and the Court-Martial, all the same,
 A culprit both condemn to bear the blame.
 To whom "My Lords," not erring on the side
 Of legal usage, add a man untried.
 For half a million sunk the waves below,
 Two ruined officers we have to show—
 No single scapegoat his superiors saves:
 Long may we sing, "BRITANNIA rules the waves."

THE WORST RESULT OF VIVISECTION.—EVE.—(By an incorrigible Old Bachelor, who is hiding himself for fear of consequences.)

BEYOND A JOKE.

SCENE—A Board-Room in Whitehall. Naval Lords in Council.

A Naval Lord. Ha! ha! ha! The best things I have heard for years. Ha! ha! ha! You will be the death of me!
Another Naval Lord. We have had a fine time of it! Ha! ha! ha!
 [Roars of sympathetic laughter from other Naval Lords.]

Enter Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch. I beg your pardon—perhaps you are busy?

A Naval Lord. Not at all, my dear Sir, not at all. We have nothing particular to do at this moment for a wonder.

Another Naval Lord. I say, tell him that good story—you know, the one about the Niggers. Now do. It will make him roar.

Other Naval Lords (to Mr. Punch). The funniest thing you ever heard. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Punch. Perhaps it was reported in the papers?

A Naval Lord. I don't know. Why, bless you, my dear Sir, we never read the papers. But there, I will tell you the story, and if it doesn't make you shriek, well—I was talking to these fellows about that affair on the Solent. One of our ships ran down a yacht, don't you know, caused a couple of inquests, and then we said that the matter wasn't of sufficient importance to call for any official investigation! Wasn't that good? Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Eh?

Mr. Punch. Hum!

A Naval Lord. What! It doesn't make you laugh! Well, here's another story. We got a Paymaster (on full pay) to come up to Town to draw up a Circular. He was a Barrister, don't you know, and he drew up such a Circular! He said that Captains commanding Her Majesty's Ships must give up fugitive slaves seeking freedom under the shadow of the Union Jack! Well, we sent it out, and it made such a row! Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Good, eh?

Mr. Punch. Hum!

A Naval Lord. Why, that doesn't make you laugh; either! How dull you are!

Another Naval Lord. Tell him about that ship—what was her name? The one you know we put in this month's *Navy List* with a note saying that she was at the bottom of the sea. Ha! ha! ha!

A Naval Lord. Ha! ha! ha! You mean the *Vanguard*.

Another Naval Lord. That's it. Ha! ha! ha! The *Vanguard*. (To Mr. Punch.) Now this will make you roar.

A Naval Lord. Well, Sir, a squadron of Ironclads went into a fog, by order of the Admiral in command, at full speed! Funny notion, wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha! Well, one of the ships, having no fog signal (a capital joke that was too—wasn't it?), ran into another ship, and—ha! ha! ha!—ship No. Two went to the bottom! Wasn't that a joke? Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Go on.

A Naval Lord (with difficulty suppressing his merriment). Well, Sir, of course there was a Court Martial, and the verdict was "Guilty" against the Captain of ship No. Two, and (as a rider) "Guilty" against the Captain of ship No. One, and "Guilty" against the Admiral in command of the squadron. And what do you think we did? Ha! ha! ha! You will never guess!

Another Naval Lord (shrieking with laughter). Tell him, tell him!

A Naval Lord. Why, Sir, we did—nothing! Now, wasn't that a joke? Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't that a joke?

Mr. Punch. Hum!!!

[Exit MR. PUNCH abruptly, so that the stage may be left clear for the appearance of MR. JOHN BULL. MR. JOHN BULL is expected to do his duty.]

Hope and Heterodoxy.

FROM a letter in the *Times*, signed "PLUNKET," it appears that MR. BURGESS HOPKINS is anxious that the Irish Church "would replace in its rubric the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed"—which though it retains on paper, it has determined shall no longer be read. No Hope for anyone who cannot accept the whole of Athanasius' dogmas, "damnatory" and all. No Hope for the heterodox!



THE RIDING LESSON.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Punjab Cavalry). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDRIB!"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

Dated (en route) Oct. 11, Brandypaunee, India.

SIR,—When the subject of H.R.H.'s visit to India was first on the *tapis* (this is not an Indian word), the question you naturally, yet artfully, asked, in my presence, was, "Who will go for us?" There was no response. Silence may speak consent; and I (hitherto Your Representative) was silent. So also was the rest of the party. *Enfin* (again not an Indian word), to quote the Immortal Bard, the rest was silence. Then came the rumour that the Prince wouldn't go. I knew that the Prince *would* go. I remembered the ancient song, which said, "If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,"—but we had a Prince who had said he *would* go, and go he meant to, and go he decided to, and gone he has!

Going! going!! gone!!!

But not there yet.

Now where's the fluster? Everywhere. Every newspaper Editor rushing to me; my room besieged from dewy morn to foggy eve. Editors, Proprietors, everywhere at my doors, at my windows, all beseeching me and crying out, "You're the man *we* want! Come out of your ambush! Name any terms you like! India and back for five millions. Only *do* go."

"Gentlemen," I replied, seated at my rosewood desk, in my damask dressing-gown with silk tassels, and the smoking-cap of *her* work on my glossy locks, "Gentlemen, I cannot. I am another's. My word is my bond—better than Turkish, more durable than Khedives. The *séance* (not an Indian word) is dismissed."

They left, blowing their noses to conceal their emotion. It was a touching sight. I put my *vince-nez* (French word, not Indian) to my eyes, and took a sip of chocolate to conceal my emotion.

Then, Sir, I came to you.

In five minutes it was settled. I was to go as Your Representative in India—as Agent in advance, to let you know how the boilers of the *Serapis* were getting on, and make things generally pleasant for the Royal party.

Of course the Public will be fed from time to time with accounts of what is doing on board, and then will come "how gallantly, how

merrily," &c., we passed the day on the broad expanse of ocean. You will hear how (also to be found in the song of *The Admiral*) "strange things came up to look at us"—to take a sight at us—"the monsters of the deep." Of all this you will be duly informed. But where the interest *must* commence is in the Second Act of the Drama, with the arrival of the Prince on Indian soil. Till then, the saucepan of journalism can only be kept simmering—then it must boil over.

But this climax it is my aim to anticipate, that is, to a certain extent. By the time you have printed and published this I shall have arrived in India. I, Your Representative, will be *on the spot*, rehearsing the Indian Rumjams, Rajahs, Burrumpooters (troublesome fellows these Burrumpooters—always have been), and my first telegram, which you can append to this letter, will put you *au courant* (French, not Indian, this—but I'm a master of both languages, and have sincere friends in both countries) with my doings, and will give the Public *some sort of idea* of what the Prince will have to expect when he is welcomed here by the swarthy natives.

You may depend upon me for genuine local colouring. Indian ink shall not be spilt in vain by me. Of course this erudition and labour can't be done for nothing, and Your Representative expects something considerably extra for the local touches, Indian phrases, &c., &c.

I have obtained introductions to the best society, and special information on every subject from the intelligent REGENT RUMJAM, now a resident in London—a worthy and noble Indian, who is amassing a colossal fortune. He takes care of the pence, and lets the pounds look after themselves. He is a Parsee-monious gentleman. [*Vide Foot-Note.*]

I am, with real Indian warmth,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. (by Telegram).—10 A.M. Only a *Rajpoot* and a *Kitmagar* have come to rehearsal. Thermometer 150° in the shade. Regimental native band in attendance. I'm now talking to a distinguished *Tom-Tom*, who is their hereditary leader. He is what they call here a *Chittabac Jugmul*,—but I've a little forgotten my



CROSSING THE DESERT.

(Fancy Sketch of a Royal Bird of Passage.)

Hindoostanee. I must brush it up again. Twenty-four hours' brushing will do it; and, until I have brushed it up, I don't think it safe to call him a *Chittabac Jugmul* to his face.

11 A.M.—The *Bungalows* have arrived. They are as fine a set of men as I've ever seen. Their chief is a *Howdah*—a real *Howdah*,—i.e., a genuine native Prince, all jewels and gold, daggers, swords, pistols, and moustache. They are most willing to accept any instruction from Your Representative. We are arranging terms for lessons as to "How to receive the Prince." A nice mess they'd have made of it without me!

The *Howdah* rode in accompanied by a guard of *Tiffins* (mounted). After *kincob* (an Indian meal for which there is no equivalent in England), he treated me to a cigar and a review. To see the agility of each *Tiffin* is marvellous! While his horse is at full gallop, the *Tiffin* swings himself out of the saddle, rushes back three hundred yards, fires his *betel* (a peculiar sort of Indian pistol), executes a supposed enemy, and is on horseback again in less time than it has taken me to recount the feat. I doubted, I said to the *Howdah*, whether this particular *Tiffin* would have had time to cut off the head of a real foe. It is dangerous to hint a doubt to a *Howdah*. He frowned, and said something in Hindostanee, which I would rather not translate. The result, however, was that an unfortunate *Punkah* was ordered to represent the enemy, and, in the next charge, the *Tiffin* (whose agility I had questioned) leapt from his horse, and, before I could wink, his *coolie* flashed in the air, and the poor *Punkah* rolled down-hill a lifeless corse at my feet! The *Howdah* smiled . . . This telegram leaves while he is still smiling. Y. R.

Foot-Note.—This indiscreet hint from our Correspondent lets in more than a ray of light on his proceedings. We have strong reason to suspect that the so-called "REGENT KUMMUN" is the ancient swarthy sweeper who for years has swept a crossing in Regent Street. We are informed that our Correspondent was seen in conversation with him, and, if still in England, he will be closely watched. As to the extra pay for "local colouring," it will depend upon the colouring itself, and the locality it comes from. We can only in honesty warn our readers, and print our Correspondent's letters and telegrams as they arrive. If he is going to try on us a repetition of the "Old Sheik" and "BRUMMY," let him beware. The Bowstring—we mean the Bow Street—will be his portion.—ED.

MELANCHOLY ANNOUNCEMENT (under the Judicature Act).—The last of the Barons—SIR JOHN WALTER HUDDLESTON, Knight!

MY BROKER.

Who leads me on to fields Elysian,
Where golden prospects greet my vision,—
And charges but a small commission?
My Broker.

Who, while I trudge through muddy ways,
Rides (for that small commission pays)
Behind a handsome pair of bays?
My Broker.

Who, sitting at Paeolus' fount,
Buys, sells, or holds for "next account,"
Charging, of course, a small amount?
My Broker.

Whose tone is soft, whose manner bland;
Who, lightly holding by my hand,
Talks figures I don't understand?
My Broker.

When panics come, who seems to wear
A calm, serene, superior air,
As if it wasn't his affair?
My Broker.

Whose villa's somewhere in the West;
Whose wife's in silk and sealskin drest;
Whose wines and weeds are of the best?
My Broker's.

Whose waist expands? Who still can sport
A face of roundest, ruddiest sort,
Through drinking forty-seven port?
My Broker.

Whom did I look on as my friend,
Till he those "Turks" would recommend—
Yet knew the inevitable end?
My Broker!

SUCH A RAMMER!—England's Vanguard
—the Iron Duke.

WANTED!

THE Lady and Gentlemen Help Association can find excellent positions for—

A Lady Help with twenty thousand a year, who can help her husband to enjoy existence.

A Lady Help with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.

A Lady Help who can draft a speech that will suit an ex-Secretary of State at a Social Science Congress.

A Lady Help who can do the same for a mild and moderate Bishop at a Church Congress—extra wages will be given for assistance in the composition of Charges.

A Lady Help who can drive Four-in-Hand, for a Coach to be started from HATCHETT'S Hotel to Coventry.

A Lady Help who is absolutely helpless—none need apply unless they can show that they are good for nothing.

A Lady Help who can look into MESSRS. EMMANUEL'S or MADAME ELISE'S shop-window, with the house-money in her pocket, and not wish to help herself.

Also—

A Gentleman Help who can nurse babies, and comb their hair carefully.

A Gentleman Help who can choose good cigars, and assist in smoking them.

A Gentleman Help who can work a Sewing Machine and a private apparatus for the distillation of whiskey.

A Gentleman Help who can assist the SULTAN OF TURKEY to pay the interest on his debts.

A Gentleman Help who can help the Clerk of the Weather to turn on a little more sunshine.

General Shut-up.

(Aldgate Pump included.)

O'ER 'Change still hangs the fatal spell—
Clerics and spinsters Turkish sell;
Egyptian Drafts, too, downward jump,
And none may draw on Aldgate Pump!

GUILDHALL IN THE GREENWOOD.

"It had been the custom for the City Aldermen, after transacting their ordinary business at Guildhall, to proceed to Epping Forest to hunt the deer."
—*Times Report of the visit of the Corporation to Epping Forest on October 14.*



O, Aldermen, to the Forest—but not to chase the deer; 'Tis a triumph there they celebrate with pageant and good cheer.

Such a Lord Mayor's Show in the greenwood glades is a novel sight indeed, Yet the Wood Nymphs well might welcome it as it winds through famed Fairmead.

Guildhall in all its glory amidst the beeches dines, And though the cold may Turtle chill, or the rain dilute the wines, They may not damp the doughty Cits, or arrest the fluent flow

Of the toasts that pass o'er a brimming glass as through the card they go.

And *Punch* is there, and gladly drinks to the health of the Corporation.

These Civic Champions well have earned the cheer of a thankful nation.

They stood to the front, and bore the brunt when the battle's storm waxed sorest,

And from the ghoul Enclosure's prow they saved the People's Forest.

MAID MARIAN's self to such a "Mayre" a brimming stoupe had quaffed,

ROBIN HOOD had greeted such "Sheryfes" with shout instead of shaft;

Stout FRIAR TUCK had wished them luck, fair quarry, and full bag, If as of wont, the Epping Hunt meet again at the "Bald-faced Stag."

For "mery it is, in grene forest among the levys green,"

To see London's happy, holiday folk enjoy that sylvan scene.

And as they revel in "Englyshe shaw, under the green-woode tre,"

They shall bless the Corporation bold of London's fair Citye!

Five thousand acres well secured, ten thousand thanks well earned! Be sure from Bethnal Green those thanks with interest are returned;

Pale Spitalfields its tribute yields, when its dense Easter throng, With voices stout shall swell the shout, two hundred thousand strong!

Three cheers for the Common Councilmen who could take the people's part,

With a better eye for Nature, than some of them show for Art!

Judicial *Punch* must shrug his hunch, when taste's bounds they're o'erstepping,

But he gladly owns a good set-off in the rescued glades of Epping.

THE CAT FOR CRUELTY.

LORD ABERDARE, in his speech on Crime, at Brighton the other day, called in question the hitherto undoubted fact that the decrease of robbery with violence was owing to the punishment of that offence by flogging. From the tone of his Lordship's remarks, he does not appear to enter into those feelings which are solaced by the consideration that a cruel ruffian, by whom a person's teeth have been knocked out, or his skull cracked, or his nose smashed on his face, has been scourged to the effect of making him howl some time for mercy. To this extent LORD ABERDARE is evidently deficient in the heart that can feel for another.

However, it is idle to argue the point whether or no flogging has diminished garrotting. If this were at all doubtful, it might be tested by a very practicable and most desirable experiment. The crime of wife-beating and wife-kicking is just now prevalent. Extend the punishment of flogging to savage assaults, and see whether it does, or does not diminish them.

LORD ABERDARE should consider that for crimes of violence the cat-of-nine-tails is not merely an instrument of retribution. It is a means of commencing the moral education of the criminal by teaching him what it is to feel physical pain, which he did not consider when he inflicted it. The Cat appeals to his sensitive nerves, in which resides all the feeling he has, and to arouse this is, necessarily, the first step in a process of development tending, as highly as possible in his case, to the elevation of our fellow-man.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullitancy Society.

Paperhangings.—The most important feature in this portion of decorative art is "The Dado."

Origin of the Dado.—It is supposed originally to have been the feminine of the now extinct *Dodo*. The Dodo and the Dado were formerly, of course a very long time ago, caught, stuffed, and kept in glass cases in the *Atrium* or Hall of the House. In order to display the plumage, the wall forming the back-ground to the Dado, and visible through the glass, was coloured plainly in paper, or if the bird had not been in good health, in "distemper"—but, as the Latins said, *Distempera mutantur*, and as we haven't now got the Dado, and are forced to do without her, so we perpetuate the remembrance of her stuffed existence by colouring the wall of the hall to a height of three or four feet from the floor. Whatever colour you choose, bear what I have told you in mind, and don't forget the Dado.

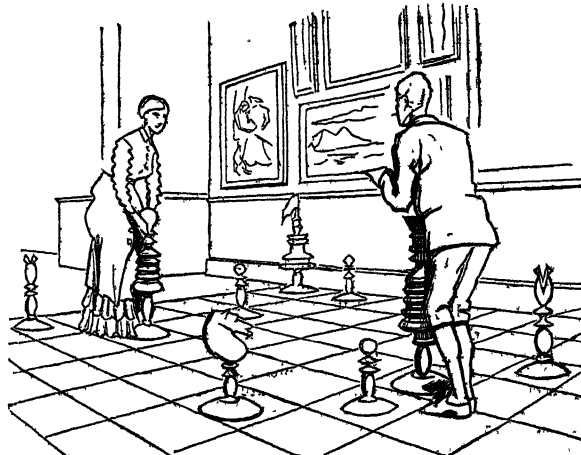
Flock patterns are, as might be supposed, a sheepish sort of design, and I cannot recommend them.

For the pavement of a hall—and by a hall I mean something more than a narrow passage between the front door and the dining-room, lighted by an outside gas lamp—tiles should be used.

How to Collect Tiles.—Give several parties. At each party several guests will do what *Bo-Peep's* sheep did with their tails—and leave their "tiles" behind them. These tiles can be easily arranged for the hall.

As for patterns in tiles, buy a kaleidoscope. It will supply you with an endless variety of patterns.

But if you require REAL NOVELTY, take my advice, and combine the useful and amusing with the ornamental. Make your hall a place where to spend, happily, a rainy day. Every householder should make provision against a rainy day—and here you are; here is your *modus operandi*: Lay down a chess-board pattern in



tiles. Have chess-men made as big as skittles. You can then walk about and play the game.

The same pattern forming a chess-board will also do, of course, for draughts. But, as draughts should always be avoided in a house, specially in a hall, I will not be the first to introduce them.

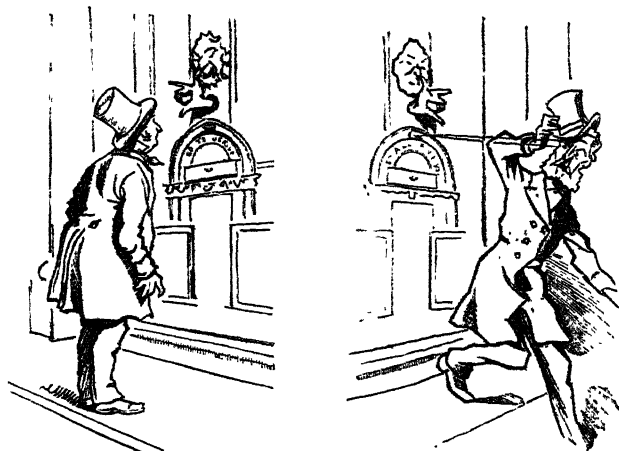
A skittle alley, and an alley for American bowls, should form part of every well-regulated hall.

While so near the front door, it will be as well to pay some attention to the exterior decoration in knockers and bell handles.

The knocker, which might be a Roman nose, or a fist, should be so arranged as to answer its own requirements.

I will explain. When a person knocks at a door, it means that he wants something. Now, the first thing he wishes to know is, whether any one is at home. Now, the knocker may be so arranged as to touch a spring, with one knock, which shall immediately shoot out a white metal plate with "Not at Home" on it. Two raps would produce "Return Uncertain." Three raps, which would show obstinacy, and would indicate an unfriendly spirit on the part of the rapper,—an unfriendly spirit-rapper,—should produce a metal plate bearing the words "Be Off!" Four raps, evincing pertinacity, animosity, or clearly the hand of a dun, should produce a plate with the words "Go to—Jericho!" on it. All this can be managed with a circular shield, of mediæval design, affixed to the front door at a small cost.*

A fifth rap should touch a percussion exploder, and project a small but sharp-hitting pea, with the words "Do 'a done! will



you?"—or, instead of the percussion, a piston-worked squirt which would discharge a small quantity of water into the rapper's face.

Bells could be arranged on a similar principle. Unless they were entirely done away with, and speaking-tubes used.

The Master or Mistress is then able to go to the window, or without doing so to recognise the voice of the caller. In which case, if there is a piano at hand, DR. WATTS'S Sluggard's Hymn can be adapted and sung as follows:—

'Tis the voice of the Caller,
I heard him complain,
"Not at home! Always out!
I won't call here again."

Or, without wasting time in song, the answer can be at once given,

"No, gone out," or "Not at home," or you can call down through another tube to the footman in the pantry, and say, "Master's not at home—gone out—won't be back for ever so long," &c., &c.

These Tubes can be, externally, in floriated metal of exquisite design, representing flowers of speech.

These speaking-tubes save the servants' legs, if that is an object, and your servants' legs should be an object—of admiration.

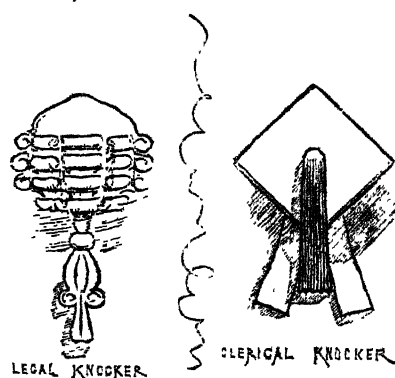
A propos of "saving your servants' legs"—every Lady of fashion should have a cupboard where she should save her servants' legs—I mean a cupboard which should represent a Domestic Magazine, for the use of male servants, and be filled up with plenty of padding.

A Lawyer, a Doctor, a Clergyman, a Dentist, an Artist, an Author, an Actor, &c., &c., each one ought to have a special and peculiar style of

furnishing his house, instead of bringing down the decorative art to one dead level uniformity.

* Send to the Author of this work; he knows the man to do this cheap. Small commission; no other charge. Orders punctually attended to.

For example, a Barrister's door knocker should be a tail of a legal wig; a Clergyman could publish his bands outside; a Dentist could have a tooth and nail, and so forth.



(POLICE)-COURT THEATRES.

It is stated, on the best authority that can be found for the rumour, that the delay which has taken place in providing proper Police Courts in several districts where the existing ones are disgracefully inadequate, has been occasioned by the consideration of a scheme which would necessitate buildings of an entirely different character. It has been thought that the large amount of "applause," "laughter," and "cheers, which were taken up outside the Court," continually occurring, might warrant the establishment of an auditorium where such manifestations would appear less out of place. The ordinary design for a bijou theatre would be all that could be desired.

In this the worthy Magistrate might occupy the centre of the stage, and persons of distinction, instead of being "accommodated with a seat on the Bench," could be shown into a private box. The Chief Clerk might be accommodated in a prompter's box, such as is used at the Opera House, where his various suggestions and expoundings of the law would not appear so derogatory to the Magisterial capacity as is occasionally the case at present.

Prisoners, accompanied by a Policeman, might come up a trap from the cells. On conviction, they might descend amidst flashes of red fire. On acquittal, they might be allowed to bow to the audience and retire at the wings, amid applause. Any defendant informed that he, or she, left the Court "without a stain on his (or her) character," might at his, or her, exit, have the limelight turned on, as a visible and sensational symbol of innocence triumphant!

On such a stage the worthy Magistrates and Counsel, who are now so often witty under every disadvantage, might crack their jokes to their hearts' content, and receive naturally the national tribute of laughter and applause.

On these boards the Comic Witness might "gag" till he brought down the house; while the Comic Prisoner might rouse "the Gods" to that enthusiasm which expresses itself in the cheering which at present is so often "taken up outside the Court."

The question of refreshment-rooms, and a small orchestra to play appropriate airs during the unavoidable pauses in the proceedings, such as adjournments for lunch, might be considered at leisure. While, however, "laughter," "applause," and "cheers," cannot be suppressed in the Courts that exist, Police-Court Theatres do not strike us as a very great innovation. If Justice cannot be administered with gravity, in the present temper of the public, we see no reason why the temples of Themis should not be invested with all the attractiveness that now belongs to those of her popular relatives Melpomene and Thalia.

What Can It Be? or, the Sphinx of the Sea.

THE Correspondent of the *New York World*, on board the *Pandora*, hailing from Disco, transmits his log; wherein occur the following entries:—

"Monday 19th.—Begins with calm. At three A.M., DAVIES, A.B., catches three 'moley-mokes.' At eleven we see two seals. . . . We also see several bottle-nosed whales."

A bottle-nosed whale may be imagined a sea-Bardolph, an emblem of a man who drinks like a fish, as a whale drinks, if either a fish or a whale drinks at all. But what is a "moley-moke"? There are said to be sea-horses. Can the "moley-moke" be a sea-donkey? We hope the People will shortly be enabled to study a "moley-moke" in the Westminster Aquarium, some fine Sunday.





EQUALITY.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere. "CAN YOU TELL ME, JANE, WHAT YOU MOST WANT FOR YOUR WEDDING?"

Jane. "REALLY, MY LADY, I CAN'T 'ARDLY SAY. I 'AVEN'T GOT NOTHING. BUT YOU'D KNOW BEST, MY LADY—ANYTHING JUST WHAT YOU'D WANT, MY LADY, IF YOU WAS IN THE SAME POSITION."

A WONDERFUL SHOW.

ENGLAND is a showful country. But we question whether any of the Shows and Exhibitions which have allured millions of shillings during the last quarter of a century can vie, for variety and comprehensiveness, with one which is being held this week at the Alexandra Palace.

The mere recital of the extraordinary attractions now on view at the Alexandra must convince the most hardened sight-seer that there is still something left to stimulate his attention, and satisfy his curiosity.

Pouters.—We put these first, because of the place they occupy in the advertisement. But why they should hold such a prominent position, or why they should be thought to possess any merit at all, we are at a loss to understand. Pouters ("one who pouts," *Dict.*) may be found in most domestic circles, particularly where there are children, but this must be the first time that the idea of rewarding them with prizes can have entered into anyone's head.

Carriers.—A most useful class, who deserve all the encouragement that can be parcelled out to them. The success of the Cabmen's Show has, no doubt, suggested the propriety of awards to Carriers.

Dragons.—This class ought of itself to fill the Palace to overflowing, and to bring in a fabulous amount of money. There is not a Zoological Garden in the world which can boast of even a single specimen. Having the repute of being very ferocious creatures, we trust all proper precautions will be taken to ensure the public safety.

Tumblers.—No rarity either at the Alexandra or Crystal Palace. Perhaps these may possess some extraordinary elasticity of limb, some singular strength of nerve, calling for special commendation.

Barbs.—Out of place here. Ought to have been sent to the Horse Show.

Jacobins.—Very interesting. Rather a surprise to find they are not extinct, at least under this name. See CARLYLE'S *History of the French Revolution*. Not to be confounded with Jacobites, of whom there are no specimens in the Collection.

Fantails.—A complete puzzle. The hats of peculiar shape, worn by coalheavers, dustmen, and other industrious classes, are, we believe, called "Fantails;" but such articles scarcely seem interesting enough for public exhibition.

Nuns.—None so remarkable as these in the whole Show. All our conventional notions of the seclusion and retirement of these excellent persons are shattered to pieces for ever. It is needless to add that they are without exception carefully hooded. (We looked in vain for prize Monks to match them.)

Trumpeters.—Novel, but noisy. Probably supplied by the bands of Her Majesty's Regiments. Perhaps more suitable for a National Music Competition.

Owls, Magpies.—Attractive to bird-fanciers, Judges, and chat-terers.

Runts.—Can this, after all, be a Cattle Show?

Turbits.—Is this a misprint for Turbots?

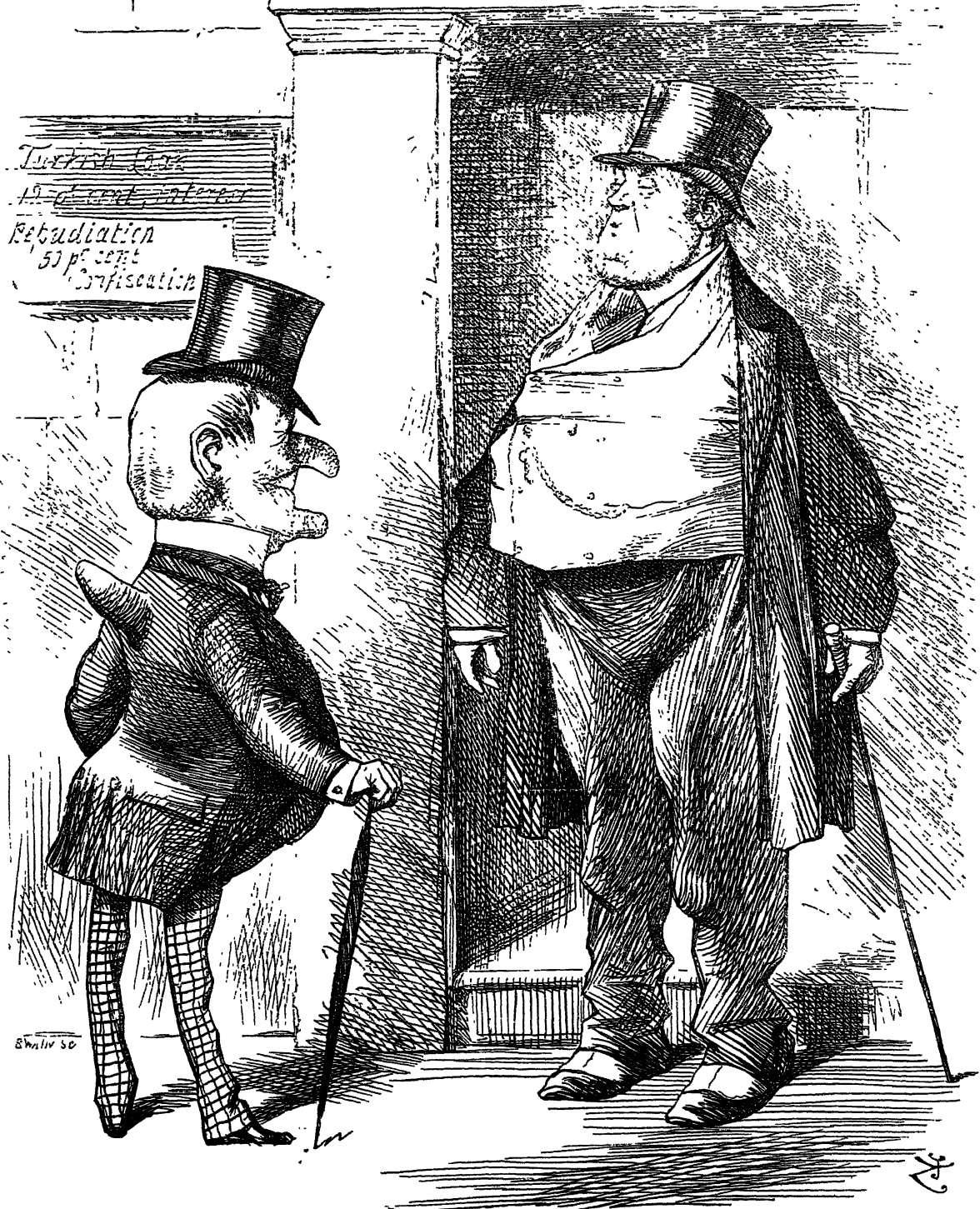
Antwerps.—For mysteriousness may be bracketed with Fantails and Nuns. There is but one Antwerp in the world, and to transport it from the Scheldt to Muswell Hill, even with all the appliances of modern scientific ingenuity, is simply an impossibility.

Archangels.—This Show *must* be a hoax. Nothing of the sort! It is really a Pigeon Show. Poultry also; but these we must entrust to other pens.

Useful Knowledge in Yorkshire.

HOORAY for the Yorkshire Training Schools for Cookery!—established by the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education in various Yorkshire towns, particularly York, Leeds, and Wakefield, to teach Cookery in all its branches, from those at the top of the tree downwards, and so instruct the poorer classes how to better and cheapen their meals; which perhaps may be said to be going to the root of the matter. It is confidently anticipated that the effect of these Yorkshire Training Schools will even extend to a very considerable improvement of Yorkshire Pie. Let them take care: "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*"

TURKISH BATH



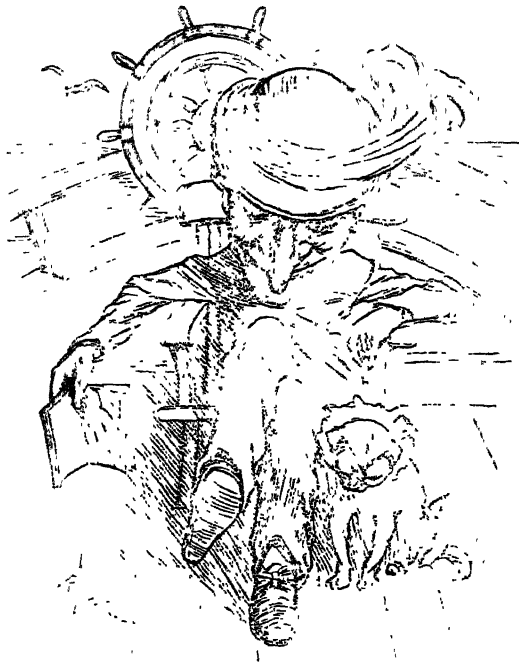
A TURKISH BATH.

(In the City.)

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. JOBBERSTOCK! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

PORTLY CITY MAGNATE. "MATTER, INDEED! JUST HAD A TURKISH BATH! LOST THOUSANDS O' POUNDS IN LESS THAN NO TIME! PHEUGH!!!"

CHEERS FOR THE "CASTALIA."



MR. PUNCH, feeling the deepest interest in the success of the *Castalia* (a most admirable vessel), has great pleasure in publishing the following letters which have reached his office during the last few days. To judge from their contents, some of them seem to have been written by the Correspondents who have been airing the subject recently in the columns of a highly respectable and respected contemporary :-

SIR,

October 16th, 1875.

WILL you allow me space in your excellent pages to supplement with a few words of popular explanation the valuable observations of the *savants* who have treated the question of sea-sickness from a scientific point of view? I think the following simple illustration will be as easily understood by the most frivolous as by the least learned.

Suppose a smooth sphere to rest on an inclined plane at an angle of—say forty-five degrees. To fix our ideas, we will imagine that the plane weighs a pound, and that the smooth sphere is of globular form and is vertical in direction. When the smooth sphere is at rest, we will imagine that the lateral gravity is virtually impressed with a weight varying from zero to double (or even more) the weight of the intermediate velocity between the initial reaction and the artificial upward motion. Assuming this to be the case, it stands to reason that if the brain is removed (with becoming gravity) from the lowest point to the place where the upward motion would increase the pressure between the smooth sphere and the inclined plane, the difference between the brain and the table (upon which it now would rest) must be equal to a reversed pressure of two pounds, or, in other words, a ratio of lateral velocity exactly corresponding with what gravity would confer upon it from the rest. Now, of course, it is for pathologists to say whether this variable gravity acting on the stomach will or will not produce nausea; but if it *will*, why then sea-sickness is at once accounted for.

Adding my declaration to the mass of evidence already collected testifying to the excellent sea-going qualities of the *Castalia*,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your humble, obedient servant,

The *Lexicon*, Leamington.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

SIR,

October 16th, 1875.

I THINK there can be no doubt now about the success of the *Castalia*. She has only to be well known to gain a large and lasting popularity.

Faster engines have been suggested as a mode for securing this very desirable publicity, but I think I can propose a far better plan. In years gone by, there was (I am given to understand) a coach running between London and the Provinces, which was wont to carry its passengers for nothing. This plan was adopted to ruin the prospects of a rival conveyance. Now, Sir could not the Directors of the *Castalia* take the hint, and convey their travellers at a similar

rate? The scheme might be greatly improved upon by the addition of a gratuitous dinner offered to the passengers *before* starting.

If the latter valuable suggestion is adopted, I, for one, shall be very happy indeed to patronise the *Castalia* daily for weeks and months—nay, perhaps, even for years to come.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RATHER A LARGE HOLDER OF TURKISH BONDS.

Post Office, London, E.

SIR,

October 16th, 1875.

THE *Castalia* is unquestionably an excellent vessel—perhaps a little too excellent. I am a first-rate sailor. I have been all over the world, and have never been ill in my life. My wife, on the contrary, is invariably reduced to silence the moment we leave the harbour. The other day, to my great annoyance, she insisted upon travelling in the *Castalia*. I opposed the plan, because I have been accustomed to enjoy peace and a cigar on the deck of the Mail Boat when my wife has been helpless in the cabin below. However, she would go by the Twin ship, and, thanks to the disgusting steadiness of the vessel, on this occasion I enjoyed neither peace nor a cigar. My wife remained on the deck the whole time, and favoured me with her views (very decided ones)—anent latch-keys and late suppers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Rose Bank Cottage, Leamshire.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

SIR,

October 16th, 1875.

As a very old sailor, who has made the passage between Dover and Calais at least a score of times, I trust you will permit me to say a few words about that greatest of modern inventions, the twin-ship *Castalia*.

In the olden days, I have seen the Mail Boat crowded with pale men and suffering women. The miserable hour and a half has been miserable indeed, especially at times when the weather has been described (excuse my nautical phraseology) as "dusty."

A few days since, I determined to cross the Channel in the *Castalia*. The sea was tolerably calm, and the sky was beautiful. As a thorough salt, I made my customary preparations to secure a painless passage. Before starting, I consumed a hearty lunch of salt herrings, boiled mutton, lobster, champagne, and Chartreuse *vert*. My pockets were full of rose cough lozenges and liquorice, and next to my back I carried a good sized linen bag, containing crushed ice, mustard seed, and powdered camphor.

Thus fortified, I went on board, and took up a position near the centre of the vessel. I lighted a cigar, and enjoyed, for the first time, a splendid view of Dover Castle. The *Castalia* began to move, and we slowly left the harbour. The moment we were in the open sea, I noticed a slight (a very slight) rolling—as comforting as the rock of a cradle. I took out my note-book to chronicle further observations, when, I am sorry to say, I was suddenly seized by a strange indisposition, which caused me to lie on my back for the rest of the journey.

The Steward (who was most attentive to me) informed me on our arrival that only one passenger had been ill during the passage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

The *Sea Gulls*, Blackheath.

AN ADMIRER OF NELSON.

DEAR MASTER,

October 16th, 1875.

IN compliance with your honoured instructions, I have just been from Dover to Calais and back in the *Castalia*. The sea was rough, but the movement of the vessel was so pleasant that we, none of us, felt in the least unwell. The ship (when she has new engines) will be a great success in every particular.

I hope you will not be angry with me for biting a man who said something about my "bark being on the sea." I could not help it. He told a story—I did not bark at all.

Yours respectfully and affectionately,

On Board the "*Castalia*," Dover.

TOBY.

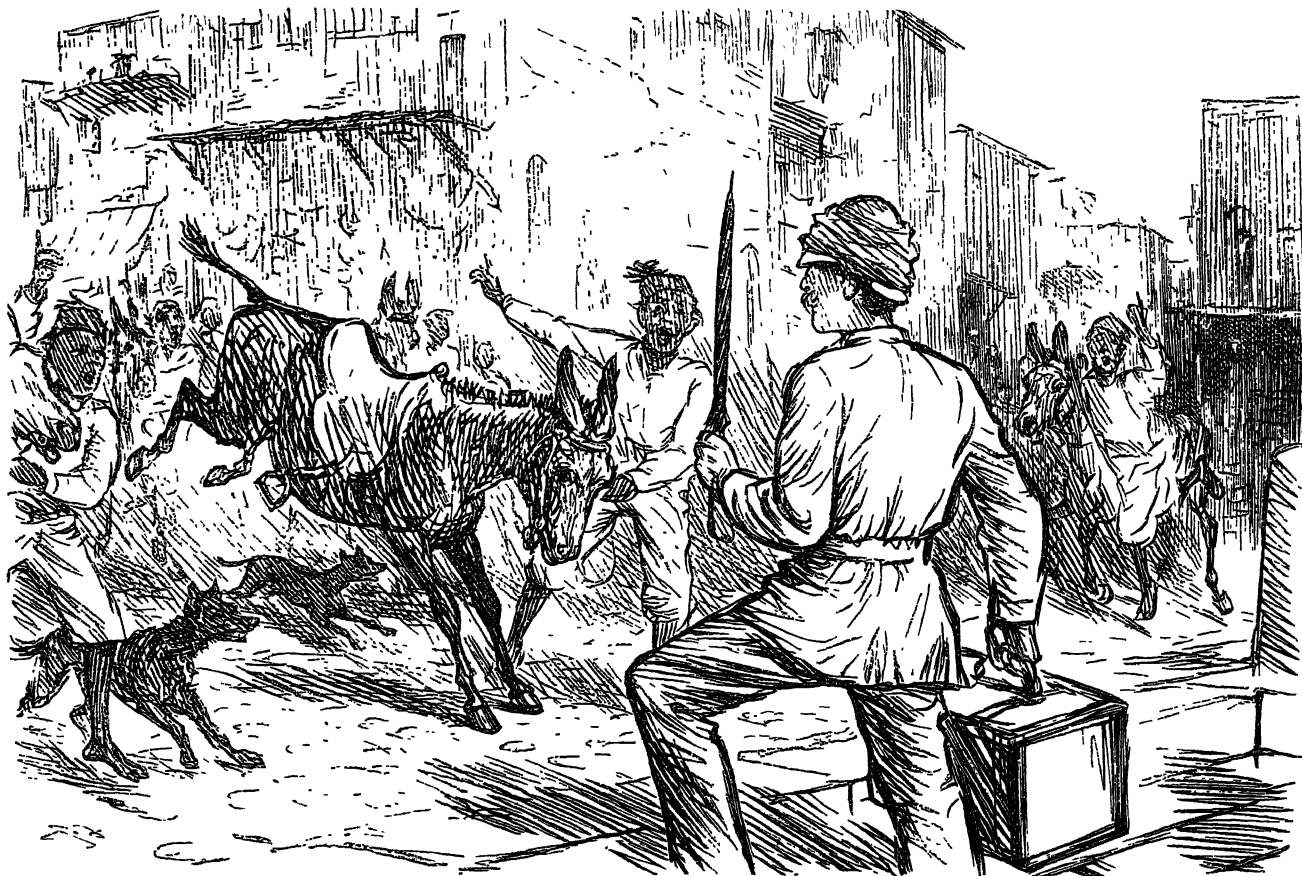
Does a Bad Ending make a Good Beginning?

IF so, there is much hope for the new Servian Ministry, which, as we learn from the *Daily News* of the 11th instant, contains the following names: M. KALJEVIC, M. PAVLOVIC, MAJOR SBRAYKOVIC, COLONEL PICKOVIC, and M. JANCOVIC. COLONEL PICKOVIC is probably a member of an Eastern branch of the PICKWICK family; but, be this as it may, one cannot but regret the appointment of so vicked a Ministry at such a critical moment.

To the *Serapis*.

"The boilers (of the *Serapis*) have been found to prime to an extraordinary degree."

YOUR boilers are "priming," and just at a time, When, consid'ring your errand, they ought to be prime.



FAME!

Donkey Boy (to Britisher, landing at Suez). "DIS BERY SUPERIOR DONKEY, SAR! DIS 'DOCTOR KNEELEE,' SAR!!"

SCHOOLS FOR SCARLET FEVER.

It is possible for School Board visitors to be not a little too active in the execution of their office. Some of them exceed it by the exercise of considerably too much zeal. Witness a case related by "A MEDICAL MAN" in the *Standard*, "à propos of compulsory school attendance." The children of a family he usually attends have lately been suffering from severe, if not malignant, scarlet fever. During its continuance, they having been removed from the Board School which they had previously been attending, remained some time absent, when—

"The visitor called on the mother during the week to learn the cause of their absence, of which he was informed. 'How long had they been ill?' 'Some ten days; one was then very bad.' 'One was nearly well?' 'Yes—at least, was much better.' 'She must be sent to school again immediately.' The mother replied that she did not think it would be right to send her, as she would probably convey the infection to the other children in the school; and, upon the visitor insisting, positively refused to allow the child to attend for the present. The visitor, finding her determined, left, threatening to take further proceedings."

Zeal, in the conduct of this official, appears to have dangerously prevailed over discretion. In fact, the latter attribute may be thought so conspicuous by its absence as to constitute an utter unfitness for any function which could not be performed by a fool. According to "A MEDICAL MAN," however, such fools as this one are by no means uncommon amongst School-Board visitors:—

"Yet it is a matter of wonder why scarlatina, &c., have lately been so much on the increase. Often I have been horrified, on calling to see children barely convalescent from scarlet and other fevers, to hear that they were at school; and, on inquiring what could have prompted the mother to send them, have been informed that the School-Board visitor had been and had insisted on their resuming attendance at once."

Not to know that "scarlet fever is a deadly and most infectious disease," that for at least a month after its disappearance it is not safe for a child to return to school, and that the case is the same with measles, chicken-pox, hooping-cough, and typhus, is ignorance through which "A MEDICAL MAN," has found all those diseases, and

perhaps even small-pox also, propagated by "hyper-zealous visitors" of Board-Schools. Is not such ignorance on the part of such officers quite as criminal as any which, when it kills people, juries find to be manslaughter?

SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY.

TO MISTER PUNCH. Onered Sir i ear as eow LORD DABBY hev bin a speechifyin at Manchester about the subjiok of skilled Laber & a presentin of the prizes at a meetink of the Siety fur the Purmoshun of Skyentiffic Hindstry. which there's me & CHARLEY CLYFAKER is both on us what our french pals ud call us shovellers of Hindstry* leastways we gets a onest living by aputtin of our Ands into other peoples pockets in a skyentiffic manner wich. Hif this ere aint skilled laber ide like to no wot is & me and CHARLEY wants to ear if onest fellers sich as we be elligible fur to compete fur prizes which LORD DABBY he mite giv us. Sir we wood both on us be appy fur to show our skill and hindstry at any public meeting purwidin as the Crushers ud be bound to take no notice on us & not to intafere with our leggitimate pursoots—Which if so be as how they'n on'y jest allow us fur to pop the Tickers as we prigged we shoodeint ax fur no more Prizes to reward us for our trubble. Umbly oping they'll elect us both as fellers of this Skyentiffic Siety i remane sir to comand your most obejent

PETER PRIGGINS.

* Chevaliers d'industrie?

Comparative Sable.

FROM a letter addressed to LORD LITTLETON by ARCHDEACON HONE, and published in the *Times*, it appears that the Black Country, in MR. BREWER's report thereon, looks too entirely black, there being even among the "nailers" a large number of "good and respectable" white spots in it. It is gratifying to discover that the Black Country is not so black as it is painted. But this qualification leaves it subject to a comparison more odious than flattering.



PROVINCIAL MOSSOOS IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST.

REASSURING INTELLIGENCE.

A LOAD must have been taken from many minds by the *Times*' statement that the Pump in Aldgate, about to be closed by the City Commissioners of Sewers, "on account of sewage contamination rendering it absolutely unfit for domestic purposes," is another Pump than the venerated engine which has stood so long the ornament and glory of Aldgate, and bears, distinctively, the name of that famous Ward:—

"The offending pump is opposite the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, at the corner of the Minories, and must not be confounded with the Aldgate pump *par excellence*, situated at the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets, against which no imputation can justly be made."

Let us hope so. Perhaps Aldgate's own Pump descends into a formation below the stratum whence sewage leaks into the well of the mere Pump in Aldgate. Maybe the water of Aldgate Pump *par excellence* excels that of the other in purity, and, particularly, does not contain any of that meaty "albuminoid," which, present as so much, and in any quantity too much, "body," in any water, renders it peculiarly unfit to drink. Alas, this possibility is contested as a fact, but if it were really so, and not otherwise, what good citizen would not rejoice exceedingly to learn that the announcement of conditions implying an end to Aldgate Pump was a false alarm?

NICE NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

ALARMISTS we are not, and have no wish to frighten anybody. Still, we cannot help remarking that there really is some room for some improvement in our Navy. Costly as they are, our ships seem hardly worth the pains and pounds we spend on them. Soon as they stir from shore, they appear to be assured of either breaking down, or else of breaking up and sinking. The *Vanguard* was lost lately, mainly owing to bad seamanship; and the *Serapis*, though

chosen for her speed as the right ship for the Prince, has, 'it is reported, owing to the "priming" of her engines, been steaming at the rate of only seven knots an hour!

In either men or ships, then, it is clear we cannot boast much of our Navy just at present. Put not your trust in Ironclads, must just now be the watchword. As a cautionary measure, it might be wise to change the names of certain of our ships, so as to inspire a wholesome doubt of their seaworthiness. Names expressive of distrust might be judiciously applied, and might by way of warning prove of service to the nation. Instead of choosing names such as the *Victory* or the *Valorous*, it might be well to christen vessels as the *Faulty* or the *Timorous*. As a name of evil omen we should rather like to see a big ship launched as the *Cassandra*. Names such as the *Trusty* we would utterly discard, and in their place make use of others—such, for example, as the *Faithless*, the *Deceptive*, or, still worse, the *Unreliable*. The *Eagle* or the *Lynx* might likewise well be laid aside: and to imply a bad look-out, we would call a ship the *Mole*, the *Bat*, or else the *Blindworm*. For the *Camilla* or the *Swiftsure*, we would advise the substitution of the *Sinksure* or the *Slowcoach*: while in lieu of braggart titles like the *Terrible*, the *Bulldog*, the *Ajax*, and the *Thunderer*, we would recommend the usage of a more modest nomenclature—as, for instance, the *Feeble*, the *Tortoise*, the *Jackass*, or the *Blunderer*.

Herzegovina and Spain.

A PARTY in Spain is said to meditate a *pronunciamento* in favour of Ex-QUEEN ISABELLA. While they are about it, they might as well tell us how to pronounce the name of the Herzegovinian Leader LUTIBERATIOS. That crack-jaw word looks about as like "Lucubrations" as "Skuptschina" to "Soup-kitchen."

CRUEL, BUT COMPENDIOUS CRITICISM.—MR. IRVING'S *Macbeth*—*Mac Bells*.

THE PRINCE'S LAST WORDS.

Oct. 12, *Dover Pier*.

Lo, the *Castalia* ready to start,
And our pet Princess, with a tremulous heart,
Thinking of perils by sea and shore—
When there comes a Mayor (don't call him a bore!),
And, to the Mayor a natural pendent,
A Corporation, in robes resplendent,
And the *saave* Lord Warden, with patience rare,
Says, "Your Royal Highness, this is the Mayor."

He had an address, which he could not read,
For the Captain wanted to get up speed:
The moon was bright and the sea was calm,
And why should Royalty suffer a qualm?
There was tug and turmoil the deck all over,
So "unabatedly loyal" Dover
Was perforce content with a word in the *Times*,
And immortal fame in *Punch's* rhymes.

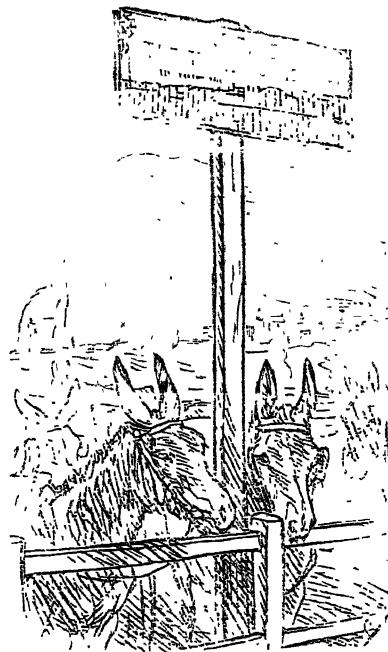
Never, since Princes had to be fluent,
Was better speech than our royal truant
Made to the mighty Mayor of Dover—
Who wished him fortunate passage over,—
For he simply said, with his good-humoured air,
"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Mayor."
The Prince's laconic style of reply
We advise all mayor-ridden magnates to try.

"With a Difference."

"I sit at ten pounds a week," exclaimed *Sir John Falstaff*; and the fat knight wished to make an end of it. "I sit at ten pounds a *day*" might be the exclamation of the Chief Commissioner at an Election Inquiry, "and I have not the slightest desire to make an end of it."
Verb. Sap.

THE CRY OF THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN;

Or, Mr. Alderman Sludge on Public Opinion.



HAT for Public Opinion, I say! Why, what next shall we come to, I wonder?

A pretty idea, indeed! This 'ere Court to the Country knock under? Cave in at the cry of the Press, the Profession, the People—good gracious! I almost feel my 'air stand on end at suggestions so simply owdacious!

Can't we do what we like with our own, we incorporate Nobs of the City? If this Court hasn't gump-tion sufficient to mend an old Bridge, it's a pity.

What, go and rescind resolutions, along o' this Press-botheration? I do trust my Lud Mayor we shall shun such ridiculous Self-Stultification!

Ahem! That's a capital word, and I think it should settle the business.

Self-stultified? Us! This 'ere Court! Why the notion affects me with dizziness!

The term, I am told, is derived from the forren for something like "duffer;"

Which applying the same to ourselves is a thing which we *never* should suffer!

"Obscure derivation?" Ah, well, MR. ALDERMAN POSE is *so* clever! No matter! But pander to Public Opinion and Press Writers? Never!

We know 'ow such things are got up. For myself, I regard those with pity

Who talk about taste and all that, and yet haven't a voice for the City!

I'm sick of the stuff that is talked about spoiling the Bridge, and such gammon.

One would think 'twere some Temple of Venus, and not a mere highway for Mammon,

Leading straight to the heart of our City, the centre of all that is glorious!

Of course 'tis the Bank as I mean!

[Here the Council's applause was uproarious.]

That cheer does me good! I contend Tin has nothing to do with the Tasteful;

And spending the Citizens' cash on such nonsense is wickedly wasteful.

This talk about Hart, and the like, is mere sentiment, silly and sickly;

What *we* want is a Bridge as will bear us, come cheap, and be finished off quickly.

Object to the boiler-plates, do they? By Gog, what could well be absurder?

Our Age is the great Iron Age, and the man who would gird at a girder,

Or talk silly trash about holding the Bridge as a trust for the Nation,

Would turn up his nose at the Bank, or pooh-pooh our sublime Corporation.

These 'ere Engineers, why, of course, of expensiver plans they've a many;

It's all in the way of their trade. But to talk of respect due to RENNIE

Is rubbish. He built us a Bridge, long ago, and we paid 'im his figger.

What is it to him if we do spoil its beauty in making it bigger?

But I see no objection myself to our plan. I should pass it instant, And not stop to argue the point with each newspaper critic or canter. This Court should be cock of the walk in the City, and *not* the whole Nation:

So, whatever we do, my Lord Mayor, let us shrink from Self-Stultification!

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.

HAVE we Cannibals among us, without going to the Fans of the Gaboon? It would seem so, from such a "Want" as this, openly advertised in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

HAM AND BEEF.—WANTED, a YOUNG MAN for the above.—Apply, &c.

Pecksniff is immortal. Therefore we may be sure *Pecksniff* cannot be dead. He lives and advertises. Here surely we trace the fine *Pecksniffian* hand, in this advertisement from a recent number of a leading daily:—

GOOD NEWS FOR FATHERS.—An architect, of credit and renown, has VACANCY for ARTICLED PUPIL, on exceptionally favourable terms as regards premium and advantages.—Letter to PALLADIO, 5, Stucco Terrace, South Kensington.

Othello talks of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Had the Moor been a reader of the daily papers of October, 1875, he might have felt that the advertisement which heads our column of Wants was meant for his "anthropophagi." And surely he would have admitted that the "delicate monster" demanded in the advertisement to which we now give extended publicity, would have been worthy to figure beside his men with heads beneath their shoulders:—

TO PLUMBERS, GASFITTERS, &c.—WANTED, a THREE-HANDED MAN.—Apply, &c.

Can anybody tell us why Plumbers and Gasfitters should be considered the likeliest trades to supply such a phenomenon?

Widowers beware! "Lady Helps" are all the cry; and here is a Lady, who evidently, we should say, means to help herself. As an appeal to the Snobocracy, her last touch is capitally imagined. This serene Lady Housekeeper will have nothing to say to *parvenus* or *nouveaux riches*; so, if she accepts a situation, her happy hirer may feel assured that he does not belong to either of these "low" categories. Such a Housekeeper will, of herself, be as good if not as a patent of nobility, at least as a *cachet* of distinction:—

LADY-HOUSEKEEPER.—WANTED, by a Lady, age thirty-two, a SITUATION in the above capacity, in the household of a Widower, with or without children. She is an experienced housekeeper and an excellent manager, calculated to make a home very comfortable. Being a staunch Churchwoman (without bigotry), a thorough Lady both by birth, position, and education, she could not treat with any one avowedly professing no religion, neither with *parvenus* nor *nouveaux riches*.—Address, &c.

We can only end as we began—Widowers beware!

And here's a chance for the Clerk of the Weather in London, if—as we admit is very unlikely—he should be short of the article in question for November:—

THIRTEEN ACRES OF FOG TO LET.

We cut this advertisement from the *Leeds Mercury*. Leeds is a good way from London, but no doubt, as fogs can be let by the acre, they are capable of being carried by the mile.

SHAKESPEARE has familiarised us with the notion of "Sermons in stones." What do our readers think of "Sermons on bones?" This happy thought seems to have occurred to the Ex-Indian Chaplain whose advertisement we take from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

PREFERMENT or EMPLOYMENT SOUGHT, for a period not exceeding Two Years by an Indian Chaplain on furlough. Age fifty-five. Thirty years in Holy Orders. Opposed to all mimicry of Roman usages. *Preaches Extempore from a skeleton*. Ample testimonials. London, Oxford, Cambridge, or South Coast preferred.

Admiralty Blockades (or 'Eads'?).

DEAR PUNCH,

I HEAR, on very good authority, that the Admiralty have issued orders that the Channel squadron will proceed down the Channel, in future, on the block system, thereby avoiding all chances of collision.

Yours obediently,

A. SOLDIER.



"WAYS AND MEANS."

First Country Gentleman. "MEAN HUNTING THIS WINTER, CHARLIE?"

Second Country Gentleman (doubtfully). "'SHALL TRY AND 'WORK' IT."

First Country Gentleman. "How?"

Second Country Gentleman. "GIVE UP THE UNDER-NURSE, I THINK!"

NEW SPORTING NOMENCLATURE.

GIVE a dog an ill name, and hang him. By the account of the *Field*, this saying applies likewise to the Horse. Conversely it may be said, Give a horse a good name and—back him. He goes in to win:—

"It is indubitable, so far as the British Turf is concerned, that the euphony and appositeness of his name have often exercised the most potential influence on the fortunes of a distinguished racehorse. It is a singular circumstance that, among nearly 300 horses by which the three historical races of England have been hitherto won, there is not a single animal cursed with an ill-sounding or unseemly appellation."

Hence it appears that *Mr. Shandy's* theory of the influence of Christian names is confirmed by parallel facts proving the like of it to hold good with regard to that noble animal the Horse. *Mr. Shandy* did not wish his son to be "Nicomedus'd into nothing." The same feeling influences the "stable mind":—

"About twenty years ago, *Mr. Bowes* requested a brother Member of the Jockey Club to lay out a considerable sum for him upon one of the best-bred and best-looking colts that the *Streatham* paddocks have ever sent up to *Langton Wold*. 'I will do your commission with pleasure,' was the discouraging answer, 'but I shall not follow it myself; for it is impossible that a horse with the name of *Graculus Esuriens* should ever win the Derby.'"

So even the matter-of-fact horsey man has a spice of superstition in him. As touching horses, at least, he believes in the "magic of a name." Of course he would object to names for racehorses which, if racehorses had sponsors, some sponsors would give them in view of the ignoble purposes to which those noble animals are made subservient. Racehorses then, like *Ironclads*, as the *Devastation*, the *Warrior*, and so forth, would receive names which, if not eligible for euphony or seamliness, would however be significant. As, for example: *Astruteness*, *Concealment*, *Deception*, *Dishonour*, *Falsehood*, *Knavery*, *Meanness*, *Roguery*, *Rascality*, *Subtlety*, *Treachery*,

PUNCH TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

DESPOTIC OFFICIAL!

Punch wants to know
Why in the world you drench us so;
Why, with savage persistence, again and again,
You turn off the sun and turn on the rain;
Why you spoil the frills of the lovely sex;
Why *Thames* and *Severn* and *Trent* and *Exe*
Of their legal limits pass the line,
And in neighbouring cellars spoil the wine.

The official mind, O Clerk of the Weather,
Is apt to keep to a certain tether:
The Board of Admirals clearly think
'Tis nothing to them if *Ironclads* sink:
The *POSTMASTER-GENERAL* scorns all fetter,
And laughs at the fellow who loses a letter;
If on *Home Affairs* a man 's at a loss,
Little he 'll get from *ASSETON CROSS*.

But on *Olympus*, O Weather-Cleric
(*Punch* respects you as being *Homeric*),
There are surely officials who manage to beat
The do-nothing duffers of *Downing Street*:
And now, as the rains are washing away
The splendour of *Autumn's* divine decay,
Punch, *Earth's Zeus*, insists on knowing
Who left the tap of the cistern flowing.

It really will not do, you know,
This damp, discouraging overflow:
Clerk of the Weather, think again
Before you order additional rain.
Would you cruelly make your *Punch* rheumatic,
And drown the only wit that's *Attic*?
If you turn to a sponge our native granite,
We must emigrate to another planet.

Insolvent Islam.

THE Mahometans were, during the ages of Chivalry, stigmatised by Christian knights with the name of "Paynim." This appellation revived, with the difference of a letter, will perhaps very soon be rendered applicable to the modern Turks. There is too much reason to fear that, Turkey becoming utterly insolvent, the *SULTAN* and his people will be soon in a condition to be denominated "Pay-nix," or "Pay-nil."

Trickery—appellations expressing the qualities and attributes which chiefly characterise and actuate Betting-men. Also denominations representing the crimes which horsey clerks and shopmen are apt to be led into by gambling, as *Embezzlement*, *Robbery*, and *Forgery*. Likewise the terms denoting the various blackguards who undertake the underhand and dishonest practices which discredit the Turf, as *Touter*, *Tipper*, *Scratcher*, *Welcher*, and *Thimblery*; to which might be added *Reputation*, *Levante*, and—were jockeying bondholders a sufficiently horsey trick—*Grand Turk*.

A LOG OF IRON.

(A Page extracted from the Journal of *H. M.'s Ironclad Teakettle*.)

Monday.—Carried away a couple of anchors, and started. Came into collision with another *Ironclad*, and made all taut for the night.

Tuesday.—Repaired ram, and got up steam. Weighed anchor, and made good progress until stopped by pier-head. Disentangled the rigging from the Lighthouse, and made all safe for the night.

Wednesday.—Repaired bowsprit, masts, and spars, and accepted assistance of Tug. When cast loose rammed Tug; took her crew on board, and made everything comfortable for the night.

Thursday.—Placed buoy over wreck of Tug, and steamed into smooth water. Saw *Pleasure Yacht* in the offing. Accidentally rammed *Pleasure Yacht* in a fog, and made everything cosy for the night.

Friday.—Got up steam, and found that the engines primed famously. Drifted on to some rocks, and made everything ship-shape for the night.

Saturday.—Got off rocks, and, finding the vessel sinking, made sail for the harbour. Sank on the Bar, rose to the surface, swam ashore, sent despatches to the Admiralty, and made everything snug for the night.



A FINE HEAD (BUT NOT OF THE RIGHT SORT OF CATTLE).

PERKINS HAS PAID A MINT OF MONEY FOR HIS SHOOTING, AND HAS HAD BAD LUCK ALL THE SEASON. TO-DAY, HOWEVER, HE GETS A SHOT, ONLY—IT TURNS OUT TO BE AT A COW!

THE "PRIEST OF ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA."

A LAY OF MODERN ROME.*

SAYS MANNING, "My Church is the mildest of Mothers!"

JOHN ponders in doubt o'er the plausible text.

One parent, he thinks, should have pity for others;

But here a plain person is slightly perplext.

Rome posed as the type of relation parental?

That sounds very much like pure fiddle-de-dee!

When read, with the comment,—which seems providential,—

Supplied by a "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

Pray what do you think of it, JOHN? Does it strike you

As being conclusive, and much to the point?

This Spirit of dear Mother Church, doth it like you?

Is 't fitted to heal a poor Age out of joint?

How does it appeal to *your* fatherly feelings,

This burst of abuse and of arrogant glee,

Which comes, as the crown of his sinister dealings,

From this kidnapping "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea"?

Priests-militant, even, methinks should fight fairly,

And shrink from back-stabs and from blows in the dark;

But some of these clerical guides chuckle rarely

At finding a dirty backstairs to their Ark.

To the lay mind it seems a strange roadway to Heaven.

"A tool in God's hands!" Surely Satan must be

For a clerical catspaw extremely hard driven,

To stoop to the "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

"Throw mud," my good man? Well, the missiles *you* handle
Are something too filthy for fingers polite,

* *Punch* is glad to see both the letter and the transaction herein commented on indignantly repudiated by at least one Priest of St. Leonard's. But there is nothing to show that this *one* is the accredited priest of the place, or that the perversion and letter are not both the work of a Priest of the Holy and Infallible Roman Catholic Church.

And perhaps we may thank you for holding a candle

To things which your betters hide snugly from sight.

'Tis a peep we should prize at the sense esoteric

Of prophets who call us the nestlings to be

'Neath the wing of a Church of which you are a cleric,

Most merciful "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

Your doctrines and dogmas you're free to promulgate,

By any fair means it may suit you to try;

Pray pin, if it please you, your faith to the Vulgate,

Not to arts of the area-sneak and the spy.

These are weapons unfit for the service of Heaven;

And JOHN, though he wills that all faiths should be free,

Turns up nose at the ill-smelling Jesuit-leaven

You'd spread, my fine "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

To gloat o'er the capture of foolish young gudgeon

Seems small. But our kidnapping priest doubles parts

Like a knowing *lay-burglar*, he handles the bludgeon,

As well as the picklock of Jesuit arts.

Nay, fatherly tears are a joke to this "pastor."

Friend JOHN, is *this* Rome? Then, methinks, you'll agree

It were well, if you wish in your house to be master,

To watch spies like this "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

Compromise with Nonconformity.

From a quantity of breath lately expended in talk at various "Diocesan Conferences," it seems that there are not a few Clergymen who think it wise to resist the claim of Dissenters to bury their dead in parish churchyards after their own manner. Argument in such a matter is useless; but a compromise may be suggested to reverend gentlemen. Might not a portion of every churchyard be set apart for the interment of Dissenters; and could not the Incumbent or the Bishop, if they thought proper, deconsecrate so much of it for that purpose? Who would be in any way the worse for this simple arrangement?

PROUD OF HIS CLOTH!



Is the punishment most appropriate to the offence, H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, has sentenced an unruly Subaltern, who has disgraced Her Majesty's Service — by taking part, first, in some silly practical joking at Hythe, and, as a sequel, in some ungentlemanlike, and, worse, unfair fisticuffs on a public promenade—to appear for the space of a year constantly in uniform. Until now the Queen's coat has been considered an honour to its wearer, not a disgrace. However, "we have changed all that," and may soon expect to see the publication of the following sentences:—

The Colonial Bishop of Niggerstown, having insisted upon lighting sixteen candles during "Morning Celebration," has been ordered to wear his lawn sleeves at all croquet parties to which he may be invited during the next six calendar months!

MR. CHRISTOPHER SHARP, Barrister-at-Law, having addressed the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE during the Opera season of 1876.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERCULES HANNIBAL, K.C.B., D.C.L., having spoken with disrespect of the Honorary Degree conferred upon him by the University of Oxbridge, has been ordered to wear his Doctor's gown in Rotten Row every day for a twelvemonth.

And, lastly, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, having made a serious mistake, is hereby desired by *Mr. Punch* not to presume to put on a red coat or a cocked hat until he has learned to appreciate the uniform of his Sovereign at its proper value.

A VICAR ON VANITIES.

(Some words with the REV. A. WILLIAMS, Vicar of Kingston, concerning his Views with regard to "Dramatic Performances" and "Entertainments for the People." See *Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 20.)

REVEREND SIR,—MR. PUNCH has a profound respect for honest convictions temperately expressed, however antagonistic they may be to his own opinion. But as it is in the nature of pulpit Philippics, especially when directed against what are clerically known as "Worldly Vanities," to be just a little one-sided, he would like to put to you a few questions with regard to your recently reported Sermon.

In the first place, what are "Worldly Vanities;" and are there no Vanities which may be called "other-worldly"? It is not, perhaps, every Stall in Vanity Fair whose badge is motley, and whose sign is the Cap and Bells. Are there not booths there, sombrely enough draped, yet where are vended, at a good price too, such indisputable "Vanities" as spiritual pride, professional bias, purblind dogmatism, and uncharitable construction? "All is Vanity," said the Preacher of old. But modern pulpiteers are apt to be somewhat arbitrarily eclectic, and to brand as Vanities the things only which they individually or professionally dislike. It is well to hold the balance fairly—even in Vanity Fair!

Again you endeavour to give show of logical process to what you please to consider your "argument," by declaring that "amusements of this description" are demonstrably

wrong, because Scripture pointedly condemns "foolish talking and jesting." But is the *sequitur* so clear as might be wished? Might not the text, with equal show of logic, be twisted into a condemnation of the pulpit, seeing that from that quarter we have such a superabundance of "foolish talking"? Or is stultiloquence more tolerable from the lips of a preacher than from the mouth of a mime?

You do not seem to take the intelligible, though disputable, position, that in the divine economy of things there is no legitimate function for mirth or for amusement. It is clear then, that it remains to decide what is permissible amusement and allowable mirth. The inquiry demands discrimination and candour, things not much in favour with such sweeping anathematisers as yourself. But "the Cloth" is fond of the argument analogical. Shall we say then that because so many Sermons are dull, idealess, unprofitable, not to say, "deteriorating," it would, therefore, be well to abolish the pulpit altogether?

You say that "the whole spirit of such things is as worldly and unscriptural as it can possibly be." Worldly? Unscriptural? Vague words, Reverend Sir, which may mean anything or nothing. Is all that is not distinctively spiritual to be condemned as worldly, in an evil sense? Is all that is not specifically enjoined by Scripture to be branded as unscriptural or anti-scriptural? Is *Hamlet* "worldly"? Is the *Midsummer Night's Dream* "unscriptural"? Or are they, like a large proportion of legitimate human works and ways, innocently *extra-scriptural*, but no more antagonistic to the Spirit of the Book we all reverence than a lily or a laugh? Your Philippic, though intended to be pungent, seems to lack point and particularity. There are numberless details of the daily duties of humanity, concerning which Scripture gives no specific judgment or direction; otherwise you would hardly, in your indiscriminating condemnation of the Stage, be compelled to fall back upon doubtful metaphors and distorted texts.

Does it not strike you that the rôle of "Spiritual Watchman," which you so readily assume, demands, for its proper discharge, some judicial faculty and fairness, some knowledge of human life, its needs and its possibilities? Do the spiritual policemen who would imprison a child for picking a flower, or anathematise an adult for entering a theatre, exhibit that fairness, or that knowledge—to say nothing of such minor Christian attributes as mercy or charity? "The broader the farce, the more it pleases," say you. But about sundry ecclesiastical performances of late, has there not been all of the farce but the fun? Would it not be well to banish burlesque from the pulpit before falling foul of it on the stage? Finally, doffing "the seven-league boots of self-opinion," would it not be wise to direct the lively battery of clerical energy against the proven evils which beset all human institutions, ecclesiastical ones not excepted, rather than sweepingly to condemn dramatic performances and popular entertainments (as one might as fairly denounce the multitude of "pulpit ministrations" in which you rejoice) by the aid of illogical appeals to the misread letter or misrepresented spirit of Holy Scripture? I pause for a reply; and holding my lay rostrum of at least equal dignity with a misused pulpit, do not think it necessary to apologise for thus catechising a Catechist before I subscribe myself

Your very obedient Servant,

PUNCH.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



Social Contrast kindly supplied by certain Tourists from England and elsewhere.

PICTURE—"THE SMITH FAMILY ABROAD."

SCENE—*The Hall of a Hotel. Landlord bowing at the door to the departing Members of the Smith Family.*

Landlord. Everything has been to your satisfaction, is it not? Gentlemen and Ladies—is it not?

Mr. Smith Senior. Certainly not. The view of the Lake was disfigured by the Hotel flagstaff.

Mrs. Smith Senior. Satisfied! Of course not. The muslin curtains in the bed-rooms had not been changed for at least a couple of days.

Mr. Smith Junior. Satisfied!—and the soufflé overdone at the table d'hôte!

Mrs. Smith Junior. O dear no! Why, the piano was out of tune in the salon!

Mr. John Smith. Satisfied! I like that! Why, the boot varnish was of inferior quality!

Miss Smith. And the Chambermaid was as clumsy as possible in arranging my hair!

All the Smith Family (together). Ah, so very different at home!

COMPANION PICTURE—"THE SMITH FAMILY AT HOME."

SCENE—*The Dining-Room of No. 25, Prospect Place, E.W. Day after the return of the Smith Family.*

Mr. Smith Senior. That dead wall in front of the window is rather a contrast after the borders of the Lake and the flagstaff we thought so pretty— isn't it?

Mrs. Smith, Senior. Yes, and only look at the furniture. Why the cleanest things in the house are those muslin curtains we put up in the drawing-room last Christmas twelvemonth.

Mr. Smith, Junior. The usual dinner, I suppose, to-day. Cold mutton and jam pudding. Ha!—rather a contrast! A roley-poley! When one thinks of that excellent soufflé!

Mrs. Smith, Junior. How absurdly small the piano looks after that splendid grand we used to play upon, you remember, in the salon.

Mr. Smith, Senior. With only one servant to wait upon us all, I should be a fool to expect to find my boots properly blacked. I wish I had bought a bottle of that varnish, by the way.

Miss Smith. After getting accustomed to a lady's-maid on the Continent, how can I do without one at home?

All the Smith Family (together). Ah! so very different abroad!

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

Letter No. 2.

DEAR SIR,

HERE we are again: in India. Our Indian Empire lies between 80 Fahrenheit and 120 Réaumur. It is composed of divisions, subdivided into *castes*, according to their behaviour. The First Division is the lowest form, and the lowest form of caste is not spoken to, or recognised, here, any more than is a man of "bad form" among ourselves, *chez nous*. The people's religion is mixed: they have the sacred books of the Deccan, and worship Veda, Brushnu, and Bogie alternately, according to the weather. I forgot to add MUMBO-JUMBO, but I rather fancy that his rites belong exclusively to the High Church caste in India. I do not pick these items out of MURRAY, but have obtained them at first hand, either from personal observation, or from the REGENT RUMMUN, the distinguished resident whom I have already had occasion to mention.

On a brilliant November day the Prince will land, and will be received at Bombay with a ceremonial unequalled since the glorious days of the Old Lord Mayor's Show, the time of BUNN, DUCROW, and the Lyceum Extravaganzas.

Subject to alteration, here is the programme (in the rough), which I have already drawn up:—

1. A Band of *Papaws* on the quay, playing, "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*."

2. The leading *Guava* (a kind of High Sheriff), accompanied by the chief *Jamrocks* (sort of Deputy-Lieutenants), bearing garlands and banners.

3. A Bevy of Nautch Girls dancing up and retiring. Tune, "*It's Nautchy but it's Nice*."

4. A Hashish with his Suite, who will read an Address between them. Solo and chorus.

5. A Regiment of Mangosteens (the very pick of the Native Troops), mounted on thoroughbred *nullcols*. (** I can't explain this, but ask any respectable Indian resident in England, and he'll tell you.)

6. *Eurasians* playing on *bandicoots*. [This last word, of course, is musically suggestive, and was, no doubt, imported into India from England. Coot's band is well-known (I think they call it COOT AND TINNEY, or COOT AND BRASSY—I forget which) at balls, and "bandi-coot" is clearly only a transposition of Coot-his-band. I shall bring out an Anglo-Indian Dictionary, with the origin of mixed words. This is *entre nous*.]

7. More Nautch Girls dancing up, scattering garlands, and retiring. (Whenever I am at a loss for any part of the entertainment on the Prince's tour, I shall always throw in the Nautch girls. They like it, and so will H.R.H.)

8. *Shurjashes* in chain armour. (These are all that now remain of the ancient chivalry of India, of which you've read so much—and I haven't.)

9. Then will come a procession of *Loquats* (native Barristers without wigs) preceding a *Yam* (a native Judge, with his wig on), followed by *Pumplinoses* (Beadles, Ushers, and Officers of the Native Court, evidently a word of mixed origin for "pimply-nose"), bearing white wands, and singing hymns to Fu-Rangum (Juggernaut's brother—and a great card here).

10. Anglo-Indians and Indo-Anglians led by SIR SAM JAM JEE JELLYBOX, in coat-tails and turban, who will deliver an address.

11. Ayahs, Punkahs, Pundits, and Nabobs, in full costume, bearing insignia.

12. Nautch girls, and bells.

That's as far as I've got at present, and it promises to make a pretty big show.

After spending some time here, H.R.H. will be taken by me to a real treat. He will dine off *Jungluwallahs*—a sort of sweet-scented venison,—and drink the soothing *tatous*, a kind of mild champagne, with only two per cent. of sugar.

At this point I have engaged a party of *Western Ghâts* (conjurers), who are the most entertaining dogs in the world. I will tell you some of their tricks, which would puzzle Mr. HOME, the spiritualist, and make MASHLYNE AND COOKE wild.

One *Ghat* balances a stick on his nose, while another, a stout man of about sixteen stone, runs up it, bare-footed, and, when he has reached the top, he suddenly disappears—apparently into the air, like the witches in *Macbeth*. Then a goat, a horse, and, finally, an elephant,—mind, this is in full daylight, and in an open plain, no *mécanique*, no spring, no deception,—ascend the stick one after the other, and all, in turn, disappear. Five minutes afterwards, the stout man, the goat, the horse, and the elephant, reappear, quietly making their way through the crowd, which receives them with enthusiasm.

This is wonderful, and, sharp as I am, I can not tell how it's done. Money won't buy the secret.

This will please H.R.H., as will also the *Cheetah*, a sort of native "Jolly Nash," who sings comic songs racy of the soil, after dinner. Such is life in India.

The next day I shall take H.R.H. to the Begum's Restauration, where he will be received by the *Burra Sahib* (or head waiter), attended by his *Chokees* (i.e., the other waiters in white chokers). The name *Chokee* bears the same relation to the Choker as mortgagee does to the mortgagor. Again evidently Anglo-Indian.

Then the Prince will taste the most lovely iced *durbar* that was

*** *Foot-Note.*—We have a sort of idea that Our Representative is deceiving us, or that somebody is. From information we've received, we learn that a "*Houdah*," described by Our Representative, in his letter last week, as "a genuine Native Prince," is a sort of palanquin on the back of an elephant used by tiger-hunters. There can be no such *corps* as a "guard of Tiffins"—if *tiffin* be the Indian word for Luncheon, as we are now told it is. Again, a "*coolie*" cannot be flashed in the air, if a "*coolie*"—as a real Indian, MAJOR RYON CHURNER, has written to us to say—means "a man of low caste." Should Our Representative insist on extra pay for his "local colouring," he shall get it—pretty strongly—when he presents himself at our office. We print his letter, and suspend our judgment. Only, we do advise our readers to consult some dictionary of Indian words and phrases—such a vocabulary as may be found in any book about the Sports of India, or Mr. SALA's excellent prospective account of the Prince's tour, recently published in the *Illustrated London News*, where, we are informed, many of the words used in Our Representative's letter appear. But, in any case, if our readers will kindly inform us whenever they catch Our Representative tripping, they will be doing good service to the Public, and conferring a benefit on the Editor.

ever made. Perhaps you do not know of what this dish is composed? I don't; but I ate it. It is something between the flavour of oranges and shrimps, and when iced to about the consistency of a jelly, you pick it out with an Indian *killar* made of ivory, and closely resembling the mustard-spoon in ordinary use among ourselves.

If the Prince does not stop to taste this, which is eaten as a relish before dinner, he will in the future miss one of the most delightful reminiscences of the Indian *cuisine*.

In haste to catch the mail, I am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

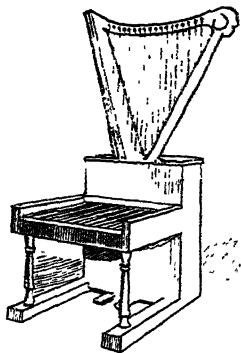
P.S.—Don't forget extra pay for local colouring.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME:

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillianty Society.

How to Furnish a House for a Composer.—Every article of furniture should be instrumental in affording him assistance at his work of genius. Nothing should be lost. His chairs should combine the harp at the back and the pianette in the seat.

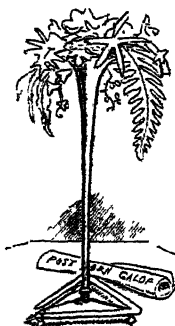
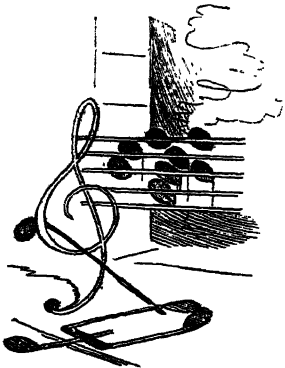


The glasses on his table should be each of a different tone, and so arranged as to produce the most melodious tunes at every meal.

The patterns on his plates should be in musical notes, and these would exhibit his peculiar crotchets in decorative art.

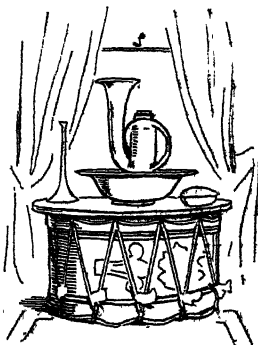
His fire-place should be five bars. His tongs should be two quavers, and his poker another quaver, and they could stand on clefs. Nothing more simple, nor, I may add, to the artistic mind, more touching.

What for a flower-stand can be more suitable than a post-horn?—fitting into a small stand, so as to prevent dust getting into the mouthpiece,



and also not to allow of the escape of the water so necessary for the support of the flowers.

For the Composer's Washing-Stand, what better than a drum,



with movable lid, so that when the basin was removed it would be a drum, and when the basin was restored it would be a washing-stand?

A Tambourine Tray or salver is also suggested by the musician's skill.

His front door-posts would be formed by the uprights of bassoons, if bassoons be the name of those long wooden sticks with a brass mouthpiece sticking out of them; and to these mouthpieces the visitors could apply themselves, and with a good blast would become at once "Somebody with a note—at the door."

A violoncello would form an admirable cupboard, and the pillars of the house could be fluted columns.

The window blinds should be covered with his own compositions. Another would form exquisite patterns for his *portières*. All the stools should be musical boxes, and all the fauteuils likewise.

Venetian blinds lend themselves to bar patterns admirably, and with a couple of strings you can change the tune from time to time.

The lower part of the house should be styled the thorough basement, and the upper the attics.

There should be a key of a different pattern to every lock in the house. One set of major keys, and another of minors.

The staircase carpet pattern (or pavement, if used) should represent the Chromatic Scale.

The Key of A should be that of the Ante-room.

The Key of B, the Boudoir.

The Key of C, the China Closet.

The Key of D, the Drawing-room.

E, the Eating or Dining-room.

(To be continued.)



BEEF AT A CHURCH CONGRESS.

(See Letter by a "WEST SOMERSET PARSON" in the Times, Oct. 20.)

THERE is a Country Parson of Western Somerset; He seems as wise a Parson as *Punch* has ever met; He finds the tenant of his glebe at law and justice mooks, And sends to London market cow by the name of ox: He finds, moreover, that said cow, seller and buyer weeting, Died in a state which rendered it most questionable eating.

He does not stay to sermonise—he writeth to the *Times*; He says that selling beef that's bad is quite a crime of crimes: He states that the bucolic lout, extremely fond of pelf, Will send to Leadenhall Market what he would not eat himself—He really doesn't think it a wicked thing to do, Just poisoning with meat diseased a Lunnon chap or two.

Punch likes idyllic country life, and really feeleth loth To think that *Arcades ambo* too oft means "blackguards both;" Yet might the term apply full well, he verily must avow, To the man who sold, and also to him who bought, that cow. And he thanks the Somerset Parson for coming to relief Of the unsuspecting Cockney who prefers wholesome beef.

For what says he, the Parson? Unlikely you would guess: This, that such tricks are the thing to moot at the Church's next Congress.

Altar or Table battle is squabble very alight; Twixt com- or trans- substan-tiate is hardly worth a fight; Wear alb or surplice as you will—long petticoats, short sleeves: But High or Low should teach their flocks they ought not to be thieves.

Hail, O West Somerset Parson! Go on as you've begun, Archbishop *Punch* declares the Church has not a wiser son. You know the way to check the men who swindle and overreach: If your sermons are not *very* long, he'll come and hear you preach; And afterwards, right willingly, go home with you to lunch On steak of ox (with oyster-sauce) fit for the plate of *Punch*.

"THE SILLY SEASON."—The Honeymoon.



PRUDENCE.

Very Small Mite. "ARE YOU FOND OF SUGAR-PLUMS?"

Lady. "NO, MY DEAR, THANK YOU!"

Very Small Mite. "THEN, WILL YOU KEEP THEM FOR ME, PLEASE?"

ADMIRALTY GUIDE.

(Out of the Fog.)

THERE appears to have been considerable misapprehension among officers of the Royal Navy as to the line of conduct to be adopted under certain circumstances. All doubts, however, on these points must have been removed by the decision of a recent Court-Martial and the Admiralty minute thereupon.

For the benefit of the Service we give a short summary of the instructions which appear to be conveyed.

For Admirals.

Admirals in command of a squadron will regulate the speed of the ships composing it, but will not be responsible for accidents which may arise from the rate of speed being improper.

On the approach of fog, a gun may be fired from the flagship; care being however taken that the gun used is not heavy enough to be heard by the other ships of the squadron. (Suitable pieces of ordnance for this purpose may be obtained at the Model Dockyard in the Strand.)

For Captains commanding Ironclads in Squadron.

No alteration of speed or course must under any circumstances be made on the Captain's own authority.

Should a vessel be unfortunately discovered across the bows, the Admiral must be signalled to, and his directions awaited. If, however, the vessel in danger be the Admiralty yacht, carrying their Lordships, the Captain of the Ironclad may, on his own responsibility, order life-buoys to be got ready; that intended for the First Lord being at once decorated with red cloth.

In the event of fog coming on, steam is immediately to be shut off from the whistle, or it might inadvertently be sounded, thus giving notice of your whereabouts to some other ship, and enabling her to get out of your way, or perhaps to ram you; in which case, of course, you would be held responsible for the disaster.

Should this however occur, the diver belonging to the ship will immediately assume his dress and descend to inspect the leak.

On his return he will prepare a written report of its size, &c., and upon this report, countersigned by the Captain, the necessary quantity of oakum, spare sails, and hammocks will be handed to the Carpenter, in order that he may at once arrest the influx of water.

Should all endeavours be unavailing, and the ship continue to settle down, the efforts to save her are on no account to cease; but when the ship commences her final plunge, and the decks begin to burst up, boats' crews may be piped away and the boats lowered. The men must not, however, be allowed to get into them until the water is level with the hammock nettings. It must be strictly borne in mind that the preservation of the crew is entirely a minor consideration. Men may be had at any time at the usual rate of pay, but modern vessels of war cost both time and money, and the loss of one may even cause the addition of a halfpenny to the Income-tax.

The above instructions have special reference to ships getting into a fog, and by inducing a corresponding state of mind with those in command, may be of the utmost practical utility.

The Vegetable Winebibber.

(See Account of a gigantic growth in a Cellar at Upper Norwood.)

SAY, of what wood is formed the tree-like growth
O'er Upper Norwood cellar spreading free?
Perhaps its spring it takes from Port beneath,
And Upper-Logwood may turn out to be.

No Hoax.

A TELEGRAM from Hong-Kong the other day confirmed the report that the *Gordon Castle* had landed at Shanghai sixty tons of Henry-Martini ammunition for the Chinese Government. It does not much signify, but the telegram would have been more welcome if it had announced that the ammunition landed was all Betty-Martini.



NEPTUNE'S WARNING.

FATHER NEP. "LOOK HERE, MY LASS! YOU USED TO 'RULE THE WAVES;' BUT IF YOU *MIS-RULE* 'EM, AS YOU'VE DONE LATELY, BY JINGO THERE'LL BE A ROW!!!"

BRITANNIA. "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHO'S TO BLAME, PAPA DEAR!"

FATHER NEP. "DON'T KNOW!!! THEN PIPE ALL HANDS, AND FIND OUT!!!"

WEAK MOMENTS.



WHEN I yielded to the persistent solicitations of Mrs. GULLFLOWER, and migrated with the whole of my family (ten souls in all), for six weeks, from a comfortable home at Upper Norwood, to uncomfortable lodgings at Stragglesea; where we had indifferent cooking, defective sanitary arrangements, a high average of easterly winds, several inches of rainfall, a carriage accident, a doctor's bill, and an unexpected and unwelcome *affaire de cœur*, in which the rapidly advancing tide, a Newfoundland dog, a Lieutenant of Militia, and my second daughter, MONA FRANCES CAROLINE, all played a conspicuous part.

When I allowed my eldest daughter, LILIA KATHARINE, to contract

an engagement with Mr. BOLINGBROKE JAXON, a young engineer, who hopes, through his cousin, who is a connection of the wife of one of the Directors, to get an appointment under a Company now in formation for the purpose of supplying the Fiji Islands with tramways. Seeing that BOLINGBROKE has been a regular visitor at Upper Norwood twice a week, and always on Sundays, for the last three years, and that his views on politics, Church questions, education, the drama, and smoking, are directly opposed to mine, and that he is subject to violent sneezing fits, and invariably only just catches the last train at night, it will surprise no one—certainly no father—to be told that the Polynesian project has my best wishes for its successful accomplishment.

When I gave my sanction to our two youngest boys, WILLIAM and RUFUS, keeping poultry in the back premises, on the understanding that they should bear the entire expenses of the establishment, and furnish the family breakfast table with a constant supply of fresh laid eggs at a very liberal rate of remuneration. WILLIAM and RUFUS have altogether failed to fulfil their engagements, and I have been summoned to appear at the Police Court, to answer a complaint from the neighbours that our "Bright Chanticleers proclaim the dawn" with distracting loudness and unnecessary frequency.

When I was cajoled into a little dance with refreshments, which was artfully expanded into a regular ball and supper, to the serious depletion of my pocket, the detriment of the furniture, the complete upset of all domestic comfort both before and after the rout, and the chagrin of my wife and daughters at the inability of the Harbrough BAKERS; "owing to a prior engagement," to accept Mr. and Mrs. GULLFLOWER's kind invitation for the 27th.

When I was persuaded, contrary to my own wish to send him to Germany, to give my eldest boy, ALURED CHRISTOPHER, all the great educational and social advantages of that ancient and aristocratic seminary of sound and useless learning, Mossington, founded by STEPHEN CARRAWAY, citizen and grocer, in 1565, where he was diligently instructed in XENOPHON'S *Anabasis* and OVID'S *Metamorphoses*, as the best possible training for his future career as a clerk, and probable partner, in the old-established house of GULLFLOWER, DEWSBERRY & Co., Ship Chandlers and General Provision Merchants.

When, at the instance of my old, and, as I thought, knowing friend, RENTMORE, I bought Herzegovinian Eight per Cent. Bonds at 164, which to-day are down to 45½; and invested, on the recommendation of the same sage counsellor, a good deal of capital in the shares of the Window and Housetop Gardening Company, which undertaking was, in less than three months' time, wound up in VICE-CHANCELLOR BAGGEWIGG'S Court.

When I wrote to the leading journal to unfold my plan for facilitating the recognition of the various trains on the Underground Railway by hurried, timid, and short-sighted passengers, and was so unfortunate as to have my communication inserted—being thereby beguiled to go on writing letters on all kinds of subjects, ranging from brilliant meteors in the heavens to enormous potatoes in the earth, none of which ever found a corner in the columns of the paper in question.

When I deeply offended my Aunt MARTHA—one of the old school, who had all the washing done at home, insisted on her maids wearing

large frilled caps, and would not allow them to speak even to the Postman, if she could prevent it—by needlessly constituting myself the champion of the servants as against their mistresses, so that she made a new will within the week, and left the bulk of her property (sworn under £80,000) to the Home for Blighted Hearts at Nozzlebrooke.

When I began by throwing out that bay-window to the dining-room, and then went on to add the conservatory to the drawing-room, and took another step in building the billiard-room, and greatly improved the sleeping accommodation by the addition of two or three bed-rooms, and finally rebuilt the kitchens, out-premises, and stables; so that for five years, on and off, I was always moving in a circle of masons, carpenters, plasterers, painters, and other costly artificers.

GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.

MR. PUNCH'S prophetic inspiration is a matter of world-wide notoriety, and when in the peculiar mesmeric condition into which he occasionally lapses after dinner he is more than usually *clairvoyant*.

"Rapt into future times" the other evening, Mr. Punch distinctly saw a copy of a morning paper (second edition) dated November 1st, 1885, in which were the following interesting items of intelligence:—

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Plymouth, 4 A.M.

Last night, Her Majesty's Ironclad Ships, *Dicer*, *Blunderer*, *Lob-sides*, *Crusher*, *Submarine*, *Downshire*, *Founderer*, and *Mudlark*, forming the Channel Fleet, and which had in the morning been got off the sandbank on which they grounded the day before, ran into one another, and all went down in deep water. Officers and crews all saved by taking to the boats a quarter of an hour before the collisions.

7 A.M.

Nothing is visible of the sunken vessels. An Admiralty official with a numerous staff has already left for the purpose of making a minute inspection of the waves beneath which the submerged vessels are supposed to be.

9 A.M.

The cause of the untoward event is supposed to have been the extreme clearness of the night, the brilliancy of the moon having a decided effect upon the commanding officers. The fleet of boats had quite a picturesque effect coming into harbour, the men receiving an ovation. It has already been decided that the Admiralty tug *Washub* shall cruise in the Channel for the protection of the coast until the fleet can be replaced. She will have her funnel repainted, and be re-christened "*The Tug of War*." A telegram has been received from the QUEEN, expressing a hope that none of the officers or men have taken cold.

9:30 A.M.

Immediate orders will be issued for the construction of eight new Ironclads—two on the circular principle, two on the three-cornered, two on the telescopic, and two on the upside-down principle. A diver has just been down, and brought up a capstan-bar and a cocked-hat, as well as his breakfast. Nothing further can be done till the Spring.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A decree has been made that in future all interest on Turkish loans shall be paid half in Turkey Sponge and half in Turkey Rhubarb.

NORWICH.—The Election Inquiry Commissioners resumed their sitting this morning. After hearing the evidence of the oldest inhabitant, who is stone-deaf, and the potboy of the "Goat in Boots," who is an idiot, and whose answers gave considerable amusement to the Court, the inquiry was again adjourned.

A new Magazine will appear at Easter. MR. GLADSTONE, the late Member for Greenwich, has promised to contribute a series of papers on "The Past, Present, and Future of the Hot-Crossed Bun: its influence on the Established Church and the Digestion," &c.

The Little-Smashington Line was closed yesterday. It is a single line, with several level crossings, and the Authorities have deemed it prudent, considering the loss of the entire rolling stock (with the exception of an engine and a trolley) during the Excursionist Season, to close the Line until next Autumn.

The Detectives are still actively engaged in their search for ALEXANDER COLLIER. They are confident they possess a clue.

The 81-ton gun burst in Fleet Street yesterday, immediately in front of No. 85, and—

It was a knock at the door, and Mr. Punch's trance was at an end.



MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT.

New Vicar (with a general impression that the Inhabitants of Lancashire are Savages). "I HEAR THE LATE VICAR WAS NOT ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE PARISH."

Loquacious Churchwarden. "NA. AN' YAN DARK NEET THREE O' OUR LADS WAD PAY UN AFF, SA OU JEST JUMPED OWER A WALL T' FLEY UN!"*

Vicar (aghast). "TO FLEY HIM!!!"

Churchwarden (laughing loudly at the recollection). "AYE. AN' OU WERE FLEYED FINELY—OU WERE WELLY FLEYED TO DEETH!!!"

[New Vicar hastily wishes him "Good morning!" takes the next Train back, and resigns the Living.

** "Fley" (Lancashire), to frighten.*

"GENTLEMEN—LORD DARNLEY!"

LORD DARNLEY has given the Mayor of Gravesend notice to quit a farm of which his Lordship is the landlord and his Worship is the tenant. The Mayor is under the impression that LORD DARNLEY would not have ejected him had he (the Mayor) consented to put pressure upon his son with a view to causing a gap in the ranks of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry. LORD DARNLEY is ex-Colonel of the celebrated corps in question, and MR. LAKE (the Mayor's son) is one of the troopers. LORD DARNLEY having incidentally testified to his love for "feudal tradition," expects his tenants to do their duty—that is to quit the service of Her Majesty the QUEEN at the order of their ex-Commanding Officer. The Mayor of Gravesend has refused to put the necessary pressure upon his patriotic son, and Mr. Punch rejoices to say, MR. LAKE, junr., is still a member of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry. The lengthy correspondence between the Mayor and the Earl has resulted in the QUEEN having one soldier the more and LORD DARNLEY one tenant the less.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Punch hastens to inform the Public that there is not the slightest foundation for the report that LORD DARNLEY is about to issue the following characteristic circular:—

12. To OUR WOULD-BE TENANTS. 13.

Cobham Hall, October, 1875.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say that no wish to get rid of the Mayor of Gravesend personally emanated from his pen. On the contrary, so far from it being so, his Lordship might as well have put up his farms to public competition, and indeed it would be foolish not to do so.

LORD DARNLEY would explain that all he wanted the Mayor of

Gravesend to do was to make his son follow his example in giving up his commission in his late regiment, where he had found things not pleasant, and which good feeling (as he must know) would have induced him to leave a corps which has been personally a source of annoyance to him. No further wish than this emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say, that if any one personally has any difficulty in finding out the meaning of the above paragraph, that it is immaterial to his Lordship whether he accepts it as written or according to any other construction he may be pleased to place upon it. However he disclaims the idea of puzzling persons personally. In fact, nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY would explain that he expects would-be tenants to be free as the air, and he disclaims the idea that he wants to control anything more of their movements than all the actions of their public and private lives. So long as his tenants do exactly what LORD DARNLEY wishes, they are perfectly at liberty to do what they like, and it is immaterial to him whether they accept anything as it is written or according to any other construction that they may please to place upon it. This is his opinion from a monetary point of view; and had he thought it would not have been sufficient notice, he would have been glad and ready to give it. However nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY, moreover, begs to say that any very enterprising gentlemen residing at Birmingham or Liverpool, or wherever else you will, would answer every purpose. LORD DARNLEY would also say that, in conducting an angry correspondence, he is in the habit of addressing his opponent as "Dear Sir," and signing himself "Yours very faithfully," and it is immaterial to him whether any other construction is placed upon it. LORD DARNLEY has adopted these forms because he avowedly claims to write with grace, grammar, and generosity. As he is about to start for Scotland, however, little



LAYING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

STUDY OF AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION BETWEEN TWO EARNEST BUT VERY NEAR-SIGHTED GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR SPECTACLES AT HOME.

MODERN LOVE-SONG.

By a Young Bachelor in the Black Country.

COME, live with me, and be my bride;
And when the nuptial knot is tied,
Our wedding-day I'll make you rue,
And nightly beat you black and blue.

My temper's ugly, as you'll find,
I'm brutal when with rage I'm blind:
I work as little as I can,
And drink my wages like a man.

There's working-men as spend their lives
In slaving to support their wives;
With such as them I don't agree;
I want my wife to work for me.

Ere half our honeymoon be flown,
You'll hardly call your life your own:
And, when a second month hath sped,
You'll wish you'd died ere you had wed.

Assaulted by my manly foot,
Encased in heavy hob-nailed boot,
A life of misery you'll lead,
And all in vain for mercy plead.

Some day, when I am on the drink,
Of death I'll beat you to the brink:
And if the neighbours interfere,
I'll swear you tried to stop my beer.

Then, should you snivel to the Beak,
Mayhap he'll quod me for a week;
But when I darken next your door,
You'll catch it hotter than before.

So, if you like that sort of "hub,"
Would see your savings spent in "hub,"
And daily tremble for your life,
Come, live with me, and be my wife!

The New Alderman.

THE Cordwainer Ward must implicitly feel
That NOTTAGE's views are the best for their
weal;
But if they had added SIR JOHN to the
Knights,
They'd have had a good watchman, at least,
of their rights.

more than the following and concluding paragraph of this Circular will emanate from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say that the following paragraph is as follows:—

LORD DARNLEY does desire and intend to have a resident tenant at West Court upon the same footing as his other tenants. He begs also to say that to say (as some of the Press say) that LORD DARNLEY would have lost his head on the scaffold, for trying to break up one of Her Majesty's Regiments, had he lived hundreds of years ago, is immaterial to him. He begs to say (indeed, it would be foolish not to do so) that it would have been utterly impossible to have deprived him personally of his head. Nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

By Order of LORD DARNLEY.

LONG LIVE LORD DARNLEY!

Repudiation and Revolt.

PENDING an insurrection in Herzegovina, the Turkish repudiation was peculiarly inopportune. By renouncing their obligations to their bondholders just now, the SULTAN and his Government not only justify the Herzegovinians in throwing off their bondage, but also set Crete, and all their other discontented provinces the example of rejecting their bonds too. This repudiation, if tried, will be preventable only by force, and then, the Sublime Porte just having cheated its creditors, how on earth will it possibly be able to borrow money to carry on the war?

IN THE PRESS.

HALF-HOURS with the Worst Authors, including the Admiralty Minute. Dedicated to the RIGHT HON. WARD HUNT, M.P.

VACCINATION AND WISDOM.

AMONG the Boards of Guardians in England and Wales, there is, whatever satirists may say, a considerable number comparatively at least endowed with immense wisdom. Our friends the Keighley Board lately held a meeting, thus reported by a contemporary:—

"OFFICIAL OPPOSITION TO VACCINATION.—At the meeting of the Keighley Board of Guardians yesterday afternoon, fifty letters were read in answer to an anti-vaccination memorial which had been sent by the Board to all the Boards of Guardians in the kingdom. Not one of the replies concurred with the opinions expressed in the memorial."

The absolute amount of sense indicated by this difference of opinion is, to be sure, no more than ordinary. Relatively to the common understanding it does not appear to be above the average, and might in fact be below it. Nevertheless, it is evident that there are no less than fifty British Boards of Guardians endowed with intelligence in a measure whereby they immensely exceed those of Keighley. Indeed, the replies of some of these fifty Boards evince even a degree of acuteness:—

"The Merthyr Tydfil Board said they thought that the Keighley Board must have gone mad, and hoped the laws would bring them to their senses. The Stafford Guardians enclosed a copy of a resolution which had been passed by them to the effect that 'the Keighley Board ought to be sent to an asylum, and made to pay their expenses.'"

Hereupon it is significantly added:—

"No remarks were made by the Guardians."

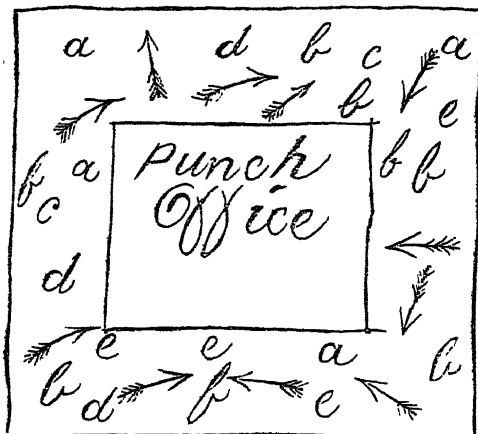
Although they could not be sent literally to an asylum for idiots, the Keighley Guardians were, as to their anti-vaccination drivel, conclusively shut up; a reality which it appears they were just sufficiently sensible to feel.

THE SINKING FUND.—The Navy Estimates.

PUNCH'S WEATHER-EYE-OPENER.

MR. PUNCH, resolved not to be behind his contemporaries in enterprise, has determined to publish henceforth a Meteorological Chart. Allowances are requested for his first attempt, as the young man who was engaged (on his own representations) for the purpose apparently knows nothing about drawing, and still less about Meteorology.

WEATHER CHART.



EXPLANATION.—The arrows fly with the wind, in fact, bow before it. a, awful; b, beastly; c, cursed; d, never mind; e, everlasting; f, frantic.

Rainfall.—Wet through twice a day, and through the ceilings of the attics.

Barometrical Readings.—None. Somebody having smashed the barometer by tapping it too hard with his umbrella.

Thermometrical Readings.—None. A youthful and scientific member of the family having robbed the thermometer of its practical utility by putting it in the fire to see the mercury run up the tube.

General Remarks.—Shan't make any, for fear of using bad language. Dreadful cold in my head.

THE METEOROLOGIST TO MR. PUNCH.

RULE OF THE ROAD WANTED.

THE *Iron Duke* has, as MR. O'BRIEN says, by cannoning the *Vanguard*, taught us that the Ram in naval warfare is the best Gun. Another lesson is suggested by that cannonade. Pedestrians on land are exposed to collisions as well as mariners at sea. Velocipedes moving with a certain velocity may do similar damage to that done by Ironclads going so many knots an hour. Foot-passengers on public thoroughfares need eyes in the napes of their necks to see them coming. Not seeing them, and particularly in the dark, they are liable to be run into by them. The approach of the Velocipede is as silent as that of the Dromedary, or the Camel, the "Ship of the Desert." Impact from a Velocipede at a high rate of speed is no joke. Would it not be as well if the riders of Velocipedes were obliged to carry little bells, and after sunset lights, in their bows?

Eminence and Innocence.

CARDINAL MANNING is reported to have lately read a paper to the Catholic Academia, contending that POPE INNOCENT THE THIRD never condemned Magna Charta, but only the Barons for having obtained it by levying war against their Sovereign. No doubt his Eminence made out to the satisfaction of his hearers that the POPE accused of having anathematized the title-deed of English liberty was an injured Innocent.

NEW TEST OF A GENTLEMAN.

Customer. Do you know MR. JONES?

News-vendor. O yes, Sir; a customer of ours—a perfect Gentleman—never reads anything under the *Saturday Review*.

HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

SUBSCRIBING to the Herzegovinian Insurrection with Turkish Bonds,

SAPPHICS TO THE SILENT.

HARK to vain outcries on an ugly scandal,
Which with a word, if false, could be refuted;
But the word rests with taciturn accused ones,
Yet to be spoken.

Word to yourselves due, Managers of Felsted
School, the Trustees, and you their supervisor,
Rochester's Bishop, celebrated preacher,
Popular CLAUGHTON!

Can you, Trustees, not say it is a lie that
You did in spite expel a good Head-Master,
Only because he trod upon your toes in
Doing his duty?

Bishop, explain what very cogent reason
Made you confirm his merited dismissal,
Show us in truth that 'twas a confirmation
Just, by a Bishop.

Whilst a grave charge you, reticent, lie under,
How will you face your retrospective hearers,
When you deliver, say, a visitation
Charge to your Clergy?

Are you not victim of a vile, atrocious
Calumny, trumped up by a base traducer,
Forging a groundless taradiddle, and cen-
-sorious falsehood?

Deaf the Trustees seem, dumb abides the Bishop.
When to the Public they shall show their noses,
Will they not hear this universal greeting,
"How about GRIGNON?"

Superstitious Suggestion.

THE following piece of intelligence suggests a question which may have occurred to sailors:—

"THE 'IRON DUKE.'—A Press Association telegram says: 'On Saturday, as the *Iron Duke* was being taken out of Devonport Dock, she ran foul of the *Black Prince*. The latter lost her davits in the collision, but little other damage was done.'"

Happily. But the *Iron Duke* is evidently an unlucky ship. What has made her so? Is it possible that she was, if not launched or christened, begun on a Friday?

Bavarian Misnomer.

THE Ultramontane and anti-Liberal Party in Bavaria has an *alias*. The Ultramontanes are also called Particularists. But (see the *Times*) "the Ultramontane Deputies in the recent debate contrived to wound the King deeply by applauding and making mirth over some infamous scurrilities published in a low comic journal imported from the other side of the Main, and quoted with gusto by a member of the Opposition." As the Ultramontane Deputies must be taken to represent their constituents, this outrage proves the Ultramontanes are not all particular.

No Answers.

"Wanted, by a Farmer in the country, a plain Governess.—Apply to &c."—*Western Mail*.

DELUDED Farmer, quit your quest,
You'll advertise in vain:
What woman ever yet confessed,
Or thought, that she was plain?

A Sovereign Remedy.

M. ROUHER, who, in the French Chamber as Imperial Minister, by declaring that the Italians should never go to Rome, earned the name of a prophet in association with "*jamais*," has been, at Ajaccio, cracking up Bonapartism, which brought France to grief. Poor France is sick of the Imperial dynasty; and it appears that in recommending her a restoration of the fallen Empire, DR. JAMAIS would fain prescribe a hair of the dog that bit her.

A CREED AT A DISCOUNT.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The hopes of Missionary Societies may improve in an inverse ratio to the depreciation of Turkish Stock, and discredit of Mussulman faith.



"OUT O' SESSION."

Grandma (from the Country). "MY DEARS, I COME UP PARLIAMENTORY A PURPOSE, BECAUSE I THOUGHT I'D SEE AS MUCH AS I COULD. BUT WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THERE WASN'T A SINGLE—NOT SO MUCH AS A IRISH MEMBER O' PARLIAMENT IN THE WHOLE TRAIN?"

THE CAT.

(PUNCH to SIR H. JAMES, touching a weak point in his very good talk at Taunton.)

WE know, SIR HENRY, the nine-tailed cat
Is not pleasant at all to the fierce garrotter :
No wisdom needed to tell us that.
Does rat like ferret, or salmon otter ?

But when you talk about torture, *Punch*
Would hint that we all are sometimes tortured—
The hungry man with no time for lunch,
The schoolboy birched for robbing an orchard.

The Belle of the Season's Mamma, fit to drop,
Who sees that charming creature gaily
(Though Dukes and Earls are ready to pop)
Flirting with detrimentals daily.

Member who fails in his maiden-speech,
Or makes bad jokes, and House won't see the fun of
them—

Parson hard up for a sermon to preach—
Are they not tortured, every one of them ?

Torture! an *ad captandum* phrase,
'Tis very clear to the English nation
That for violent crimes in these troublous days
No remedy equals castigation.

When the red weals rise on the ruffian's back,
For his cruel crime you have not half paid him :
On his vile career, when looking back,
Tell us, SIR HENRY, how can you degrade him ?

You suggest the case of husband and wife—
Husband flogged when wife is accuser;
Well, 'tis a difficult problem of life;
But might not dread of it make him well use her ?

That the Cat's revenge is rather severe
Punch free to confess, nay delighted to own is ;
But when woman is crushed by the brute in his beer,
Cat upon cad is *Lex talionis*.

PEACE AND PEKOE.—It will be a blessed thing, says MRS. CADDY, if we escape a war with China. Next to quarrelling with our bread-and-butter, the worst we could do would be to quarrel with our tea.

IMPROBABLE LAW REPORTS.

(By a Barrister who can't understand the Judicature Act.)

Before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Brown v. Smith.

THIS case, which has now reached its fortieth year, is of great interest to the general Public. In 1797 PETER BROWN, being then heir in tail to the estates of Llymeromreh and Chatmysllingo, North Wales, married, and had five children, of these THOMAS (*cujus est solum ejus est usque, ad cælum*), was the co-heir, with a contingent remainder to BARBARA.

At this point the Jury said they had made up their minds, and found the prisoner Guilty.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, having ordered both Plaintiff and Defendant to stand in the dock, said, that the Jury were doubtless aware that the intricate gloom of Chancery was henceforth to be illumined by the pure light of Common Law. His Lordship, addressing the prisoners, said that, in the whole course of his professional career, he had never had to try so bad a case as this. The prisoners had tried to find shelter behind the quibbles of Chancery by dubbing themselves Plaintiff and Defendant. That only made their case worse. He would sentence BROWN to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, and SMITH to seven years' penal servitude, regretting, at the same time, that he could not have them both soundly flogged.

The Plaintiff and Defendant, who seemed very much surprised, if not gratified, at the sudden termination of this protracted case, were then removed in custody.

Before the LORD CHANCELLOR.

WILLIAM SIKES, thirty-five, thief, was charged with the wilful murder of his wife. The case has already been fully reported in our columns. The facts of the murder having been clearly proved,

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in the course of an elaborate judgment of

four hours' duration, remarked that all those in Court were doubtless aware that the intricate gloom of Common Law was henceforth to be illumined by the pure light of Chancery. His Lordship, having quoted a great number of precedents, said that the judgment in the case of *Thompson v. Green* compelled him to discharge the rule.

The Prisoner, after remarking that he had never been called a rule before, hastily left the Court.

BRAVO, PROFESSOR !

It is seldom indeed that "Parliament out of Session," or in it either, is redeemed from dulness by such a passage as the following in PROFESSOR FAWCETT's late speech delivered at the North London and Hackney School of Art and Science Annual Prize Distribution. Speaking of the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties derivable from works of nature, the Professor having, "evidently with the deep sympathy of his audience," referred to the calamity which has for twenty years past denied him the pleasure of looking upon them, said :—

"It was perhaps because he had once enjoyed that pleasure, and could do so no longer, that he could estimate what a precious privilege it was, and during the ten years he had been in Parliament there was nothing in his work he regarded with so much satisfaction as his endeavours to preserve Epping Forest, the New Forest, and the beautiful commons which still remained, from being sacrificed to the selfishness of individuals and a contemptible parsimony."

This declaration was received with cheers, to which might have been deservedly added "three times three" for the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of London, as the saviours of Epping Forest, and as many rounds of hisses and groans for the individuals to whose selfishness that and the New Forest, and sundry beautiful commons, were like to have been sacrificed; and likewise for the Administrators who wished to sacrifice them from motives of contemptible parsimony.

VENTURING TO PRESUME.



CLERICAL gentleman writes to the *Times* :—

"Presuming—if I may venture to presume—that the recent rainfall has now come to an end," &c., &c.

If such venturesome presumptions are to be made, *Mr. Punch* will try his hand at venturing to presume—

That strikes and lock-outs will soon be things unknown.

That Turkish Bondholders will not invest money at high interest on worthless security in future.

That foolish flies, who know nothing of business, will hereafter keep clear of a certain financial cobweb in the City, where the spiders grow very stout.

That adulterated articles of food will cease to be sold.

That beef, mutton, and oysters will return to a reasonable price.

That Her Majesty's ships will refrain from ramming each other, and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY from blundering.

That Her Majesty's yachts will travel slowly through crowded sea-thoroughfares.

That we shall hear the last of DR. KENEALY.

That the High, Low, and Broad Church will cease to quarrel, and do their duty to the people.

That the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER will explain his conduct in the Felstead case.

That all Congresses where bores meet to edify each other will be abolished.

That the Irish will lose all their grievances, and be unable to invent a new one.

That EARL RUSSELL will write no more letters, and MR. GLADSTONE no more pamphlets, about the POPE.

That railway trains will keep time now and then, and not crash into one another by special arrangements.

That parallel straight lines will at last meet.

And, finally, that the weather will be permanently so fine as to deprive ordinary English people of their chief topic of conversation.

IRISH "AT HOMES."

At a time when the representatives of the Emerald Isle are urging in the House of Commons and elsewhere the necessity of giving to Ireland "Home Rule," *Mr. Punch* does not think it necessary to apologise for calling attention to two little meetings held recently at Waterford and Bally Grickeen. The first was a banquet given on the occasion of the turning of the initial spadeful of earth of the proposed new waterworks; the second a meeting of free and independent electors, called together to listen to the eloquence of a certain Irish solicitor, yclept MR. HENRY SARGENT.

At the banquet, CAPTAIN JOHNSON, J.P., proposed "The Health of the Municipalities of Ireland." To quote the report :—

"He said that, as the Mayors of Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, and Wexford were present, he felt great difficulty in selecting one of the number to respond. He, however, gave the preference to ALDERMAN WOODS, Mayor of Clonmel."

Now this seemed to be a moderate suggestion, and one that, in England, would have been hailed with a mild hammering of knives upon plates—in other words (as the reporters would say), with "enthusiastic applause." Not so in Ireland. Cork, Limerick, and Wexford were disgraced, and the fiery champions of municipal precedence were on their legs in an instant, shouting for justice, and purple with excitement. The scene was terrible.

"ALDERMAN WOODS and MR. NAGLE, Mayor of Cork, rose simultaneously to respond.—ALDERMAN WOODS: 'I rise.—' MR. NAGLE: 'I beg your pardon.' (*Great uproar, and cries of 'Hear Woods!' 'Hear Nagle!'*)—ALDERMAN WOODS (*scarcely audible*): 'I must request the Mayor of Cork to take his seat.—' MR. NAGLE: 'I will not, Sir.' (*Great confusion.*) As the Mayor of the second city—ALDERMAN WOODS: 'Sit down, Sir, and don't interrupt me.' (*General uproar.*) MR. NAGLE: 'As the Mayor of

Cork, I claim—' (*Terrible uproar, and cries of 'Hear Woods!'*) ALDERMAN WOODS: 'I will not sit down, Sir, until I am heard.' MR. NAGLE: 'I have been insulted.'"

And now the time had arrived for the treading upon coat-tails, and, doubtless, many a gallant Alderman regretted that he had left his shillelah with his opera-hat in the vestibule. All eyes were turned towards MR. NAGLE, and "an elegant quarrel" was evidently expected. Fortunately, discretion even in Ireland is the better part of valour; and MR. NAGLE, having declared himself insulted, prepared to leave the room, amidst "a scene of great uproar." He was, however, persuaded to return; and after he had once more taken his seat at the hospitable board, MR. ALDERMAN WOODS returned thanks. MR. WOODS' observations are not chronicleable, but doubtless they were of the most edifying character. But the storm was not over. To quote the report—

"MR. NAGLE followed, stating that CAPTAIN JOHNSON had exhibited a very ingenious diplomacy in the gingerly manner in which he had proposed the toast, and held that as Cork was the second city in Ireland, he should have priority in responding.—MR. HALL, Mayor of Limerick, followed, and denied that Cork was more important than Limerick. He denied that Cork was the second city in Ireland. MR. NAGLE: 'I rise to say—' MR. HALL: 'Sit down. I did not interrupt you.' (*Cries of 'Chair! Chair!'*) MR. HALL: 'Let me explain.' MR. NAGLE (*very firmly*): 'I will not be interrupted.' (*Cries of 'Sit down!' and 'Chair! Chair!'*) MR. HALL then resumed, and defied any person to show that Cork was more important than Limerick. He represented the city of Sarsfield. The city was the first and last city in Ireland to fight for civil and religious liberty. (*Great cheering.*)"

The "very firmly 'I will not be interrupted'" of MR. NAGLE, the interrupter, was delightfully Irish, and was appreciated at its proper value. But MR. HALL had more to say. He did not consider that the question of municipal precedence had been satisfactorily settled, so he offered more evidence "on the same side." Said he—

"If parental importance gave a Mayor priority, he claimed it, because he had one of the finest daughters in Ireland—(*great laughter*)—and if the Mayor of Waterford gave any of the fine young fellows he saw round the table a letter of introduction to him in Limerick, he would take care to see that they were properly introduced to her. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

This argument was allowed to settle the question in dispute, and after the Mayor of Waterford had insisted that the town he represented should have priority over Cork, Limerick, or Clonmel, the company (once more to quote the report) "proceeded to spend a very social evening." *Mr. Punch* only hopes that digestion waited on this occasion, on appetite. It is scarcely necessary to say that in England an uproar is not usually adopted as an excellent substitute for "brandy and coffee."

The second little meeting was held, as *Mr. Punch* has already said, in Bally Grickeen. Three hundred good men and true, from the City of Waterford, were present, and MR. HENRY SARGENT addressed them from a very appropriate stand—the Bull Post; no doubt the post to which, in the old times, Bulls, not M.P.'s, were chained for baiting. The speech began pleasantly.

"MR. SARGENT commenced by calling on those present to give three cheers for old Ireland. He cheered for Ireland from the depths of his Irish heart. (*Laughter.*) He had but one object in view, and that was to be returned the Home Rule Member for Waterford. If they returned him he would succeed in blending the orange and the green. (*Cheering.*) Green was his colour. [A lad who was convenient to him here knocked off MR. SARGENT's hat.]"

Which, to say the least of it, was very rude, and must have been inconvenient to MR. SARGENT. However, MR. SARGENT was equal to the occasion,—and here we have a glimpse of the sort of etiquette that will be observed on College Green when the Irish House of Commons meet once more in their old quarters. Says the reporter of MR. SARGENT :—

"That gentleman turned round, and, with a stick he held in his hand, amidst roars of laughter, began thrashing all round him with it."

These very striking arguments seem to have had their due effect, and order was soon restored.

"MR. SARGENT continued. He said that it was not SARGENT that was speaking to them that day. (*Laughter.*)—A Voice: 'Well, maybe it's your ghost.' (*Great laughter.*)—MR. SARGENT: 'No; it was the spirit of the great O'CONNELL that had come back to them through him, to implore of them to return him (MR. SARGENT) to Parliament. (*Roars of laughter.*)"

And then came a threat that will cause much weeping in Peterborough and Bucks :—

"He assured them that the first time he met DISRAELI he would call him and WHALLEY to account for wanting to pry into the mystery of convent life."

In spite of this warning, so full of mystery and vague terror, MR. SARGENT seemed to have a kinder side to his character, for he immediately—

—“asked them to remember that they had immortal souls, and he prayed to God he and his dear sisters and brothers would all meet in Paradise.”

Now, after so pleasant and pious a sentiment, it is very sad to hear what followed.

“A number of little boys here began to throw eggs at him, when he turned on them, amidst a scene of great uproar, and began striking them in every direction with his stick till order was restored.”

After this little “diversion,” MR. SARGENT resumed his speech denouncing MAJOR O’GORMAN, and declaring (amidst great laughter) that the PRINCE OF WALES should succeed HER MAJESTY (whom he requested to vacate the throne), with a view to founding “Balmoral in Ireland.” After quoting MILL’s *Political Economy* and Lord Chesterfield’s *Letters*, he brought his speech to a quaint conclusion by observing that—

“He believed in the spirits of the departed coming back to this world, and hoped no man would wear any colour but green.”

A colour, by the way, very appropriate to the believers in Spiritualism.

And yet, after these two meetings, there will be people, *Mr. Punch* will be bound to say, who will still declare that Home-Rule is not a good thing for Ireland!

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH a Broker myself, I heartily enjoyed your lines this week, which are true of here and there a case in our calling, though about as applicable to the great body of Brokers as those I enclose are to the generality of Clients. The portrait I have sketched is, however, drawn from nature, and by no means libels a constantly increasing class, whose little game is “Heads, I win; tails, you lose.”

Your highly-tickled reader,

FAIR PLAY.

MY CLIENT.

Who hangs about the Courts all day,
And deals in a most reckless way,
With every Broker who will stay?
My Client!

Who talks a guttural foreign lingo,
And, whilst he wins, still let the thing go,
Until a panic comes—by jingo?
My Client!

Who dabbles in a hundred “specs,”
His Broker’s hazards little reck,
And chuckles as he takes large cheques?
My Client!

Who, when his ventures, “bear”—hugged, quake,
Commissions, quick, a double stake,
Vowing the thing all right to make?
My Client!

Who, when the threatened crash has come,
And he owes me a stiffish sum,
Fails to turn up—and leaves me glum?
My Client!

Who, when by “little games” out-lawed,
His pockets filled with fruits of fraud,
Coolly retires, and lives abroad?
My Client!

ALTER ET IDEM.

Who swaggered down from West End Club,
As fierce as any half-pay “Sub”
Prepared all City Men to snub?
My Client!

Who, when I gave him sound advice,
And “landed” him on “something nice,”
Declared I’d robbed him in the price?
My Client!

Who (though, when things were going well,
He took his profits, like a Swell)
Firmly, for loss, declined to “shell”?
My Client!

Who, on that Panic settling-day,
Just calmly kept himself away,
And left me all his debts to pay?

My Client!

Whom did I find “Gone out of Town”?
Whose assets not worth half-a-crown?
And who’d done twenty Brokers “brown”?
My Client!

SOCIAL SLAVERY.

8

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,
PRAY let me call your
notice to this paragraph:—

“The well-known work entitled *Le Monde Slave*, by M. LEGER, has been supplemented by a very timely volume of *Études Slaves*, by the same author.”

By “*Le Monde*” I may presume the writer means “*Le Beau Monde*,” to which I have the honour, and the labour, to belong. Although his work may be well known, I confess I never read it, for really I’ve so many other things to do. But I perfectly agree with what his title says, “*Le Monde Slave*!” Yes, indeed! We slave from morn till night, and from year’s end to year’s end. It is very fine to say that Britons never, never, never will be slaves; but the fact is that we all of us, who belong to *le beau*



monde, live a life of constant slavery, from which we never, never, never can be free. *Noblesse oblige*. See how hardly we all slave in London through the Season; and when the summer ends, we have the slavery of travelling, when we so want to be quiet, or of entertaining people whom we so want not to see. Or we have the hard labour of visiting our relatives, and everybody who is anybody knows exactly what *that* means. Then, again, we have to slave to get our daughters off our hands, and get good places for our sons; and what with all the daily work and worry of dressing, driving, dining, and occasionally dancing, I’m sure not even the Negroes in Cuba are greater slaves than we are, and I wish heartily that some one would endeavour to emancipate us, and set us free to live exactly as we like. Meanwhile, believe me,

Yours in thralldom,

URSULA FITZ-BATTLEAXE.

Ovations and Omelets.

By telegram from Munich we are apprised that:—

“KING LOUIS has declined with thanks to accept an ovation which it was intended to make in his honour on his arrival in the capital.”

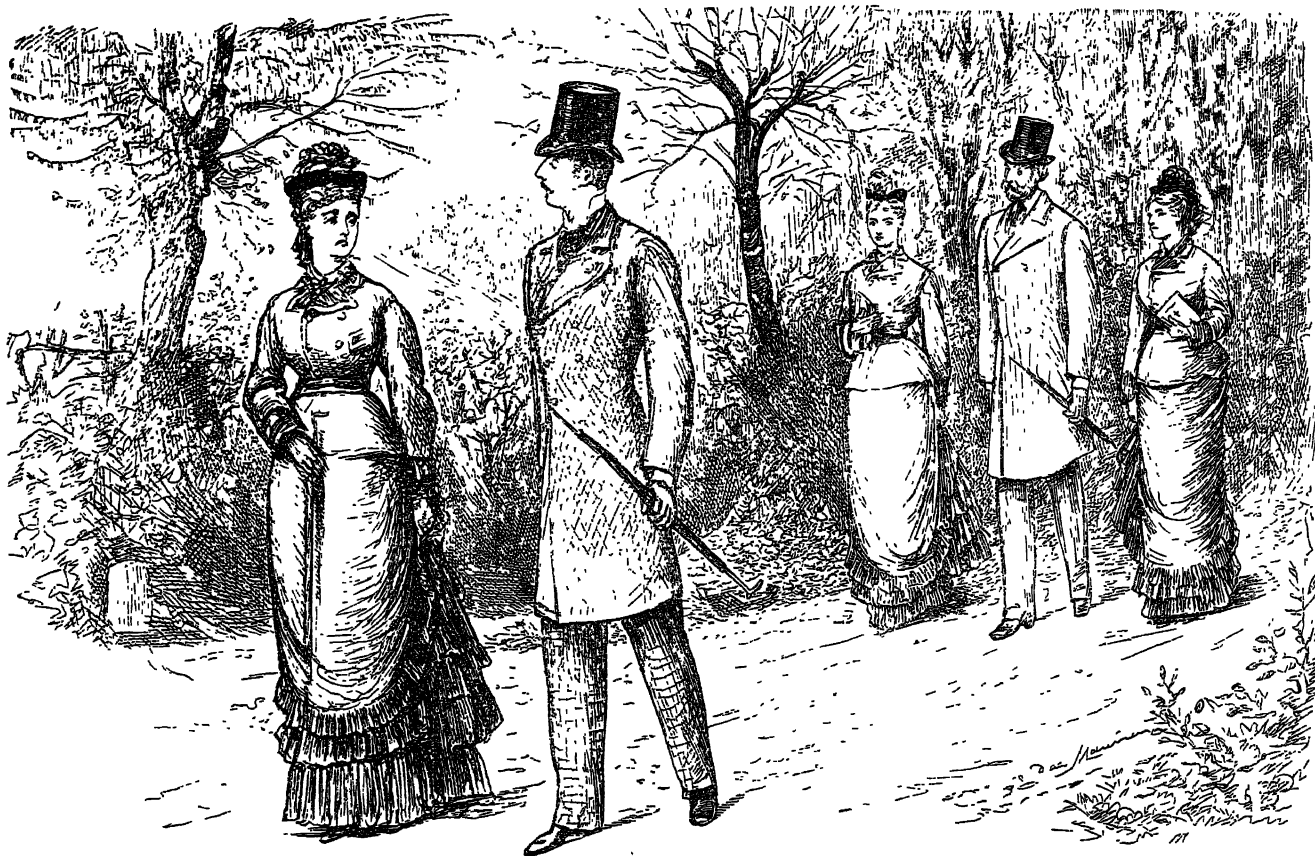
There is a disaffected party in Munich who might perhaps have attempted to render the KING OF BAVARIA’s ovation in the literal sense an egg. In that sense, an ovation differs materially from an omelet. Omelets, if not sweet, are savoury; but the ovation with which a Sovereign might be assailed by a rebellious faction might turn out an unsavoury one.

Our Compliments to the Chasseurs d’Afrique.

Balaklava Dinner. October 25.

QUE le p’tit speech du BARON DE GRANCEY
Fût bien à propos et grandement sensé!
Qui ne serait fier d’être Français
En écoutant le speech de MONSIEUR DE GRANCEY!

MODUS VIVENDI BETWEEN ITALY AND THE PAPACY.—Cat-and-dog.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"DO YOU EVAAH WINK, MISS EVANGELINE?" "DO I EVER WHAT, MR. SMYTHE?" "WINK?" "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?"
 "WELL, SKATE, IF YOU PWEEFER THE EXPRESSION!"

THE BISHOP'S BAN.

"THE BISHOP OF RIPON ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.—A letter has been received from the BISHOP OF RIPON, in reply to MR. DAVID HOYLE, of New York (U.S.A.), who desired to have cut on the gravestone over the grave of his father, in the churchyard of Marsden, near Huddersfield, the words '*Requiescat in pace*.' The incumbent of Marsden (the REV. T. WHITNEY) refused to allow the inscription to be cut on the stone, and on an appeal to the BISHOP OF RIPON, his Lordship replied:—'I am truly sorry to find myself unable to comply with your request. I cannot sanction the inscription on a tombstone, "*Requiescat in pace*." I need not remind you that this is, in fact, a prayer for the dead. All true Protestants believe that the state of the departed is fixed the moment after death. The souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity, and do not need our prayers. Lost souls could not be benefited by them.'"—*Leeds Mercury*, October 23, 1875.

THE cleric mind is a continual feast!
 Bishop and Rector, Presbyter and Priest,
 All seem of late industriously engaged
 In giving Charity, PAUL's crowning gift,
 The tautest tether or the shortest shrift.
 The war of dogma, long so hotly waged
 In pulpit and polemic tome,
 To its last stage is surely come,
 By such a chief episcopal when led,
 And fought above the gravestones of the dead.

This Overseer of the Church declares
 That kindly wishes are as bad as prayers,
 When humbly breathed above the grave's grim portal
 After the spirit of a parted mortal—
 Flown—whither? Who may say? In any case,
 The Bishop's cold dilemma stops the way
 To all who hope, as to the few who pray
 For any grace
 Beyond the ken of the prelatie mind,
 Which Heaven's own love in cords of creed would bind.
 What! Give the faintest hope the feeblest wing?

Solace with vain lip-*vales* hearts that grieve
 When "that which all true Protestants believe"
 Brands the fond impulse futile? 'Tis a thing
 That cock-sure dogma may not sanction. No!

Let the departed go,
 Unfollowed by good wishes on their way,
 Rather than Faith from her straight line should swerve,
 Or Charity—the creedless vagrant—stray
 Into God's-acre,—priestcraft's last preserve!

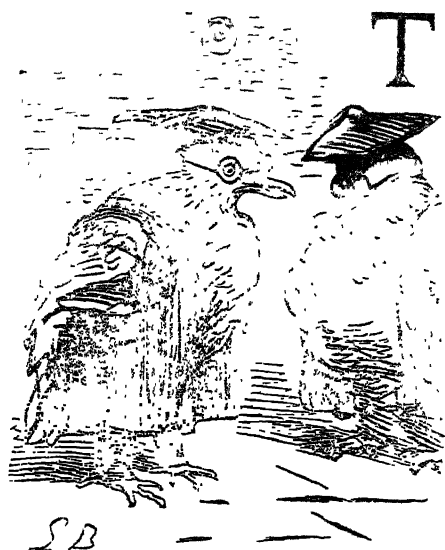
And are we then *so* sure! Have we so sounded
 The awful depths of doom,
 That hope from the grave's border must be hounded,
 And poor affection vainly plead for room
 To carve upon the tomb, where hates should cease,
 Her yearning—"Rest in Peace!"?

When soaring Science set her iron law
 Against the plea for prayer, the cleric host
 Rebuked with pious zeal the careless boast
 Of Sciolists, and bade *them* kneel in awe
 Before the Inscrutable. And now
 Cold Dogma, with uplifted brow,
 Bids humble aspiration halt before
 The tomb's dark door,
 Nor dare to desecrate its stone with speech
 Of gentler augury than Churches teach.

Nay—stand aside! Let human love have way
 Where even hate stays foot! Forbear to play
 The Graveyard Cerberus; or else go fix
 Your dolorous office on the shores of Styx,
 Weigh Charon's freight, assay each erring soul,
 Take there your tax and toll,

But cease to ban, with your despotic breath,
 These inoffensive courtesies of death.
 Brand not for het'rodox poor Hope that dares
 Break creed's fixed bounds, though' twere with humble pray'rs,
 That seek for pangs of parting some surcease
 In bidding the departed—"Rest in Peace!"

THE FLOODS IN OXFORD.



THE following decree of the Hebdomadal Council has this day been published:—

Spire of St. Mary's, Oct. 30th.

In consequence of the unforeseen rise of the waters, and general inundation of the Colleges, the following regulations will be observed by Undergraduates:—

1.—Lectures will be delivered from the highest tower of each College. Undergraduates will attend in the Boyton life-dress, with cap and gown.

2.—Academicals must be worn over the Boyton dress after sunset.

3.—The roll of the Undergraduates will be called at their respective Colleges at eleven P.M., when all are required to moor themselves for the night in their respective quads.

4.—Canoes will be reserved for those who have taken the degree of M.A. Any Undergraduate paddling his own canoe without a written order from the Proctors, will be fined ten shillings.

5.—Sculling boats are reserved for the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and Heads of Houses.

6.—The Proctors and Bull-dogs will patrol the streets in steam launches.

7.—Any Undergraduate convicted of furious paddling will be severely dealt with.

8.—The Boyton dress worn by Undergraduates must be of a sub-fuse hue.

Given under our hand and seal this 30th day of October, 1875.

HARD-UP PORTE!

MR. GLADSTONE having refused a Palace on the Bosphorus, and £50,000 a year, in return for his services as a Turkish Financier, the Government of the Sublime Porte are said to be turning their eyes to other quarters in search of a possible substitute for the eminent English Statesman in question. It is rumoured (it is fair to say on very unreliable authority) that the following letters have been received at the Turkish Foreign Office during the last seven days. For obvious reasons the names of the writers are not given in full:—

Stoke, October, 1875.

DR. K—Y, M.P., Q.C., &c. &c., presents his most respectful compliments to his Sublime Majesty, the SULTAN OF TURKEY, and deeply regrets that the toil of literary labour, devoted to the noblest purposes of mankind, prevents him from accepting the very complimentary invitation of becoming Minister of Finance to Turkey, the land of the brave and the free, the nation of heroes, and the terror of slaves. The Doctor feels that he is eminently suited to fill the post with care, punctuality, patriotism, and the most business-like despatch. The Doctor (as doubtless his Sublime Majesty is aware) can speak Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Austrian, Prussian, German, and Irish. Years ago, too, he could write English. The Doctor, however, will be glad to send over to Turkey, the land of the brave and the free, the nation of heroes, and the terror of slaves, one of his dear sons to represent him. The boy with the Turkish name would be the most appropriate; but the SULTAN can take his choice. His Sublime Majesty may have the pick of the lot. In the event of this proposal being accepted, the Doctor would wish that all subscriptions to the Magna Charta Association (prospectus enclosed) may be sent to the President direct. The Doctor as a man, a father, and a peer of CROMWELL, must insist upon this in the plainest language possible. Accounts audited every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Office hours, from eight to six.

T. R. D. L. October, 1875.

MR. D—N B—T presents his compliments to the SULTAN OF TURKEY, and regrets to say that previous engagements will prevent

him from accepting the position offered to him by His Majesty. MR. D—N B—T, however, would suggest that the only way to place the Turkish Finances on a satisfactory footing would be to produce in Constantinople in the off season a new and original Oriental Drama, with gorgeous scenery and novel effects. The features of the piece might be a Race (in sacks) on the Bosphorus, the Burning of a Real Turkish Mosque, and the Celebration (in the third Act) of a Comic Arab Funeral. The present Turkish Bonds might be exchanged for Orders for the Upper Circle not admissible after seven o'clock. Should His Majesty think well of the suggestion, MR. D—N B—T would be glad to undertake the management of the scheme on sharing terms. Provincial Rights in the Herzegovina to be arranged after the production of the piece in Constantinople.

Peterborough, Oct., 1875.

MR. W—Y, M.P., indignantly refuses to become Finance Minister to the Sublime Porte. MR. W—Y, M.P., begs to say that he believes the SULTAN OF TURKEY to be as wily a Jesuit as CARDINAL MANNING himself.

Dartmoor, Oct., 1875.

A "B. of the B. K." ("Barrinite of the British Kingdom") gives his respectful respect to the Sultun of the Iland of Tuckey, and regrets that circumstances over which he as kno kontrolle preventes im from acceptin of the kinde invitashun. Opin the Sultun of the Iland of Tuckey is well, wich it leives me at presente.

England, Oct., 1875.

MR. E. A. S—N regrets to say that it is utterly impossible for him to accept the office of Finance Minister with the title of Pacha. MR. E. A. S—N feels that the SULTAN OF TURKEY has written to him under a misapprehension of the facts of the case. Lord Dundreary is merely a creation of the brain. MR. E. A. S—N, however, cordially agrees with His Majesty that were Lord Dundreary a real personage, his Lordship would be just the man to arrange the details of Turkish Finance.

85, Fleet Street, E.C., Oct., 1875.

MR. P—CH is surprised at the impudence of the SULTAN. Turkish repudiation is a disgrace to civilisation, and His Majesty deserves to be brought before a Judge and a common jury. MR. P—CH begs to state that should any further messengers be despatched from Constantinople to the Punch Office, that Toby will arrange matters with them on their arrival!

THE PROFESSOR OF THE FUTURE.

THIS Lady Professor's so wondrous wise,
Her very face is a study;
She mounts a pair of celestial blue eyes,
And her mouth's small ellipsis is ruddy.

To masculine pupils of various age
She lectures,—for such is her duty;
And the old ones think her an absolute sage,
And the young ones a perfect beauty.

Her small white hand has a clenching force,
If sometimes her facts look like fiction;
And, what'er be the logic of her discourse,
Her smiles breed an instant conviction.

Such sweet little theories doth she advance,
And her eyes emit proofs so thickly,
All her senior disciples fall into a trance,
All her junior in love as quickly.

Now, though Punch's opinion should go for nought,
Or be slighted as merely funny,
He holds that if thus the old fellows be taught,
The boys will get most for their money.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

IN CÆSAR's time, as he tells us at the beginning of his *Commentaries*, "*Omnia Gallia divisa est in tres partes.*" So it is still,—the three parties being Legitimists, Bonapartists, and Republicans. Only CÆSAR is wanting.

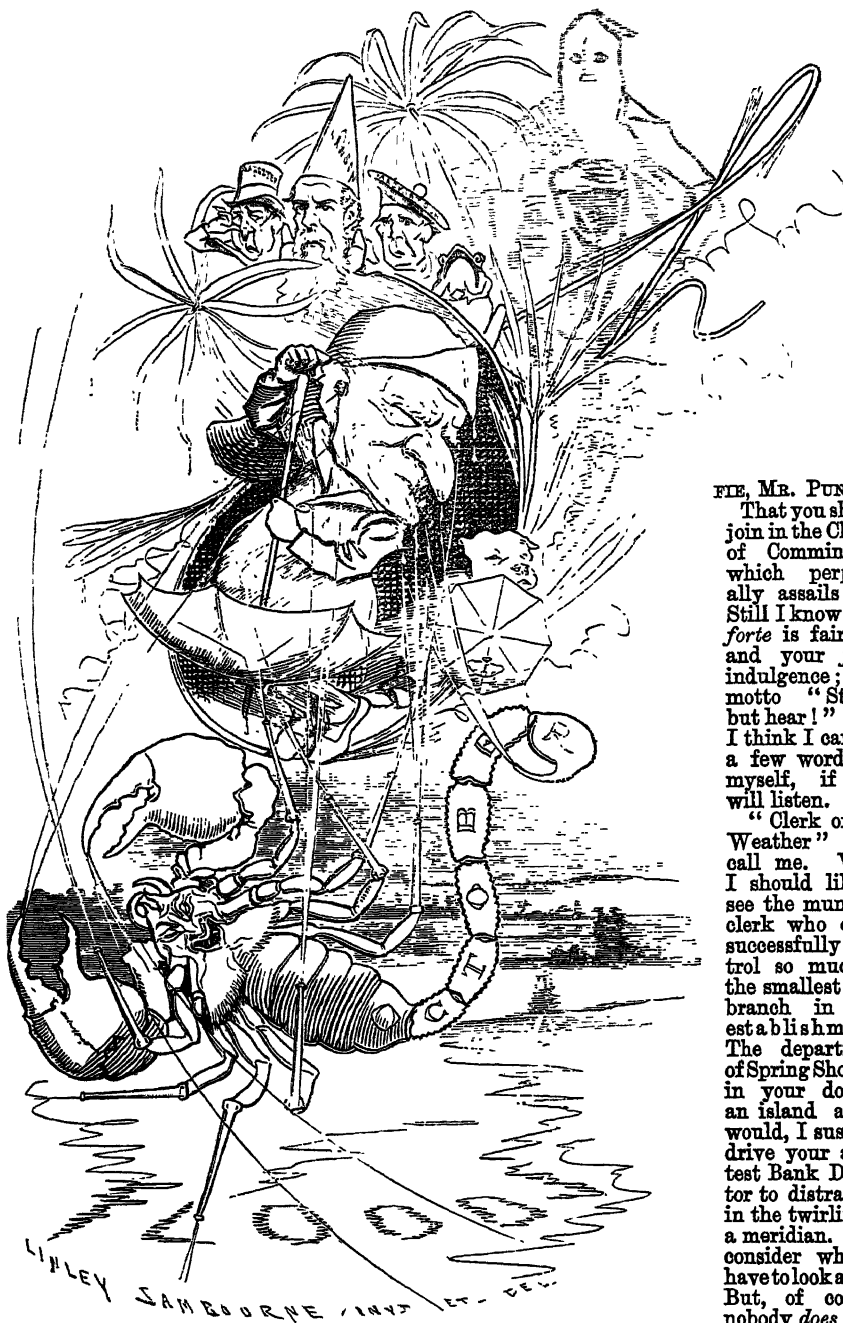
L'AFFAIRE DARNLEY.

(By Our Own Nobleman.)

LORD DARNLEY's conduct, at the best,
Must be pronounced inferior,
While Gwavedend's Mayor—excuse the jest—
Comes out as Lake Supewior!

[Left alone, laughing.]

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER TO MR. PUNCH.



FILE, MR. PUNCH!

That you should join in the Chorus of Commination which perpetually assails me! Still I know your forte is fairness, and your foible indulgence; your motto "Strike, but hear!" And I think I can say a few words for myself, if you will listen.

"Clerk of the Weather" you call me. Well, I should like to see the mundane clerk who could successfully control so much as the smallest sub-branch in my establishment. The department of Spring Showers in your dot of an island alone, would, I suspect, drive your astutest Bank Director to distraction in the twirling of a meridian. And consider what I have to look after! But, of course, nobody does consider: blind abuse comes so much easier. Of course it doesn't much matter. You may rave till all is blue—in TYNDALL's sense—and not stay a seemingly superfluous rain-drop, divert a too torrid sun-ray, or ruffle my equanimity. Indeed, you may thank your lucky stars that I am impervious to abuse as to entreaty, and do not put the reins of my power into the hands of every pseudo-Phaethon of the moment. But I have compassion on the sufferers from meteorological miseries, of which, I confess, you Islanders have a Benjamin's portion, and mean to give mortals a hint or two through their sagest representative—yourself! You know what unthankful rule is, and are familiar with the manners and customs of well-tended but recalcitrant donkeys.

Look here, then! Why not try and work with me, instead of railing at me? E. g. I supply the rain—more than you appear to relish sometimes—you provide the cistern, the watercourse, the sluice, the umbrella, and the waterproof. I furnish the material, you the means of utilisation, distribution, defence or prevention, as the case may be. Carry this partial co-partnership out on the large scale, and there you are. Twig? The rain I send must fall on the just and the unjust, the thirsting plain, and the thronged promenade, the turnips, and the turnip-growers, who want it, and the ripening ears and holiday pleasure-seekers, who do not. A Local-Sun-and-Shower-Distribution Company, Limited, is not possible in my realm. I have the round World to look to, not Little Peddlington

only. But Little Peddlington can help itself if it will.

The fact is, you monocular mortals suffer far more from drought and deluge, damp and dirt, discomfort and disease than there is any necessity for. Why?—For want of forethought, providence, ingenuity. Prevention of a large portion of the woes you attribute to the vagaries of the Clerk of the Weather are "within the resources of Science," as the chicken might say. Let human ingenuity, which, after so many rain-discomforted generations, achieved the Gingham and the Macintosh, set to work on the great scale at the task of adaptation, utilisation, self-protection, and the Chronic Grumbler's occupation will be pretty nearly gone. You have not half exhausted the sweet utilities of the Conduit and the Tank; nor, in spite of your much-mouthed proverb, do you really cultivate the useful art of providing for or against a Rainy Day. You bear, grumblingly, all the evils incidental to the alterations of draught and deluge, from damp feet to drowning, from scorched noses to sun-stroke and water-famine, when by timely provision and intelligent economy you might strike a normal balance between plentiful lack and unmanageable superfluity, dodge discomfort, shun disaster, and minimise loss.

You don't expect me to play the part of universal Sangster, street-cleaner, hydraulic engineer, and sanitary inspector, do you? If you won't play those very practicable rôles yourself, blame your own unwisdom, not the Weather. Grumbling at the Weather is about as wise as tilting at windmills. Set your vanes to the wind, and it will grind your corn for you; direct and store your floods, and they will serve instead of swamping you; rightly manage your streets and subways, and my rains will be not much less welcome or more worrying on the flags than on the furrows. Whether they result in refreshment or rheumatism depends largely on yourselves.

Here be a few examples out of many possible ones. *Verbum sap.*, my dear Punch. Sorry to incommode you, I'm sure! Would gladly find you a weather-proof private Paradise—a bright little isle of your own, where north-easters never wandered, and St. Swithin was unknown—if you would accept it. But I know you would not. The World and 85, Fleet Street cannot spare you. *Noblesse oblige*, eh? But do just tell the sumpsh and the savants what I say.

How large of weather-woes which men endure, The part that muffs may cause and skill might cure!

No more time now. There's another "tap" requires turning on. *Au Reservoir!*

Yours pluvially,

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

[Mr. Punch gladly prints this communication. Even if his accustomed courtesy did not constrain him, the maxim, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, would move him to compliance with the C. of the W.'s request. Wisdom may derive a few wrinkles even from a special-pleading *Jupiter Pluvius*.]

Rhymes for the Month.

REMEMBER, remember
The fogs of November,
And wrap up your thorax (or chest);
Beware of bronchitis,
Avoid laryngitis,
And money in sealskin invest.



THE ROYAL ROAD TO ELEGANCE.

Little Spiffkins (who can only afford one new Suit per Annum, but patronises a fashionable *West-End Tailor*). "O, BY THE BYE, MR. BROWN, CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY MEANS BY WHICH I COULD PREVENT MY TROUSERS FROM BAGGING AT THE KNEES?"

Mr. Brown. "WELL, SIR, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I KNOW OF, AND THAT'S WHAT MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS DO!"

Little Spiffkins. "TELL ME! WHAT IS IT?"

Mr. Brown. "WELL, THEY ORDER TWENTY OR THIRTY PAIR AT A TIME, SIR!"

"CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE!"

IMITATION being the sincerest form of flattery, a few admirers of the Light Brigade intend to celebrate the anniversaries of the following charges:—

November 9.—*HERE VON CHEATEMDORF*, of the Golden Fleece Baden-Baden, celebrates the ninth anniversary of the famous day when he charged *VISCOUNT NOODLE* five pounds for his bed and breakfast.

November 11.—*M. MACAIRE*, Hôtel de Grand Voleur, Paris, celebrates the first anniversary of the glorious day when he charged *SIR SMITH* and *SIR BROWN* thirty-five pounds for a week's accommodation.

November 20.—*ANGUS MCCORKITON*, Rob Roy Hotel, Glen Stealach, N.B., celebrates the third anniversary of the unco' guid day when he charged a party of Frenchmen sixteen shillings for eight small glasses of whiskey.

December 2.—*THE BISHOP OF DOUBLE GLOUCESTER* celebrates the eighth anniversary of the pious day when, in his charge to his Clergy, he forbade them the use of scent on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the playing of croquet.

December 17.—*A Contented Nephew* celebrates the nineteenth anniversary of the fortunate day when his Rich Uncle put so large a charge of powder in his gun that he blew himself to smithereens, and thereby enabled the aforesaid Contented Nephew to take possession of his large estates.

STRANGE COMPANY.

WONDERS will never cease, while people advertise their wants. As for instance, thus:—

A LADY of Good Education desires a POST as COMPANION.

We have heard, when on board ship, of a companion ladder, but we never before heard of a companion post. Really, a post seems an odd thing to desire for its companionship. For ourselves, we had far rather make a crony of a walking-stick. There are so many kinds of posts, too, that we wonder that the lady does not specify her preference. For light company perhaps a lamp-post would be suitable; but at all events at night one might find comfort in a bed-post.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(No. 2.)

(At the Alexandra Palace Banquet, October 25.)

PAYING sight! Left and right,
Crowds pressing onward,—
Sharp Alexandra Board
Dines the Two Hundred!
"Free passes grant them all!"
Veterans, short and tall—
Sharp Alexandra Board
(Profits will not be small)
Dines the Two Hundred!

"Go it, the Light Brigade!"
Toast-Master, sore dismayed,
Queered by those heroes' chaff,
Boggled and blundered.
Theirs not to speechify,
Still less to make reply;
Theirs but to drain all dry,—
Into the drinkables
Walked the Two Hundred!

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
While the band thundered:
They knew no "Captain Cork"—
Boldly they went to work,
After the eatables
Fell to their knife and fork,—
Thirsty Two Hundred!

A La Russe might surprise,
Still they knew joints and pies,
Clearing the dishes there,
Relevés and *entrées*, while
Scared waiters wondered;
Then, plunged in 'bacca smoke,
Glasses and pipes they broke—
Comrades long sundered,
Big with old lark and joke,
Gleefully met again—
Jolly Two Hundred!

Trophies to right of them,
Trophies to left of them,
CARDIGAN's charger's head,
Piously sundered!
Back they reeled, from the spread,
Straight as they could, to bed—
They that had dined so well—
Nothing to pay per head—
Happy Two Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
O, what a meal they made!
Cookneydom wondered.
Honour the Charge they made—
Bravo the Light Brigade!
Hearty Two Hundred!

Translation by our Eton Boy.

(HORACE, *Odes*, I. xxxvii. 10.)

"Minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis—"

"ONE of the ships having got off scot-free
has scarcely diminished the public fury."

WITHOUT THE PAIL OF THE CHURCH.

THE *New York Times* informs us of the misdeeds of a certain Long Island Bishop, who, when not attending to the niggers in his church, employs his time in white-washing ceilings! Better, at least, than white-washing blackamoors, an exploit which some Northern dignitaries are bent on.



A PRECISION.

Artist (affably). "FINE MORNING." Native. "NO' BAD AVA'." Artist. "PRETTY SCENERY." Native. "GAY AN' GOOD."
 Artist (pointing to St. Bannoch's, in the distance). "WHAT PLACE IS THAT DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOCH?"
 Native. "IT'S NO AT THE BOTTOM—IT'S AT THE FUT!" Artist (to himself). "YOU PAST-PARTICIPLED HIGHLANDER!"
 [Drops the subject!]

"LIE TEA."

"The article known in the trade as 'lie tea.'"—DR. HASSALL, in the Times.

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Surely the boredom of the day is past:
 With some reward our virtue should be crowned,
 "Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,"
 Forget the morning, when one's cares return,
 "And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 [COWPER despised the naughty man who sups,
 Adhering to his liquor like a leech]
 That cheer and not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

O peaceful poet! is it not a sin
 That this, your fragrant favourite beverage,
 Should be so treated in our mighty clever age?
 It "not inebriates," but it causes stupor:
 And, you, so surely as your name was COWPER,
 Would find yourself a sufferer by the trick
 That mixes indigo and turmeric,
 And other things, with names unfit for rhyme,
 In the rare product of old China's clime.

At least they give the poison proper name,
 Since as Lie Tea 'tis known to grocery fame:
 But comes the deep momentous question, why
 False Tea alone should have the prefix "Lie."
 Lie-Wine is found on tables of pretence,
 Lie-Agitators mock our common sense,
 Lie-Hair is seen on heads of ladies bright,
 Lie-bloom of cheek gives dangerous delight,

Lie-Ten-per-Cent. brings house and land to th' hammer,
 Lie-Journalists write trash in wretched grammar,
 Lie-Politicians somehow fill their purses,
 Lie-Christian clerics shock the world with curses,
 Lie-Coals are slate and brick, Lie-Broadcloth shoddy,
 Lie-Whiskey 'd make a Scot abjure his toddy.

Enough; for Mr. Punch is far too wise
 Half to exhaust the catalogue of lies:
 They flutter in the fine patrician air;
 They haunt our shops and workshops, plenteous there;
 E'en when you walk beneath the rainy sky,
 Your silk umbrella soon begins to lie.
 Wherefore Punch says, whoever may be able
 Lie to detect, should give that lie its label:
 If this were bravely done, right soon there'd be
 Reform in other things besides Lie Tea.

Effects of the Wet Weather.

DEAR PUNCH,
 WASN'T DARNLEY blown up by MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS?
 If so, there's a joke for you about DARNLEY being blown up by fire,
 and LORD DARNLEY being blown up by LAKE or water. I'd work
 it out myself if I hadn't got such a cold in my head.

Yours sincerely,
 CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

A Suggestion for the Ninth.

To make the Procession a typical Show,
 And in Citizens' eyes its attractions to heighten,
 A strong deputation should instantly go
 To ask, as a loan, the great Turtle from Brighton.



"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH," &c.

Affable Parson (in Yorkshire Train). "AND WHAT RACE-HORSE DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE ST. LEGER STAKES TO-DAY, SIR?"

Bookmaker. "BLEST IF I KNOW!—WISH I DID. 'THINK LEGRANGE WILL ABOUT PULL IT OFF. I CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU TO A PONY, IF YOU LIKE, Y' KNOW. BUT' (seeing no chance of a bet) 'IT MAYN'T BE BAD BUSINESS TO FLUTTER A BIT ON THE OTHER FOREIGNERS, AND TO TAKE THE ODDS TO A QUID OR TWO AGAINST THE FYFIELD PICK, AND BATES'S BEST FOR A PLACE!!'"

[Clerical Gent "gives it up," and retires behind his "Times."]

THE ART OF NOMENCLATURE.

By COG NOMEN, ESQ., Prenomen Place, near Agnomen.

THE Art of the Nomenclator has been neglected in these modern days. There seems good reason for calling attention to its great importance. A few hints on the subject may lead to its scientific investigation. Names have a great influence on destiny.

Boys.—Call a boy JOHN, and he will be steady; call him CHARLES, and he will deviate into CHARLEY, and go in for flirtation. It is to be remarked that MESSRS. SMITH, BROWN, and JONES are fond of christening their sons STANLEY, HOWARD, CLINTON, GROSVENOR, though they have no claim to connection with those noble families. HOWARD SMITH is a queer combination. Why not go to earlier traditions? As thus:

For the son of a Statesman named SMITH—PERICLES SMITH.

For the son of a Poet named SMITH—HOMER SMITH.

For the son of a Doctor SMITH—ÆSCULAPIUS SMITH.

For the son of a Soldier SMITH—ACHILLES SMITH.

For the son of a Democrat SMITH—THERSITES KENEALY SMITH.

And so on, to the end of a very long chapter indeed.

Girls.—Difficult. All questions about girls Mr. Punch finds uncommonly difficult. Would you, pretty reader of this column, rather be KATE or KEZIA, JESSY or JEMIMA, AMY or AMELIA, LILY or LUCINDA, SALLY or SOPHONISBA? Ponder this momentous question, for upon it depends the opinion of you held by that *Arbiter Puellarum* who dwells at 85, Fleet Street. Mr. Punch likes to give girls names of poetic form. A famous Poet called his daughter RUTHA, after the river which flowed beneath Rydal Mount. And may not fair christenings be found in English poetry? Have not

OUR HEROES.

WHAT shall we do with our Heroes? Say!
"Whatever you please, so you make them pay!"
Cries the *Valet-voice*. It has changed its tone,
For the *Valet-soul* has sagacious grown,
And learnt that its venal shouts and cheers
Turn prompter pennies than flouts and sneers.
It has dropped "pooh-poohs" with extreme content
Since praise got quoted at cent. per cent.

What shall we do with our Heroes stout?
Pose them in public, and make them spout!
In public let them be filed and fed—
The sight should pay at a shilling a head.
Walk up! Walk up! Let the long-eared see
How Heroes dine. Bid the *Daily T.*
Grow dithyrambic, and bardlings rush
To greet our Heroes with floods of gush!

What imports, though the hero shines
Little enough when he talks, or dines?
What imports, if his finest points
Scarce come out over jugs or joints?
Bid him perorate, make him feast,
Though he mayn't *pose* well, he will *pay* at least.
And gifts most needed to face his foe-man,
Are scarcely those that best suit his Showman.

A double debt to our "Braves" we owe—
First in the battle, then in the Show.
Here's to the man who can fight and feed!
With the gift of the gab for the hour of need.
"Honour" the Hero's mistress? Nay,
Huckster and Humbug have him in pay.
Wouldn't a Bayard be glad and proud,
Trotted out for a holiday crowd?

Who would not yearn a Hero to be,
To live on the lips of SIR FIDDLE DEDEE?
To be gushed o'er in prose and invoked in verse,
And—help to replenish a caterer's purse?
A shilling a day, an occasional feed,
And much tall talk is Our Heroes' meed.
'Tis fine to be brave, but better, no doubt,
To be up to the rôle of the *Hero's Tout*!

What shall we do with Our Heroes? Nay!
The problem's solved in the prettiest way.
They find their *Kudos*, at life's grey close,
In penny papers and public shows!
To "Hero Worship" one chapter add,—
How shall we name it—"Hero" or "Cad"?
It's coming to that in our glorious Isle:
What do you think of it, THOMAS CARLYLE?

SPENSER'S *Una*, and SHAKSPEARE'S *Rosalind*, and JONSON'S *Barine*, a right to be remembered?

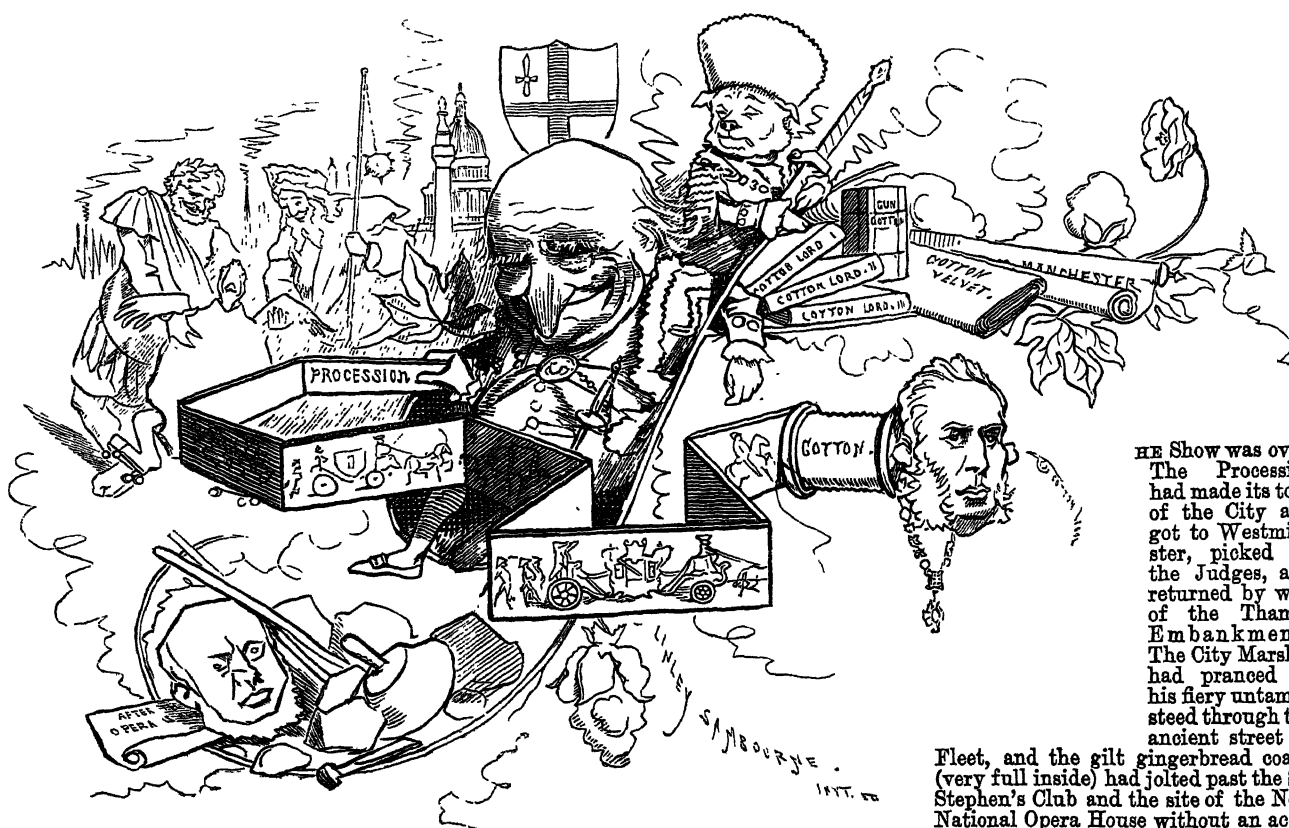
Streets.—The two chief streets of a certain English city are Wine and Corn Streets. Good. But the old London names are good also. Piccadilly may be connected with peccadilloes: *Punch* can't say. Pall Mall recalls the pleasant game of ball played by the gayest of our kings. The Strand was once the shore of Thames; through Holborn ran the Old Bourne; once there was a gate to commemorate King Lud. Can't modern folk be similarly commemorated? We seem to have lost our inventive faculty—all of us, save Mr. *Punch*, who means to amaze the City with *Punch Buildings*, and get Apollo and half-a-dozen other gods to meet the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen when the great College of Wit is opened.

Dogs.—Rover, Lion, Neptune, Dash, are among the stupid old names for dogs which have become stereotyped. Inventive people have other names. Mr. *Punch* has his ancient immortal canine comrade, *Toby*, who in days to come will be transfigured to the skies as *Canis Maximus*, *Canis Major* being utterly eclipsed. This, of course, will be coincident with *Punch's* own apotheosis, the date whereof depends very much on the arrangements to be made between Olympus and No. 85.

Maid-Servants.—Fair LUCILLA ought to have her name legibly written on her face. POLLY and SALLY and SUKEY materially differ. But are there any POLLIES and SALLIES and SUKEYS now? Not a bit of it. Miss MARIANNE comes as Cook, Miss SARA as Housemaid, Miss SUBANNA as Lady's-Maid—all in the latest fashionable attire. The mistress who is deciding whether or not to engage them gets many a wrinkle about the latest fashions from their elegant costume.

THE LARGEST-SIZED TURKEY SPONGE.—The SULTAN.

PUNCH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.



THE Show was over. The Procession had made its tour of the City and got to Westminster, picked up the Judges, and returned by way of the Thames Embankment. The City Marshal had pranced on his fiery untamed steed through the ancient street of

Fleet, and the gilt gingerbread coach (very full inside) had jolted past the St. Stephen's Club and the site of the New National Opera House without an accident. The trumpeters, in jack boots and velvet caps, had flourished their loudest flourish, and the principal

guests had been cheered by the other guests, and all was joy, cold viands and hot turtle-soup—thick and clear.

Mr. Punch, having only consented to be present at the Banquet on the understanding that his *incognito* should be strictly respected, was seated at one of the lower tables, with a Common Councilman on one side of him, and a gentleman in a Yeomanry uniform—fearfully and wonderfully made—on the other. He was weary of the talk of his neighbours. The first had given him a tedious history of all the less noted pumps in the City of London, and the second had shown him (with the aid of some walnuts, a pair of crackers, and a desert-spoon) how Putney might be saved from the hoof of the ruthless invader, in the event of the Germans taking Herne Bay by a *coup de main*. Mr. Punch listened with the amiable politeness for which he is famed all the world over, and was turning round to suggest that, perhaps, 85 Fleet Street might be of some service as a rifle-pit (Mr. Punch's military knowledge is sound, as far as it goes, if limited), when he noticed that, in the place of the warlike Yeoman, was seated a lady of most prepossessing appearance. She was dressed in white, and carried in her hand a small mirror.

"My dear Mr. Punch," she said, smiling, as her neighbour gazed upon her with a broad stare of astonishment, "you are surprised to see me here?"

"Very much indeed," replied Mr. Punch, bluntly.

"As one of my oldest, dearest, and firmest friends," she continued, "I will tell you why I have come. I want to make the speakers to-night talk frankly. In my presence they dare not be guilty of deceit. While they are smiling and attempting to conceal their thoughts, you and I will be listening to the Truth. You know who I am?"

"May I be shot if I do!" replied Mr. Punch, again very bluntly.

"Look at this mirror!" Mr. Punch looked, and saw a very handsome, clever man—it was the reflection of his own face. "Yes, I see you have guessed my name now—I am Truth; and for the last thirty-four years I have been near your desk, to guide your pen and point your pencil. And here we meet at the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet! What do you think of that?"

"That you are out of place," returned Mr. Punch.

"Quite so. It is the first time I have had anything to do with after-dinner speeches, and very likely it will be the last. But hush! There is the LORD MAYOR proposing the health of the QUEEN."

And very pleasantly did the LORD MAYOR perform the duty. In the presence of Truth he could only praise HER MAJESTY. His speech indeed would have been perfect had he omitted the last two or three sentences, which seemed to be forced from him against his will:—

"I am very much pleased to be Lord Mayor," said he; "and before my predecessor was out of office I took care to put myself *en evidence* by explaining that, out of respect to Mr. ALDERMAN STONE, I could not take part in any public ceremony. The QUEEN is the fountain of honour, and certain Representatives of Foreign States are still permitted to go to Court. I am sure you will be delighted to learn that, in future, people admitted to the Palace will not be allowed to dine in the Guild Hall. The Crown I admit is the Fountain of Honour, but is not the LORD MAYOR something more—is he not the Chief Cook of Dignity?"

"Really," said Mr. Punch to his neighbour, "I think these remarks very *mal à propos*."

"I made him say that," replied Truth, with a smile. "But listen to that Distinguished Officer returning thanks for the Army."

Said the Distinguished Officer: "You do not deserve much praise from us. We know perfectly well that you scrutinise every item of the Army Estimates. Still, I must say something civil, and so I allude to the City Train Bands. I think they must have been, as a body of men, nearly as useless as the Volunteers. I believe they have a large drill-ground somewhere near Finsbury Circus. I hear you have been squabbling about it. All I can say is, squabble as much as you please, but don't bother *us* with your complaints. These remarks are local, but I will add one of general interest. Recruiting is still very unsatisfactory. The young men we wish to draw into the Service consider the Army a disgraceful calling. Under these circumstances, it is most important that we should treat the livery of Her Majesty with the greatest possible respect; that soldiers should be taught that the red coat is the most honourable of costumes. Accordingly, we have ordered two officers to wear their uniforms, as a punishment, for the space of a year; and may,



HUNTING PROSPECTS FOR 1875.

(NECESSARY PRECAUTION.)

PATERFAMILIAS PROVIDES HIMSELF AND SONS WITH THE PATENT LIFE SAVING AND SWIMMING COLLARS FOR THEIR FIRST DAY IN THE MIDLANDS.

some day, send all the old tunics, returned into store under the new regulations, to Pentonville and Dartmoor, to be re-issued as convict-clothing.

"Surely he did not mean to say *that*!" whispered *Mr. Punch*. "I don't think he did," replied Truth; "but I put it into his mouth. Silence! here come the thanks for the Navy."

An official in a richly embroidered coat was now addressing the company:—

"The Army is not so popular in this great city as the Navy, for the simple reason that Commerce requires ships, and not regiments. Were England invaded, your hearts and pockets would be equally touched. It is only right therefore to tell you that you have been wasting millions upon Ironclads that run into one another and sink on the smallest provocation. You will be consoled to learn, however, that their loss is of comparative unimportance, as they are out of date, and have long been unable to perform those duties for which they were originally constructed. As to that unlucky Slavery Circular—it wasn't our doing, but those blundering fellows' at the Foreign Office, and they ought to be made answerable for it. I speak for my brothers of the Admiralty, and can honestly say that the Board is a most united one—a perfect happy family. *Vanguards* may sink, *Mistletoes* may be run down, but *Patronage* will go on for ever. These are my sentiments, and I think I may add are the sentiments of every true-hearted sailor and long-headed civilian who passes his leisure hours in the Admiralty, Whitehall, near Charing Cross, S.W."

"Eh," cried *Mr. Punch*, "surely that is a very painful confession."

"Great is the power of Truth," replied his fair companion. "But listen, here comes the speech of the evening."

A well-known Statesman was on his legs.

"In the absence," said he, "of one more worthy to occupy the place I fill, I return you hollow thanks for those hearty after-dinner cheers. The traditional policy of a Tory Cabinet is well-known to all of you. A Conservative Ministry is supposed to be jealous of the national honour, to be the mouthpiece of all that is good and

stable in the land. Since we have been in power we have found our Foreign policy laughed to scorn. Turkey no longer looks up to us as a guide and authority. Russia does precisely what she pleases. Considering that the latter country is making great strides towards our Indian frontier, we can scarcely repeat the boast that we are an Asiatic Power of the first magnitude. For all that, we have still a certain amount of influence on the West Coast of Africa. This influence may fade away, and when it does we doubtless shall be able to introduce civilisation into New Guinea and the countries lying adjacent to the North Pole. Thus the power of England will always be in the ascendant. That we are the mouthpiece of the People must be very apparent to you. The Nation told us to bring in a Merchant Shipping Bill, after we had rejected the measure, and we brought one in. The Nation told us that we had issued a disgraceful Circular about Fugitive Slaves, and the disgraceful Circular was withdrawn. The Nation tells us that we are a mistake, and we do not say no. Our opinion of one another, on the contrary, coincides strangely with the opinion of the Nation. However, here we are at the Lord Mayor's Dinner, and now is the time for hiding the truth under a bushel of big words, and smothering plain sense, as far as we can, with ornamental nonsense."

The applause that followed this strange address was so hearty that *Mr. Punch* turned round to Truth to inquire the cause of the enthusiasm. His fair neighbour had vanished, and in her stead was the Yeomanry officer.

"You have been snoring, Sir," said the warrior. "We could scarcely hear that gentleman proposing the toast of the 'Ladies.'"

"And who will return thanks for them?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"Perhaps —," and then the Yeoman mentioned the name of a very great Statesman indeed.

"Why should he return thanks for the Ladies?" again inquired *Mr. Punch*.

He heard the voice of Truth—invisible as she had made herself—for the last time, "Because, my dear Sir, the Right Honourable Gentleman is the most egregious old woman they can find in the Egyptian Hall!"

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitancy Society.

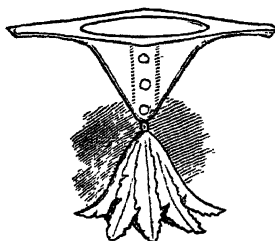
I HAVE but few hints left to make on the subject of furnishing. Already I see an improvement, and I look around me with pride at the first improvement which I recognise as the genuine results of my labour, and as so many steps in a right direction. The right direction being, of course, towards the shops where, by arrangement with the proprietors, I can choose anything for anybody.

Glass is an important item in furniture: as my old friend HERR JOSEPH MÜLLER observes, "Glass offers matter for reflection."

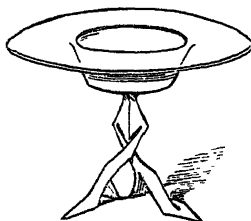
Glass ceilings are amusing, because you can see yourself, as others do not see you; i.e. walking on your head.

In drinking-glasses two things alone have to be considered, quality and quantity; and these have more to do with what you put into them, than what you are likely to get out of them.

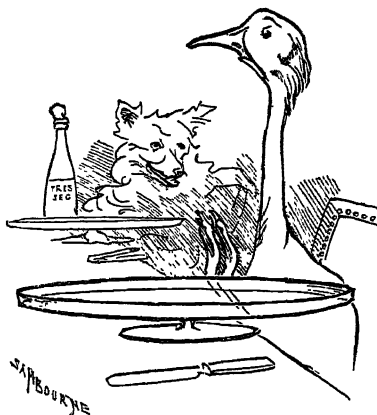
But a dinner-giver should get a good deal out of glass. New shapes will be supplied by our Artist, as for instance—



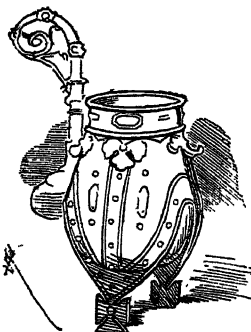
THE COCKED HAT AND FEATHER GLASS.
(For a Military Dinner.)



THE TARPAULIN AND STREAMER
RIBAND GLASS.
(For a Naval Dinner.)



THE SARDANAPALUS CHAMPAGNE GLASS.



THE MITRE TUMBLER.
(For Ecclesiastical Dinners.)



THE JOCKEY CAP AND PERSUADERS
GLASS.

The last shape, in china, would make a handy coffee or tea-cup. But for designs let inquirers send to me, and I shall be happy to furnish them myself.

With a few useful remarks on jewellery and modern dress, I propose to conclude for the present a subject which is interesting to all, from the peasant to the prince, from the penny to the sovereign.

(To be continued.)

THE HON. AND REV. FRANCISCO FARRYSEE TO
MR. PUNCH.

Eve of Saint Phylax.

REVEREND SIR,

It is with much diffidence I write, having failed to receive any acknowledgment in any one of the daily journals to which I have applied for publication, but I feel there is deep significance beneath the motley garments in which you are depicted, and it is this which gives me courage to address you.

I am one of those ministering martyrs who believe that the beauties of the soul must be represented to erring sinners by the glory of the garments we wear.

Are we not told to consider the lilies of the field? Am I not right then in appearing before my congregation in the nearest approach to imitation of Nature's hues that Art and workmanship can devise? They toil not, neither do they spin. Therefore I appeal to all my Christian sisters to devote a portion of the day to albs and dalmatics for my use.

Rome decrees that feasts and fasts should have their various colours. I adore all that issues from Rome, though pecuniary circumstances prevent me from accepting every sacrifice, and martyrs have no right to elude the struggles their conscience has commenced; but I opine that we should clothe our bodies in the colours which illustrate the spirit prevailing in us at the time. Thus: Tulips, yellow and purple, on a red ground—*noble pride*. Lilies on amber and gold—*purity of purpose*. Gardenia on blue—*odour of sanctity*.

Would that I could persuade my brethren to assist me in this noble enterprise! Would that all who hear me would be persuaded that religion is nothing without embroidery; tenets futile without vestments.

Fools and sceptics point the finger of scorn at me, and say, "Look after your poor. Cleanse the inside of the platter." My dear friend, would my congregation be a tithe of what it is, if the eye were not fed with constant variety of form and colour? Every sister wonders as she takes her seat what my state of soul is going to be. Shall I wear Tulips on a red dalmatic, or Jonquils on a silver stole? She sees my vestments, and in them reads her ministering priest's spiritual mood.

There is much controversy going on in the Press about subjects which are as nothing compared with this. Several of the sweetest shades of religious temperament are still unfurnished with their corresponding robes. I appeal again, through your powerful columns, to my beloved sisters. May their needles point the way to perfect happiness!

FRANCISCO FARRYSEE,
Incumbent of Saint Wistoria.

P.S.—I fear you have no space for an exhaustive exposition of my faith; indeed, in moments of discouragement, I doubt whether you will aid the good work by printing my letter. If I see this in type, I shall wear Sunflowers and Dahlias—*modest exultation*; if not, Snowdrops and Violets—*resignation under adverse circumstances*.
F. F.

IMPOSITION ON IMPOSTORS.

COLONEL SCHENCK, the American Minister, has communicated, from the United States Legation, to the newspapers, an exposure of a fraud practised in this country by certain persons in selling degrees and diplomas purporting to be conferred by American colleges and universities so-called; notably by the "Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery," and the "Livingstone University of America," of which there are professed agencies in London and elsewhere, whereas no such institutions exist. Who does not sympathise with COLONEL SCHENCK in the feeling which moves a gentleman to try and frustrate the practices of rogues? Yet who at the same time does not feel that, whilst those rogues, the vendors of bogus titles, deserve imprisonment and hard labour, those other rogues, but also fools, their customers, the would-be buyers of distinctions which, if veritable bargains, would be lying testimonials, deserve at least to lose their money.

From St. Paul's Churchyard.

According to the *Graphic*, a Danish Lutheran Church was consecrated last month at Newcastle-on-Tyne by the Dean of Copenhagen, Dr. Fog.

In a city
Near home
There's a church
With a dome,
SIR C. WREN'S
The design,

You can see it—
When fine:
DR. FOG
Would have been
That church's
Fit Dean.

PUNCH TO THE LORD MAYOR, GREETING!



ALFRED, my LORD MAYOR! In convivial session,
Punch has seen pass your annual procession;
The City Marshal, on the worst of nags,

Leading the City guilds, whose gorgeous flags
Have made the ancient street of Fleet alive,
And caused a joke or two at Eighty-Five,
Whose wit, no great ones, howe'er gorgeous, spares—
Sultans or Shahs, Khedivès, Czars, or Mayors.

The gaudy pageant has passed Temple Bar:
Punch stirs his fire and lights a fresh cigar,
And ponders over London. How it grows,
This City flushed with luxuries, vexed with woes!
Is it to be a town, for many a day,
"Where wealth accumulates and men decay"?
Epicure Mammon in BEN JONSON'S time
Had scarcely reached our gorgeous heights sublime:
Now he rides rampant, and his splendid dinners
Have magnetising force for saints and sinners.
Who can resist the haunch, the hot-house pine,
The perfect menu, the long-cellar'd wine?
The company befits the bill of fare:
You meet Wit, Beauty, Rank, and Fashion there.
A prima donna comes, no singer sweeter:
And Mammon's Rector is right glad to meet her.

And all the while, in many a London hovel,
What myriads of the dangerous classes grovel!
No hope in this world of less load of care,
No knowledge of a happier world elsewhere.
Philosophy, with scientific lens,
Looks on the inmates of those dreary dens,
Finds that the poor existed long ago,
And smirking says, "It always must be so."

Now, LORD MAYOR COTTON, there's a chance for you;
Your race has always been both brave and true.
Your ancient motto,* which in verse won't scan,
Announces you a proper type of man.
The life of fashion, the disdain of fear,
Brought to the front that haughty Cavalier,
WELLINGTON'S friend, the daring COMBERMERE.
Another COTTON, Admiral complete,
In Tagus river seized a Russian fleet.
Earlier, SIR ROBERT, in rare learning dipt,
Collected many a priceless manuscript,
And, with a princely scholar's generous will,
Gave to the people fruit of wealth and skill.

* "In utraque fortuna paratus."—Motto of Cotton.

Noblesse oblige! The claims of such a race
Will make you bolder in your civic place:
Besides you are a poet. Very odd:
Punch knew it not till he referred to *Dod*.
Put poetry in practice, dear LORD MAYOR:
Already you have somewhat cleared the air—
See *Punch's* last Cartoon in every street—
Drawing the line 'twixt honest man and cheat.
Go on as bravely as you have begun,
And when your year of civic power is done,
Punch will give London's and all England's thanks
To him whose shield bears the three Cotton hanks,
And hail the falcon in your ancient crest,
The City's scourer of a vermin-pest.

* "Has written poems."—*Dod*, p. 190.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

ALTHOUGH the necessity of living, combined with impatience of industry, has compelled me to pursue illicit courses, I am enabled, by having had the advantage of instruction, to read the *Times*, and you. Your contemporary, the other day, published a report, more interesting than agreeable, to me at least, on the "Employment of Convicts." It contains the following particularly unpleasant suggestion:—

"The chaplain of Pentonville Prison suggests that there should be assigned to convicts what he calls the unsavoury occupation of diverting sewage from your rivers, and utilising it for manure."

Diverting sewage, indeed! A high diversion, no doubt, for the Reverend gentleman, situated to the windward of a member of his flock engaged in it, to contemplate. An occupation truly unsavoury, and equally laborious. I cannot but admire the ingenuity of this aggravation—not to say refinement—of punishment. There is, however, another service imposed upon gentlemen in seclusion, of which, regarded as a penal infliction, the annoyance is really refined. In some of the principal Government Prisons, besides hammocks made for the Royal Navy and mail-bags for the Post-Office—

"Clothes are made by convicts for the Police."

The pain of being thus obliged unwillingly to work is enhanced by a sting of studied acuteness craftily evened, mental, and nicely calculated to hurt the feelings. To what toil could a convict be doomed more bitter than the task of making clothes for the Police? Only one, *Mr. Punch*, that—under sentence for robbery with violence—of having to manufacture cats-o'-nine-tails.

It is with mingled feelings of approval and apprehension that I transcribe a passage of a nature slightly personal:—

"It may surprise many to learn from this year's report of the Chaplain of Dartmoor Prison, that ninety-five of the prisoners have, since their confinement there, studied and made considerable progress in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages. The Chaplain of Portland Prison states that some of the educated prisoners are among the most difficult to deal with, for their superiority in some respects to the general class leads them to resent the application to themselves of some of the prison rules; and it has been found to check the tendency to a morose, sullen, and insubordinate spirit if a little ambition to revive former studies can be created, or if a man can be induced to employ himself after the labours of the day are over, in enlarging his knowledge by the pursuit of some particular subject."

In the too probable event of my getting into trouble, I trust I may experience the kindly discipline of Dartmoor, where penal servitude appears to consist very much in literary occupation. Should my place of detention be Portland, the difficulty of dealing with me will, I am sure, be much simplified by treating me in the considerate manner suggested by the Chaplain of that Institution, making the "labours of the day" as light as possible, and never subjecting me to the cruel indignity of being utilised as a tailor to the Police, slavery which I should feel to be infinitely more disgusting even than employment in the "diversion" of sewage.

With every apology for trespassing on your valuable space, I remain,

Your habitual Reader,

JIM THE PENMAN.

Swag Lane, Faker Street, Feast of S. Guy.

Not Quite the Cheese.

(*Re Jenkins v. Cook, Arches Court.*)

Μη δολοι! let Deacons be,
A Bishop no impostor;
And yet upon the Bench we see
Διγλωσσος—double G——R.



A HAPPY THOUGHT THAT NEVER OCCURRED.

Mother (in continuation). "AND SO THE WICKED PHARAOH ORDERED THAT ALL THE BABY-BOYS SHOULD BE KILLED——"
Madelaine. "BUT, MAMMA! DIDN'T ANY OF THEIR MOTHERS SAY THEY WAS GIRLS?"

THE WEDDING OF LAW AND EQUITY.

"This first of November England witnesses the union of Law and Equity."
—Times.

UNION of Equity and Law!
 Who such a union ever saw?
 Such fusion must confusion mean!
 Can no Queen's Proctor intervene,
 Show the plan, ere 'tis born, miscarried—
 Being divorced, they can't be married.

This happy union, people say,
 Was fitly fixed for All Saints' Day.
 Ye warriors of the Devil's Own,
 Was such a blunder ever known?
 Ye who in Hall eat legal dinners,
 Is there no feast that's named All Sinners?

Picture the bridal! Bridegroom gruff,
 Made of the very sternest stuff:
 No smile o'er that grim visage flits;
 His wedding coat is lined with writs.
 His honeymoon, no doubt, he fain
 Would spend in happy Chancery Lane.

But O sweet Equity, the bride!
 A creature to be deified—
 With perfect justice in her eye,
 She cannot cheat, she cannot lie:
 Behold her, dressed in virgin white,
 An angel of serene delight.

They're wedded! Wonders never cease:
 War in due time will marry Peace;
 To seek a husband Truth will range,
 And find him on the Stock Exchange;
 Religion, jilting Controversy—
 Her follower long—will wed with Mercy.

When Law and Equity receive
 Their guests, one hardly can believe
 That he, of tyrants quite the sternest,
 Will take her counsel in good earnest.
 But *Punch* the union won't disparage,
 And drinks their long and happy marriage.

MOURNING AND GRIEF.

As a Reformer, MR. GLADSTONE is a little behind MR. BRIGHT with regard to a social question whereon the latter statesman is thorough. Hear our WILLIAM, however, on "Funeral Reform." He thus answers a Correspondent:—

"*Hawarden, Oct. 29, 1875.*
 SIR,—I thank you for your communication, and, though unable to concur with you in the opinion that the wearing of mourning ought to be abandoned, I concur in much that you have said, and think the whole subject requires to be gravely considered by this country.

"Your faithful servant,
 "W. E. GLADSTONE."

Will not WILLIAM, on further reflection, see that mourning might be advantageously abandoned by influential and independent parties who can afford the expense of it, for the relief of those who cannot, and at the same time cannot afford to ignore MRS. GRUNDY? "Mourning" always aggravates grief, unless the mourners are wealthy, or ladies whom it becomes. It is especially grievous when it has to be worn by survivors for a relation who has left them no money. The whole subject of the haberdashery pertaining to funerals requires, as MR. GLADSTONE says, to be gravely considered. Levity in the consideration of a subject so grave strikes us as unbecoming. Is our WILLIAM also among the punsters?

CONDITIONAL CON.

WHAT class of Officers in the British Army will the Turkish Bondholders be like? Those on half-pay—if they get it.



SETTLED AT LAST!

HYMEN. "BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN! YOU HAVEN'T 'MARRIED IN HASTE:' THE LESS LIKELY TO 'REPENT AT LEISURE'!"

NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.



BRKEST Month of all
the changeful
dozen,
Night's first
cousin!
Nature's Nemesis
upon the City!
What a pity
Mortals cannot hi-
bernate a little!
Not a little
Would be lost
by sleeping
through your
thirty
Days so dirty.
For you noon is
dim as most
midnight is;
And bronchitis,
Fogs and fireworks,
civic feeds, and
folly,
Are not jolly.
We could spare
from out the
Season's sum-
mary
FAUX and flum-
mery,

Sulphury fumes and silly speeches part with
A light heart with,
Melancholy month! Throughout Creation
Obfuscation
Comes with you. But London chiefly suffers:
Wit's sharp snuffers
Scarce can trim life's taper to bright burning,
While you're churning
The breathing mixture called, by touch satiric,
Atmospheric!—
Into a something nameless, which so dense is
Human senses
Fail beneath its vague and vast oppression.
'Tis full session
Of all the Incubi of Dulness. Dismal
Black, abysmal,
Yawns the gulf of Boredom now beneath us.
O to wreathe us
With sprays of Spring time, or June's joyous roses!
But our noses,
Finger-fended from the fog's foul flavour,
Sniff no savour
But what smells more of soot-bag than of myrtle!
Only Turtle
Thick and clear both, at Lord Mayor's Civic banquet
This dull, dank, wet,
Dirty month redeems from detestation.
Jubilation
For aught beside ill-suiteth grim November!
Yet, remember,
London's new Lord Mayor demands a thumper
Of a bumper!
Spite of fog, that must not be forgotten.
Here's to Cotton!

DARWIN UP AND DOWN.

PROFESSOR MIVART, the other evening, at the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, delivered an instructive lecture on the subject of ourselves and "our poor relations." Speaking of development and evolution, he pointed out that the animal kingdom presents "certain exceptions to this ascending change." Amongst reptiles and some shell-fish, indeed, "there had been a process of degradation rather than of advancement," especially observable in the lobster and shrimp group. He might have added the oyster—except, indeed, as regards price, in which there has been an advancement too rapid and too high to be pleasant.

"Of late, however, there had been a tendency to extend the zoological area over which degradation was supposed to have taken place. If this view met with acceptance, it was difficult to see where it was to stop; indeed, it might bring our ape friends again before us in a new light, for hereafter some one might profess to find in them not the rude ancestors, but the degraded descendants, of early man."

Hereat there was, of course, "a laugh." It is much better fun to imagine that other people, once on a parity with our ancestors, degenerated from humanity into apeness, than to suppose that we are the descendants of apes. Britons also may complacently regard much in the manners, customs, and conduct—including, they consider, numerous monkeys' tricks—of foreign nations as indicating a process of undevelopment still going on amongst some of our neighbours. As for ourselves, however, let us confidently hope—if we cannot exactly assert—that a daily increasing height of moral aim, and preference of the sublime and beautiful to the ignoble and the grotesque in literature and art, demonstrate us manifestly to be on the rise, and tending, not downwards towards the Ape, but (with MR. DISRAELI) upwards to the Angel.

"RETIRE YOUR MEN, SIR!"

THE premature publication of the proposed Army Retirement scheme in the London papers having caused much confusion in military circles, Mr. Punch thinks it right to issue a plan of his own, founded upon precedents that have been for years recognised both in the War Office and at the Horse Guards.

RETIREMENT.

W. O. Circular, 01,423.

Horse Guards, Nov. 5, 1875.

In future, Buglers will be kept on the strength of their regiments for two years. At the end of that time, if they are found to be efficient, they will be discharged, unless (in the interim) they have been promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Majors unattached. If a Bugler at the end of two years' service is found incapable of sounding a single call, he will be kept on the strength of his regiment for a further term of two years. After he has completed four years' service, however, he will be compulsorily retired on a pension of five pence a day, or a lump sum of £1 3s. 7½d.

Subalterns, having learned their drill, will be compulsorily retired, to make room for subalterns who have still their drill to learn.

Captains who have passed the Staff College will be offered a brevet step and 5s. a day. Commutation, £150.

Majors having completed twenty years' service will be ordered to retire on the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel and £135 a year. On availing themselves of the privilege of wearing "mufti," they will be deprived of their pensions.

Lieutenant-Colonels with twenty-five years' service (fifteen of which have been spent before the enemy) will be ordered to give up their commands, to make room for untried men. Lieutenant-Colonels so retired will have the right to wear their medals, clasps, and other decorations, at flower shows, agricultural meetings, and private evening parties.

Generals, Field-M Marshals, and officers of all ranks who have reached the age of seventy-five, will not be called upon to retire, but will remain in the posts they occupied prior to the Abolition of the purchase system, until severally recommended for further promotion.

By Order of Mr. Punch.

(Signed)

TOBY.

Civil Military Secretary.

AN OMISSION SUPPLIED.

AULD REEKIE'S Duchess, hard on Hallowe'en,
Presents another Grandchild to the QUEEN,
Whose Grandchildren, if truth reporters score,
The new-born Princess brings to twenty-four.
So many hours, observe, the day contains,
Coincidence remarked by men of brains.
Ye wise, proclaim it while you can, for who
Can tell how long it will continue true?
How soon the moment may, or not, arrive,
When twenty-four will rise to twenty-five?
Heaven grant HER MAJESTY a reign to see
The number grow as great as it can be
And still her children's children keep in view,
As they to children old add children new!

The strains foregoing are the sort of thing
A Laureate, on occasion, ought to sing.
All well Arthurian poems to indite,
And turn out idylls, in the Isle of Wight;
But, from the wearer of official bays,
Events auspicious ask appropriate lays.
Behold the way to build the lofty rhyme,
ALFRED, do thou the like another time!

How to SUPPLY ST. PAUL'S WITH BELLS AND CHIMES CHEAP.—
Malt down the Canons.



LUCID!

Irish Sergeant (to Squad at Judging-Distance Drill). "Now, YE'LL PAY THE GREATEST OF ATTENTION TO THE MAN AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS: BECAUSE, IF YE CAN'T SEE 'M, YE'LL BE DECEIVED IN HIS 'APPARANCE'!"

A PROCLAMATION!

COTTON, LORD MAYOR.

Be it known, once for all and to all, that from and after the date of this current number of *Punch*, any joke, jest, gibe, pun, quip, crank, or waggery, offered as a voluntary contribution, and fondly intended for publication, answering to the description hereinafter contained, will be treated in the manner hereunder set forth, any statute, ordinance, institute, enactment, or encouragement and approbation of deluded and deluding fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

Any written communication, designed for a joke on Threadneedle Street, in connection with the surname of the LORD MAYOR, will be instantly torn into ten thousand (more or less) fragments.

Any contribution which, on being opened by one of *Mr. Punch's* private secretaries, shall disclose at the first glance such expressions or phrases as "cotton to," "dropping the thread of his discourse," "winding his way," "wound up his speech," and the like, will, without a moment's hesitation or delay, be thrown contemptuously into the waste-paper basket.

Any piece of paper bearing on its surface, in characters inscribed either in ink or pencil, a suggestion to the effect that the LORD MAYOR, on those public occasions when he has to return numerous salutations, will have to go through a great deal of bowing and hobbins, will be forthwith flung contemptuously into the office grate.

Any note, letter, or other missive, whether with or without an envelope, proposing that, for the year 1875-6, the name of Cottonopolis should be transferred from the City of Manchester to the City of London, will be twisted up into the form and shape of a spill, and used as an instrument for lighting a pipe or kindling a cigar.

Any person being so misguided as to allude to the possibility of the LORD MAYOR giving a Cotton Ball, and plunging still deeper into crime by associating reels with an entertainment of this description, will, if he can be traced, be handed over to the proper

authorities, to be dealt with as the Supreme Court of Judicature may direct.

And, generally, any correspondence which may have for its object the establishment of a playful connection between a soft white vegetable substance, largely imported into this country from America and India, and the name of the LORD MAYOR, will be zealously guarded from all other eyes but those of the buttermilk and his customers.

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street,
Lord Mayor's Day, 1875.

N.B. The foregoing proclamation is to be construed as applicable in its main purport—the discouragement of unseemly jesting or the names of great civic dignitaries and the diminution of *Mr. Punch's* correspondence—to MR. ALDERMAN and SHERIFF KNIGHT. It seems hardly possible that the most disordered imagination, the most perverted ingenuity, can extract any material for its nefarious practices from the name of MR. SHERIFF BREFFITT; but time and the post will show. *Mr. Punch* knows only too well what human nature is capable of daring.

Sors Horatiana.

(On the PRINCE'S Visit to India.)

"SERVES iturum Principem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanôque Rubro."

Carm., lib. i. 36.

L'Entente Cordiale.

THE delightful sympathy between England and France has another illustration in the all but contemporaneous loss of the *Vanguard* and the *Magenta*. What charming reciprocity! Let both countries rejoice until the bills are sent in.



OTHER PEOPLE'S HOBBIES.

Mr. Jones. "WHAT A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF WALKING-STICKS, MR. BROWN!"

Mr. Brown. "WELL—YES! THERE ARE NINETY-SIX OF THEM. AND WHAT MAKES THE COLLECTION REALLY INTERESTING IS THAT EVERY ONE OF THEM HAS A HISTORY. TAKE THIS ONE, FOR INSTANCE—LABELLED No. 1. IN 1837 I HAPPENED TO BE—"

[*Mr. Jones suddenly recollects he has a Train to catch, and bids a hasty farewell.*]

CURSING AND SWEARING.

WE know that good Society has now for some time relinquished the bad habit of cursing and swearing. So, SIR GEORGE BOWYER maintains, has the Roman Catholic Church—although he cannot deny that, at one time, it cursed as terribly as ever the British Protestant troops swore in Flanders. On All Saints' Day the Defender of the Ultramontane Faith appropriately communicated the following explanation to the *Times* :—

"Sir,—In answer to your Correspondents of to-day, I will only say that I did not assert that curses had been never used in the fulmination of excommunications. But I assert that curses are no essential part of excommunication, for it is defined by the Canonists simply as a *communione exclusio*."

Just so. Curses, in excommunication, as well as in common talk, are unnecessary. Excommunication, in its ultimate effect, means all that can be expressed in the strongest language. Going into detail from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, with a special malison on each of the intervening organs, is simply superfluous. Ecclesiastics, like other gentlemen, have discontinued the use of vulgar expletives. It is now only the coarser portion of the populace who are accustomed to utter imprecations on the organs of sight, the circulating fluid, and the members of those who displease them. The declaration added to the foregoing statement will perhaps be frankly accepted by MR. NEWDEGATE, or even by MR. WHALLEY himself :—

"I assert that those old forms are either abrogated or obsolete. Our present Pope repealed a great number of old excommunications, and, among others, the Bull of POPE CLEMENT excommunicating Protestants."

Had not this Bull, however, practically repealed itself? What was the use of a Bull to excommunicate persons who were never in communion? A Pontifical Bull which had come to be as it were a capital sentence on dead men had surely degenerated into a Bull of the Irish species.

However, it is some news to hear from SIR GEORGE BOWYER that the POPE has repealed Bulls. If present Infallibility can allow itself to repeal bygone Infallibility's Bulls, there is no saying to what rational conclusions future Infallibility, guided by Common Sense, may not one of these days find it possible to arrive. In the meanwhile, let us allow all due weight to the assurance that, in "the fulmination of excommunications," unparliamentary language is now unusual, if not uncanonical.

A FUNERAL ANTI-REFORMER.

(Sings.)

WEN we 'ears the knell a tollin'
Wile the 'earse along is rollin'
To the Parties 'ow condolin';

Slow and solemn, wilt in others,
Wakenin' feelings wot they smothers;
Yourn and mine, beloved brothers,

In our melancholy duty,
Mindin' us 'ow rich and fruity
Black jobs is in gain and booty.

But there is a agitation
For mean burials, and "cremation,"
'Orstle to our havocation.

BRIGHT advises people turnin'
"Friends" he calls 'em, as to mournin';
Not a rag the bier adornin'.

Nare a mute, nor wand, nor weeper,
All in plain clothes, nothink deeper,
For to make interment cheaper.

"Friends," and all the world not show to
Due respect deceased they owe to!
Where do they expect to go to?

Then there's Clergy a combinin'
In a resolution jinin',
'Atbands, scarves, and gloves declinin'.

Funeral show sitch check at Sutton,
Maidstone, Kent, they've been and put on,
From our mouths to snatch the mutton:

Sich you might expect of Quakers—
But the Church, to back the makers
Of a war on undertakers!

Also there's the leadin' papers,
For the shabby funeral-scrappers,
Foes to we and to the drapers.

Wot will then be our condition,
Stopped from funeral exhibition,
In the day of abolition?

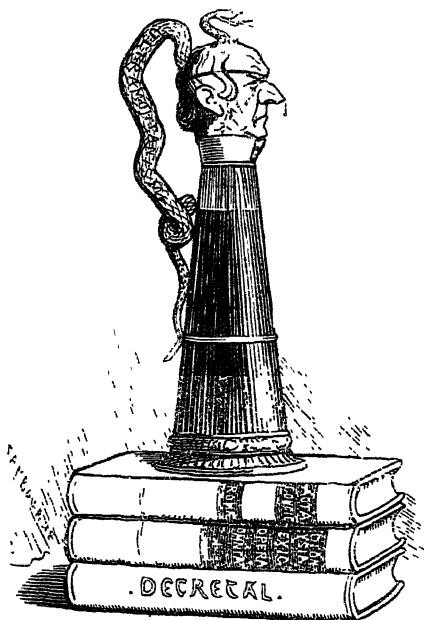
To the knell of the departed,
In their plumeless 'earses carted,
We should 'earken 'eavy 'earted.

Not, as now, with innard gladness,
In the decent garb of sadness—
No more—that there way lies madness!

Change may come, by slow degrees on.
But, in their bereavement's season,
Folks is deaf to stingy reason.

In their rooted inclination
For funereal hostentation,
Dead agin all reformation,
Long will yet lay our salvation.

WHICH Jewel does Russia hope to add to her Crown?
Turk wars or an Oriental Purl?



"Vaticana bibis, bibis venenum."
MARTIAL. *Epig. lib. vi. 92.*

"GLADSTONE'S CLARET."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY AS IT MIGHT BE.

(Extracted by Clairvoyance from the *City Chronicle*, A.D. 1975.)

WE often hear remarks about the wisdom of our ancestors, yet we are not seldom filled with pity when we patiently reflect upon the follies of our forefathers, such, for instance, as they perpetrated in their foolish Lord Mayor's Show. How vast is the improvement since a hundred years ago! Who would ever dream now of stopping for some hours the whole traffic of the City, that stupid simpletons might stare at a stupid, senseless show? And who would dream of sitting squeezed and sweltering at what was called a "banquet," where, after scrambling for some soup and a slice of lukewarm mutton (christened "venison" in the *menu*), you were doomed to sit half-stified and to listen to dull speeches which you vainly tried to catch?

But, now that women have their rights, and the Lady Mayoress reigns as Empress of the City, how much altered for the better are our old Civic ceremonials, since they have been confided to the care of the fair sex! In lieu of gingerbread state coaches, and men in pasteboard armour, and tawdry flags and trappings, which of old were suffered to impede the traffic of the City, and attracted crowds of idlers to be plundered by the pickpockets and pommelled by the roughs,—in place of this tomfoolery which was termed the Lord Mayor's show, what is it that now constitutes the principal attraction of our Lady Mayoress's Day? Let us briefly chronicle a part of what occurs.

The happy day is welcomed by a peal of merry laughter from the mouths of the Bow belles, who attend as maids in waiting on the Lady Mayoress, and are all a-Gog (and Magog) for the Show. They proceed to deck her Ladyship in her official robes, and scatter roses in her path as she proceeds to the Guild Hall. Here the Show of Civic Beauty is annually held, and the prettiest girls in London are arranged for exhibition, previous to their reception and appearance at the Ball. On the entrance of her Ladyship, the band strikes up "See the Conquering Charmer Comes!" and the young ladies all drop curtsies, and present bouquets. In order to prevent blushes, as well as scrambles for admission, the Show is strictly private, and no unmarried reporter is permitted to intrude.

To satisfy the Public, a few photographs, however, are suffered to be taken, and these are sold by auction, and the various civic charities share the proceeds of the sale.

After the Show, the Lady Mayoress entertains the fair assemblage at an elegant repast of sugarplums and sweeties, whereat their partners are by courtesy invited to assist, on production of certificates (signed by a Court Dancing-Master) that they are chatty in

square dances, as well as active and untiring in a galop or a valse. None but known good dancers are suffered to obtain an entrance to the ball-room, and all chaperones and wallflowers are most rigidly excluded. Dancing generally begins as soon as it is dark, and is kept up with ceaseless vigour until midnight; when the Lady Mayoress, being wiser than her foremothers, instead of sitting up till daybreak, bids her guests good-night.

THE INFALLIBLE TRUTH.

"WHAT is Truth?" asked PILATE,—

But that he asked in vain.

"O! what Truth is," says MANNING,
"I can soon make plain."

"Truth is this—this only—

The one Infallible Church;
Doubt, and at Day of Judgment
You'll find you're in the lurch."

"Ach! ist das so?" says BISMARCK.

"Your notion is not mine."

"Ten times accursed," cries MANNING;
Says BISMARCK, bravely, "Nein!"

LORD REDESDALE says, "Inform me,
And you'll oblige me much:
What thing can be Infallible
That does not 'act as such'?"

Says MANNING: "My good gracious!
You beg the question quite.
Can't you—or won't you—understand?
Whatever's right is Right!"

"A Church divinely founded—
Is this not clear to you?—
Cannot but act divinely,
Whatever it may do.

"I hope that proposition
Has set your mind at rest?"
Says REDESDALE, very sharply,
"If it has, I am—blest!"

Powerful Peacemakers.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day telegraphed as follows:—

"There are rumours to-day of a Russian Circular inviting the Powers signatories to the Treaty of Paris to a pacific intervention in the affairs of Turkey."

If the Russian Circular were a Circular Ironclad, a summons from such a pacificator, to judge by MR. REED's account of it, would perhaps command attention.

Suggested Epitaph

(For those who fell at Balaklava).

DEATH was our end, that end was great,
And saved us from a sadder fête.

Aristocracy and Ale.

THE *Hampshire Independent* contains a statement that MR. BASS has declined a Peerage. If this is true, it shows the distinguished Brewer to be a supporter of whom the Government thinks no small beer; and the House of Lords has failed of a reinforcement by one more able man of business. It is whispered that the title destined for the Honourable Gentleman was that of the "EARL OF BURTON."

CHANGE OF NAME.

IN consequence of a recent decision of the Lords of the Admiralty, a distinguished sailor-officer will probably for the future change his name from TABLETON to TAR-LET-OFF.

"SIX TO ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN TO THE OTHER."

THE SULTAN has now promised half the interest on his debts. No doubt his Word will prove as good as his Bonds.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

Operator (commencing Attack). "HAIR'S FALLING OFF VERY FAST, SIR!"

Patient (carelessly). "Y-E-E-S."

Operator. "I CAN REC—"

Patient (gaily). "GENERALLY DOES THIS TIME O' YEAR. FRESH CROP IN THE SPRING, Y' KNOW!" (Snores.)

[*Operator sighs, and raises Siege.*]

BURIAL IN BEDS.

WE must not believe all the world says; but the *Christian World* at least should speak the truth; and, if it does, the Established Church appears to be in danger of losing a valuable Clergyman. The REV. HARRY HOCKEN, Vicar of Cople, Bedfordshire, is, the *Christian World* says, "a fanatical member of the Ritualistic School." Ritualism is not commonly combined with logic; and the Ritualists who secede to Popery are exceptions. But—still if we may credit the *Christian World*—the Vicar of Cople has lately delivered himself of utterances sadly suggestive of the fear that his Ritualism is too essentially Papistical to allow the hope that he can continue much longer to hold his Protestant vicarage. The late Archidiaconal Conference at Bedford included a debate on MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Burial Bill. In this controversy MR. HOCKEN took part; and some of his remarks are quoted by the *Christian World*. They were directed principally against the REV. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH, Rector of Houghton, a previous speaker, who, in moving an unsuccessful Amendment to a Resolution denouncing the proposed measure of concession to Dissenters, "had delivered a speech admirable for its kind Christian feeling and statesmanlike moderation; but it seemed to have almost a maddening effect on MR. HOCKEN." Transcribed from out the text of the *Christian World*, and with only the needful grammatical changes, set simply together in the first person, the selections from the speech ascribed to that Reverend Gentleman may be read as under; it being premised that the name of "MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH" was "repeated contemptuously" by him "at least a score of times:"—

"I wonder how MR. BLAGG SMYTH could dare so dreadfully to violate his holy orders by introducing a motion so contrary to his profession. . . . I am horrified at the thought that this MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH can be a parish priest. . . . Some ladies with whom I lunched . . . also expressed their horror at MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH being now a priest in the Church of

"TELL MAMMA WE ARE HAPPY."

THE Prince is out among the Orient race,
Who must, some day,—
Remote, *Punch* hopes,—be subjects of his sway;
He gazes on the grey East's changeless face
In far Bombay,
And he will be, in days of undreamt wonder,
Chequered, mayhap, with War's irrational thunder,
In that far Orient earth's foremost man—
Emperor of Hindostan!

Why, what was PRESTER JOHN, a traveller's whim,
Or the Great Mogul,
To him who, from this island masterful
Goes forth to regions vague and strange and dim,
Fresh flowers to cull?
New-censused myriads humbly bow before him—
A mighty Empire, eager to adore him,
Gladly his actions and his face will scan
Who must rule Hindostan.

Simple Bombay brightly illuminates
With "Tell Mamma
That we are happy," 'neath her sceptre fair,
Whose power is felt through all the Eastern States.
The pariah
Feels beneath English rule an equal calm
With son of MAHOMET and breed of BRAHM,
And thinks of when VICTORIA'S rule began—
Empress of Hindostan.

And Hindostan is happy. *Punch* says "Yes."
Why should it not,
So long as England's rule is strong and wise,
Have a fair share of human happiness
Beneath the skies?
And when the Prince returns from hunts and durbars,
May he have pacified all weak disturbers,
And learnt, as such a Prince on Progress can,
The worth of Hindostan.

VERY WELL DEVILLED.

MR. BULL having been very properly reprov'd by his wife for using bad language in connection with Turkey, has bound himself not to say anything worse of that repudiative power than "Devil take Turkey" till Christmas. After which he must use stronger language.

England. . . . I must enter my protest against this horrible amendment, which is so dreadfully discreditable to holy orders. . . . Such a horrible amendment would be a curse to the Church of England; and I should not be surprised if MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH, who would thus shake hands with the Dissenters, would not hesitate to shake hands with that horrible man who introduced that measure into Parliament, MR. OSBORNE MORGAN."

Does it not strike the reader how extremely the foregoing invective resembles that which his Holiness the POPE is accustomed to hurl at parties who have incurred his animosity? Only the Holy Father never abuses anybody by name. He always limits himself to vilifying the object of wrath by implication, or else under a pseudonym, calling him, for example, HEROD, or JUDAS, or PONTIUS PILATE. If MR. HOCKEN did really blackguard MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH as above, he will probably learn how to talk as a "temperate controversialist," and curse in due canonical form, very soon. Moreover, not only does he scold in a Papal style, but, in denouncing a Clergyman for shaking hands with Dissenters by concession as to the Burial Bill, he expresses an exclusiveness founded on ideas of the effect of consecration on churchyards, quite special to Romanism. Let us hope, however, that he has been misreported, and that the Church of which he is an ornament need not hopelessly make up her mind to lose him.

A Week after Marriage.

Mr. Law (angrily). But I tell you "Equity follows the Law."

Mrs. Law—formerly Miss Equity—(calmly). O, that was so before marriage; but now I am to rule.

[*See Judicature Act, 1873, sec. 25 (11).*]

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—The Porte and its promises to pay.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO INDIA.

(Our Own Representative at Bombay, and all over the place.)

DEAR, VERY DEAR SIR,

HERE'S local colour for you! Here we are again! I send you a picture—a mere sketch—"a poor thing, Sir, but mine own," which I knocked off on the spot. Isn't there about it a life and a go—quite a man-go—(ha! ha! Indian joke too!)—which is racy of the soil?—Yes, you won't see many illustrations so up to the time of day as this.



THE INDIAN VISIT.

MR. BLANK CALLING AND GIVING CARD TO "THE BUTLER."

The Ayah (knowing he wishes to see the Daughter of the House). "MASTER CAN'T SEE MISSEE. MISSEE IN BATH-TUB, EATUM THE MANGO FRUIT, SAR."

Of course I do not say who the Gentleman with his back to the audience is. No. Fine man, isn't he? But delicacy forbids to make any remark behind a Gentleman's back, which I would not make to his face. I mean before his face. Look at my puggaree! Look at the umbrella! There's Local Colouring, my boy! When I told the story—which this cut illustrates—to the gallant—th, at mess, they yelled and shouted. It went immensely. Of course I imitated the native dialect, which I can do to admiration, so if the picture seems to go a little flat, try reading the words underneath out loud. I need hardly say that directly a certain Exalted Personage, in whose company I happen to pass most of my time just now, heard it, he clapped me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "By jove, BILLY, it's the best thing I've heard for years! It's a side-splitter! It's a screamer! Send it to *Punch*."

So, Sir, it is at his wish I have forwarded this now invaluable sketch to you. Treasure it, cherish it, prize it, for England's Royalty has laughed at it, England's Hope and Star of India has approved of it, and what more can you want?

We had an interesting Masonic ceremony at Bombay. We laid a stone: pretty sight! You should have seen me with my orders, sashes, buckles, sword, and apron, with a trowel in my hand, and H.R.H. leaning gracefully on my shoulder, haranguing the assembled Brethren, I prompting him.

"Brethren," said he, "when I come to this foreign shore, which is my own home, I feel that whether the sun is in the East, the moon in the West, or the stars are shining bright, there is but one sense of universal Brotherhood, which we experience in following the commands of our Great Master HIRAMABIFF. (*Masonic applause*.) Brethren, let us make the signs secretly to one another (*here all made signs secretly to one another*), and let each place his hand on his

heart, and in the presence of the two elder Pillars of Brotherhood, BROTHERS JACHIN and BOAZ, let us pronounce the Shibboleth of the password; and giving the grip in the third degree (*here every one gave the grip in the third degree, a most touching sight*), let us say, with one voice, 'Fidelity, Fidelity, Fidelity!'"

Myself. So mote it be.

Then the Masonic hymn was sung:—

O, Masons all, with one accord,
Sing out with tuneful fire,
And praise the great KING SOLOMON,
And HIRAM King of Tyre.

Let Indian Brothers hymn the strain,
O'er mountains, hills, and dales,
And after SOLOMON and HIRAMS twain,
God bless the PRINCE OF WALES!

You'll observe that the third line in the second stanza is a trifle out, but it exactly suits the tune which has here a florid passage. The chorus was repeated enthusiastically. The author was called for, then the composer. Need I say that representing both, I stepped forward and bowed my acknowledgments. This was one of the first and biggest successes of the Prince's tour as far as we've gone.

On Tuesday last we saw a Nautch dance in a *Chuprassee*, and walked round a *Cummerbund*. After this we returned to our *Bheeree*, where we partook of *Aukoos* and a *Hackery* (iced). Before retiring for the night, we smoked a mild *Jemadar*, and had a short conversation with a native *Chunam*, played three games of *Chowrie* (at which I politely and loyally came off second best. H.R.H. is so pleased, even if its only half a *Gongwala* on the rub—he *does* like winning)—and then turned in,

Yours ever,

YOUR OWN INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

Foot-Note by the Editor.—Once more we have our doubts. On referring to an Indian dictionary we find that a *Chuprassee* is "an upper servant;" a *Cummerbund* is "a waistcloth;" a *Bheeree* is "a long-winged hawk;" *Aukoos* "a goad for driving elephants;" *Hackery* (which he says he drank iced), "a cart;" *Jemadar* (which he represents himself as smoking) is "a Sepoy sergeant;" *Chunam* (with whom he says he held a conversation) is "a cement made of shells;" *Chowrie* (which he speaks of as a game at cards) is "a fly-flapper formed of the tail of a Thibet cow;" and the *Gongwala* (which he mentions as a coin) is "a villager." Either Our Correspondent is incorrect, or a new Anglo-Indian dictionary is a want which should be speedily supplied. But we have our suspicions.

PYROTECHNICS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.

"After dinner came the event of the evening—the illumination of the Great Pyramid . . . First Bengal fires, placed at short intervals round the Pyramid, were lighted, and each stone shone out as clear as day. Rockets, Roman Candles, and other more complicated *feux d'artifice*, filled the air with many colours. Then lights of all imaginable colours, which had been placed on every course of stone, and up each angle of the Pyramid, were so simultaneously lit that the blaze seemed to run up the vast mass, and, in a moment, enveloped it in one great blaze of variegated fire, while magnesium wire shone out bright and clear from the apex. Every sort of firework crackled and blazed and made cascades of coloured stars in the heavens. . . . Soon all was grey and cold again, and the lonely, sad-eyed Sphinx was left behind in the gloom."—*Times*.

Father Nile. Are there no Gods in Egypt? Hath the Sphinx

No voice to startle these mad fools?

Sphinx. Methinks

E'en Memnon might find utterance! 'Tis a crisis
To move his lips to murmuring. Though, by Isis,
Silence is sweetest!

Father Nile. Silence never more

Shall haunt thy spreading sands, my reedy shore.
The West overwhelms us!

Sphinx. Could not Horus bid

These blatant Britons spare the Pyramid,
Leave the lone Sphinx in happy, haughty scorn
Of the false fires of Sydenham and Cremorne;
Nor shame old Egypt's night—the vulgar Van
dals!—

With flare of rockets, squibs, and Roman candles,
As though great Nile were Thames?

Father Nile. These shores to light
Like lurid London on a Guy Fawkes night,
Is deepest degradation. Yet, alack!
'Tis not the last straw Egypt's camel back
May have to bear! How am I forced to brook
The bounce of BAKER, or the cheek of COOK?
League beyond league explorers poke and spy,
And my long-boarded secret—vainly—try
To wrest from my reluctant grasp. But no!
Their Nemesis is swift, their progress slow.
I'll foil them yet, though Cockney-Babylon
From all its "knife-boards" shout, "On, STANLEY, on!"
Shall coarse Cook-fugled crowds of tourists flaunt
Their hideous garb around my secret haunt?
Never!

Sphinx. I'm not so sure. When near the Nile
Tarboosh gives place to billycock and tile;
When camels, such as conquerors bestrode,
Are mixed with broughams upon the Shoubra Road—
Called by some cool, conceited Cockney scribe
The Rotten Row of Egypt!—when the tribe
Of white-faced wanderers and their Prince clap hands
At the poses plastiques of Ghawazee bands;
Sleep at Gesireh, dine at fair Abdeen,
And wake Nile's echoes with "God save the Queen!"
What may not chance, since in the land of PHARAOH
London has laid strong hand on Thebes and Cairo?

Father Nile. Alas! what hope when "intimate relations"
Are all the theme of princely perorations;
And Egypt's rulers stoop to hob-a-nob
With parvenus? 'Twould make SESOSTRIS sob
To see the Morning land absurdly drest
To greet a Mushroom Monarch from the West.
And, crowning shame!—Can Isis hold her peace?
The Pyramid a huge feu d'artifice?
Light up that mighty mass with Bengal fires!
Illumine that apex with Magnesium Wires!
Enough to make the indignant Mummies turn
In all the tombs of Egypt!

Sphinx. To your Urn,
Most ancient Sire of Streams! Time's farther shore
Methinks I sight. When Memnon's song no more
Salutes the morning, all that is shall pass
Like a swift scene from a Magician's glass—
That hour must be at hand.

Some snares at least
Beset the path of England in the East.
Bondholders fume, the watchful Bear creeps near,
The Lion's growl wakes not the ancient fear.
The word seems passed,—the hope may prove forlorn,—
Play off the Nile against the Golden Horn.
Time may avenge us yet, Fate fronts the West!
Let us await, in silence,—as is best!

"BOTTOM, THOU ART TRANSLATED."

November 10, 1867.

In returning thanks for the Navy, MR. WARD HUNT said:—
"It is with great pleasure that I rise on behalf of so popular a
branch of the English Service as the Navy; and it is with greater
pleasure that I am able to inform you that never in the whole course
of its history was the Navy in such a gloriously perfect condition
as it is now. (Cheers.) There have, I know, been some blunders
and accidents lately. But what of that? In spite of the sneers
of the Liberal Press, I prefer to look on the bright side of things.
(Cheers.) The Blunderer and the Incapable came, as you well know,
into collision the other day. I am very sorry that both sank, and
eight hundred men were drowned. But does no gleam of hope
shine out from that accident? I am certain there does. It proves
that we possess magnificent vessels. What is a ram for, if it is
not to run down a ship? (Cheers.) Then you remember in our
torpedo experiments the other day we blew up four new gun-boats.
Ought we not to feel proud and happy that our engineers are capable
of constructing such deadly instruments of warfare? (Cheers.)
Suppose those gun-boats had been the vessels of an enemy, would
their destruction not have been a glorious triumph? (Cheers.)
At the present moment there are no less than half a dozen of Her
Majesty's ships aground in different parts of the globe. The mere
mention of such facts is sufficient to prove, that despite the asser-
tions of libellers, the British Navy is still distinguished for the
intrepidity, for the exploring zeal, for the seamanship of its officers
and men. (Cheers.) In conclusion, I will relate to you a con-
versation I had with the PREMIER this afternoon. He said to me,

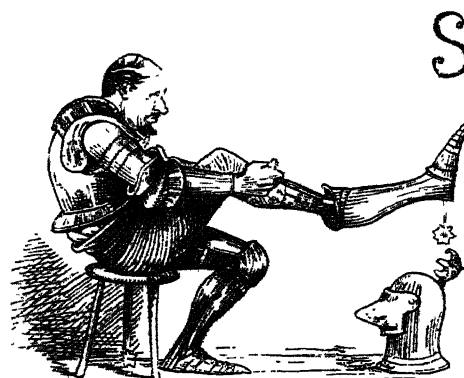
in that epigrammatic manner of which he is so great a master
(laughter); 'HUNT, the country won't stand you any longer; you
must go!' (Pours of laughter.) And I am going. (Cheers.) As I
said before, I am always inclined to look on the bright side of
things; and I cannot help thinking it will be a good day for
the English Navy when I resign my office.' (Loud and prolonged
cheering.)

THE RIVAL OPTIMISTS.

(JOHN'S Judgment on certain Speechifyings at the Mansion House Dinner.)

"To one or two of these vessels accidents had recently happened, but to
whom was blame for these accidents to be attached? Surely not to any man,
but rather to the action of the elements."—THE LORD MAYOR at the Mansion
House Dinner.

"We only recently lost one of the finest of Her Majesty's ships. I prefer,
however, to dwell with you, my LORD MAYOR, on the bright features of that
unfortunate event."—MR. WARD HUNT, on the same occasion.



SAYS JOHN, "It
would seem
I've been
having a
dream,
A nightmare in
fact I may
term it;
Some poet de-
clares things
are not what
they seem—
And Man-
sion House
speeches con-
firm it.
I had fancied, of
late, in my
Nautical
State

There was something remarkably rotten;
But 'everything's fair, if it isn't first-rate,'
Is the verdict of HUNT and of CORTON.

"I must say the view is decidedly new;
These Sages who spot the 'bright features',
In all the big blunders we've made on the blue,
Must be the most keen-sighted creatures.
For these blunders, they say, do these Optimists gape,
There is no one to blame but—the weather!
That settles the thing in a very neat way,
But does not end my doubts altogether!

"If my ships cannot steer when the weather is queer,
And are equal to nought but plain sailing;
With the advent of Iron-clads, ugly as dear,
Old seamanship surely is failing.
My old wooden walls were not frightened at squalls,
And had lubbership courted disaster,
JACK had found 'consolation'—what CORTON so calls—
But a pitiful sort of a plaster.

"Though my vessels, I see, must decidedly be
Well adapted for sinking each other,
That fact does not perfectly satisfy me,
Or suffice my misgivings to smother.
If, handled aright, they sank foes in fair fight,
It might be a matter for merriment;
But this mutual method of proving their might
Is a somewhat expensive experiment.

"Very fine to pooh-pooh just a blunder or two,
And lay stress on some fanciful far gain;
To rejoice that in losing our ships as we do,
We lose not our men in the bargain!
What such Oracle saith is mere wasting of breath.
While around my own shores matters wrong go,
I am scarcely consoled by brave GOODENOUGH'S death,
Or some bush-whacking feats on the Congo.

"No; your yarn of excuse is decidedly loose,
Most hopeful First Lord of the Navy.
These pleas à la Pangloss are worse than no use;
There's a vast deal more pluck in 'Peccavi.'
Perhaps I am dense, but your line of defence,
In my judgment, could scarcely be thinner
And your words won't go down with one BRITON of sense,
Save perhaps at a Mansion House Dinner!"



"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM."

Struggling Young Physician (who, after listening with rapt attention to the symptoms of his first patient, strikes a hand-bell, and summons his faithful Attendant). "O—ER—ROBERTS!" Roberts. "Yes, Sir."

Physician. "WHEN MR. GLADSTONE COMES, TAKE HIM INTO THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, AND ASK HIM TO BE SO KIND AS TO WAIT A LITTLE WHILE." (To Patient.) "NOW, MADAM!"

HOT CODLINS AT THE CAPE.

THE *South African Mail* publishes some particulars of intelligence which, if of a political character, nevertheless wears a dramatic aspect:—

"MR. MERRIMAN has visited Dordrecht, but was coldly received. At the conclusion of the meeting of his constituents, there was something like a repetition of the back-door scene."

Doesn't this look as if MR. MERRIMAN had, in professional motley, been playing Member of Parliament, though to unappreciative spectators? Yet the "repetition of the back-door scene" seems something rather like success. In his performance of that scene one can imagine that MR. MERRIMAN introduced the red-hot poker.

MR. MERRIMAN, we are further told, addressed his constituents:—

"In a long speech he defended the action of the Ministry, and denounced the Conference as of no advantage to the colony, and wished it no success."

An appropriate form of wish for a MR. MERRIMAN.

"When he had finished, he intimated that he would answer any questions. MR. H. HUTCHINGS asked whether he would vote for the Conference—yes or no. He avoided a direct answer; whereupon MR. HUTCHINGS denounced him as not representing the opinions of Dordrecht, and moved a vote of want of confidence. Two milder votes were proposed, but lost; and the vote of want of confidence was carried by a large majority."

All this has a very pantomimic appearance; but the sequel is exactly the sort of business with which Christmas has rendered playgoers familiar:—

"A Gentleman who attempted to support MR. MERRIMAN was charged with being a turncoat. His excitement caused him to rush to the speaker to explain; and the audience, thinking he had other intentions, interposed. In the confusion that thus ensued, MR. MERRIMAN slipped out at the side-door into the Magistrate's office. The meeting closed with cheers for federation."

So the shindy ended. MR. MERRIMAN really seems to have performed very well; and his want of success appears to have been

quite undeserved. Although indifferently received at Dordrecht, he would very possibly find favour on the London boards, where he might count upon being duly supported by an efficient *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, and *Pantaloon*. If, therefore, he has failed at the Cape, he will perhaps do well to try his luck in the Mother Country.

THE TURKEY ABSORPTION COMPANY (LIMITED).

Abridged Prospectus.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, as Managing Director of the above Company, has much pleasure in informing the World in general, and the European Public in particular, that he is making arrangements to establish a Branch of his business in Constantinople.

When this has been accomplished, he will take over the Bankrupt Stock of the present SULTAN OF TURKEY, at a valuation hereafter to be agreed upon.

On the establishment of the Branch at Constantinople, a great increase of Trade may be expected with the East, and negotiations will be immediately commenced, with a view to acquiring the right of opening fresh Branches in India, China, and the Australian Colonies.

Preparations are now being made to buy the good-will and fixtures of the British nation, on terms exceedingly favourable to the interests of the Managing Director. After this has been done, the Company will at once commence operations.

No Shares will be allotted.

N.B.—The only contract affecting the new Company is a treaty signed by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on the one hand, and by the EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA on the other.

By Order of the Managing Director,

(Signed)

BISMARCK,

Acting Assistant Under Secretary.

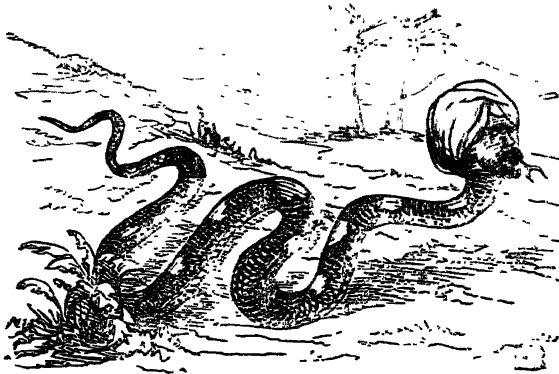


DISINTERESTED ADVISERS.

BRUIN. "YOU *MUST* FEEL, DEAR TURKEY, OUR *ONLY* OBJECT IS YOUR GOOD."

THE STORY OF THE SERAPIS.

(A Thousand and Second Arabian Night.)



E read in the *Bahar Danush* (or *Garden of Knowledge*) that there was in modern times a Prince of a goodly presence, and with a kindly disposition, who was also fond of travel. And this Prince, having voyaged throughout the length and breadth of Europe, desired to journey to the country of India, which was an empire belonging

to the QUEEN, his mother. And he consulted a great statesman, one BEN DIS RAELI, upon the subject. And BEN, knowing that the Prince, the son of his Royal Mistress, had been to St. Petersburg, and to Paris, and to Cairo, and to Margate, and to other distant places, was pleased with the idea, and said unto himself, "This visit to India will be as a robe of honour to myself. When the great day of feasting arrives in the City, and the LORD MAYOR proposes my health, I shall be able to say this is a great day for England. No one can doubt that the visit will be rife with consequences of importance both to India and to England." And so BEN rejoiced greatly, and promised to bring the matter before the Council of the Kingdom. And the story of the bringing of the matter before the Council of the Kingdom is recorded in the pages of HANSARD. And when BEN had named a sum to be used for the purchase of presents for the Princes of the East, there were those who puffed out their cheeks and snapped their fingers, saying, "Bah! This sum is not enough for the purchase of white elephants and jewelled swords and gifts of gold and silver!" But BEN replied: "I know a place where white elephants and jewelled swords and gifts of gold and silver can be purchased for a moderate sum." And they wondered greatly, and questioned him as to the name of the place. And BEN replied: "The name of the place is Birmingham." And after this answer they who had puffed out their cheeks and had snapped their fingers held their peace and were heard no more.

And it was arranged that the Prince should travel in a ship propelled by steam. This ship was to meet him at a certain port called Brindisi, and was then to carry him to Bombay. And certain of the Lords of the Admiralty looked round about them to find a vessel proper for the purpose. And they selected a troop-ship called the *Serapis*. And the *Serapis* was to be accompanied by a squadron of Iron-clads. And when it was related that the Iron-clads were to accompany the *Serapis*, some of the people marvelled greatly, and said, "Surely these Iron-clads would be safer at anchor off Herne Bay." And others said, "The Lords of the Admiralty have decided wisely. The Iron-clads will serve as diving-bells, if peradventure the Prince should wish to examine the bottom of the sea. Do we not know that the voyage is to be a luxurious one?"

So the *Serapis* was turned inside out. The after part was converted into dining-rooms and drawing-rooms and bed-rooms and bath-rooms. And the chairs were of costly leather, and the windows were glazed with the best plate glass. And the *Serapis* was painted white, with a broad gold line. And part of the deck was made into a practising ground for the Prince's horses. And when it was rough, the horses taking exercise on the practising ground had a pleasant time of it.

And when it was time for the *Serapis* to start, the Purser beat his breast with his hands, and gave way to great lamentation. And it was asked of the Purser what was the matter. And he replied: "Lo, we have everything of the best on board. We have goodly meats and excellent seasonings, and a cow, and claret and sherry and champagne in magnums and quarts. But, alas! we have not champagne in pints, and therefore do I beat my breast with both hands and give way to great lamentation." And those who listened ran quickly to the shore and visited the merchants of wine, and returned to the *Serapis*, bearing with them large hampers. And, when the hampers were opened, behold there were dozens and dozens of champagne in pints. And, when the Purser saw the bottles, his brow cleared and he smiled, and his countenance was like unto the bulbul singing in the fig-trees of Bagdad.

And now the *Serapis* was ready to start, and the Captain (who was new to the ship) gave the order to let go. And there was great noise and much blowing-off of steam and little more besides. The *Serapis* moved as the omnibus moves in mid-day in Fleet Street, as the turtle moves on the shores of the Pacific. And the Lords of the Admiralty bowed their heads, and said, "Lo, we have remembered everything save one thing—and that thing the engines." And there was much patching up and alteration, and at last the *Serapis* started for Brindisi.

And the Lords of the Admiralty were greatly troubled in their minds about the engines of the *Serapis*, and they ordered and commanded a great

official to meet the vessel at a distant port, so that he might see to the machinery. And the great official started for the distant port. In the meantime, the *Serapis* had taken a smaller official on board, who had cured the engines of their vices, so that the travelling of the ship through the water was like unto the bounding of the antelope from the arrow of the pursuer. And when the great official found this to be the case, he obeyed the instructions of the Lords of the Admiralty to the letter, and journeyed for many days on board the *Serapis*. And the people rejoiced greatly to find the nation possessed an official with so much zeal, common sense, and discretion.

And when the *Serapis* had arrived in Greece, a certain Royal Yacht came within half a mile of her bows. And the *Serapis*, being manœuvred with great skill by the Captain (who was new to the ship), cleverly managed to avoid running over the Royal Yacht by the space of a cable's length. And those who were on board the Royal Yacht were filled with wonder, and cried, "We have had a narrow escape!" And after that the Royal Yacht contrived to steer clear of the *Serapis*. And the distance between the Royal Yacht and the *Serapis* after this was usually two miles. And yet there were those who dwelt on board the Royal Yacht who lived in dread of the *Serapis*, saying, "Who is safe from her?"

And when the *Serapis* was brought to her moorings, she contrived to carry away two of her anchors. And the people marvelled greatly, and said, "This is a wonderful thing! This is the first time a ship so placed has carried away two of her anchors. The Captain of the *Serapis* (who, it is reported, is new to his ship) must be a man of original genius." And this was the second accident that happened to the *Serapis* off the coast of Greece. And the accidents to the *Serapis* were considered clever and unique by mariners of all nations and of every clime.

And after this the *Serapis* arrived safely in Bombay. And when it was told in the Bazaars and the Mosques and the Temples and the market places that the *Serapis* had arrived safely, the people were exceeding glad. And there were those who were surprised at the accidents that had happened to the *Serapis*. And this was in India. But when the story of the accidents was reported in England, about the champagne in pints, and the priming of the engines, and the narrowly escaped running down of the Royal Yacht, and the carrying away of the anchors, the people were not surprised. But when it was reported that the *Serapis* had arrived safely in India, the people of England cried with one voice, "This safe arrival of the *Serapis* seems to be the greatest accident of them all!" And *Punch*, the Imam of the Prophet, agreed with them!

GOOD NEWS FOR DISTRACTED HUSBANDS

(And others whom it may concern).

AMONG the varied attractions which their establishment offers to Depositors who do not care to be burdened with the custody of their own valuables, the National Safe Deposit Company (Limited) advertise that "there is a room specially adapted and reserved for Ladies."

A word to the unwise, who are unable to keep their wives out of mischief, or their daughters out of danger—Apply to the National Safe Company.

Our only regret is that the cost of a Safe specially adapted for females will probably put such a retreat out of the reach of many of the victims to marital brutality, especially in Lancashire and the Black Country.

A Rash Challenge.

MR. PUNCH, last week, after prohibiting all puns on the name of LORD MAYOR COTTON, was daring enough to doubt if the most perverted ingenuity could extract any material for the nefarious practices of the punster from the name of SHERIFF BREFFITT. Alas, he has this week received twenty-four letters, informing him that "BREFFITT!—he is the soul of wit!"

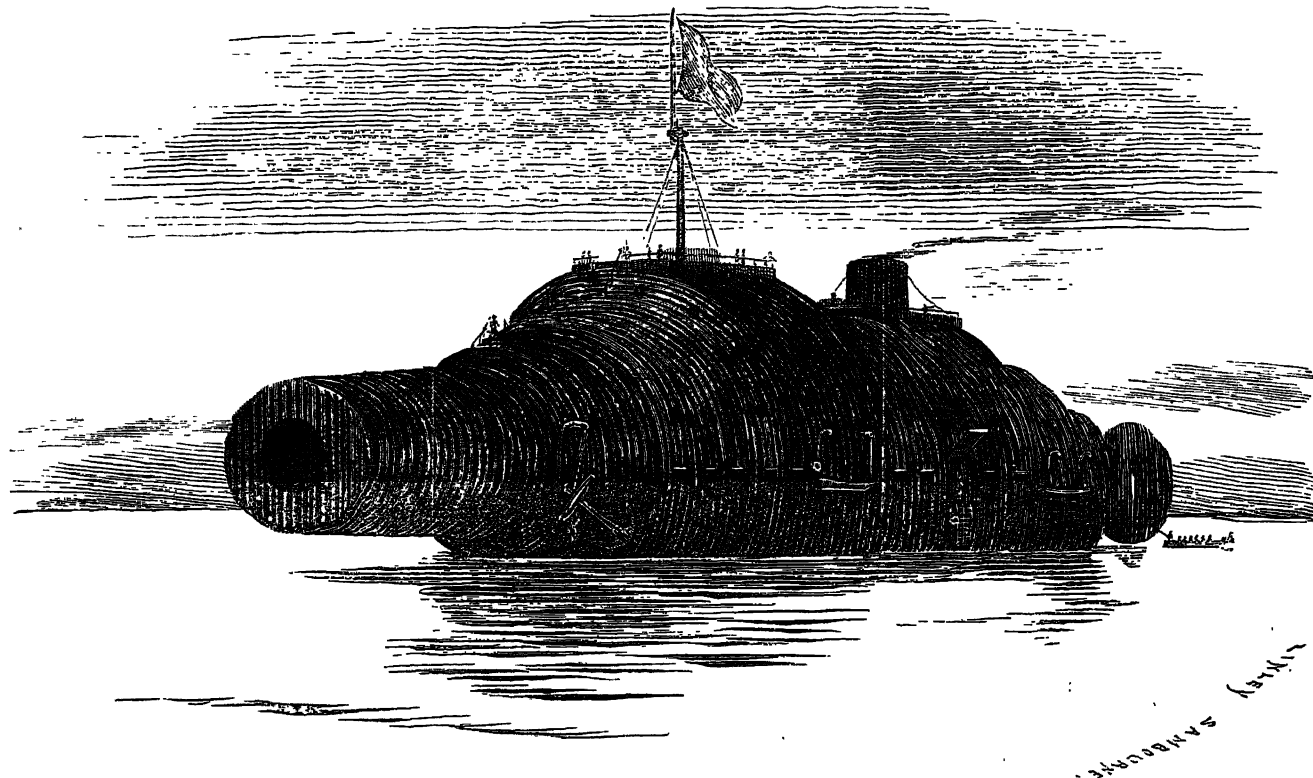
NOT NIL ADMIRARI.—An Advertisement, evidently not emanating from one of the fair sex, now meets the eye on every Hoarding—"All for Her—Mirror."

THE WAR-SHIP OF THE (REMOTE) FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I BEG leave to lay before you an illustrated plan of my new invulnerable invincible breech-loading Man-of-War.

I have not submitted it to the Government of my country, much less to any foreign state, for the simple reason that the former would not be likely to appreciate anything so radical, not to say "revolutionary" (the latter was the reason why the Elder-Reed-Popoff-Circular-Turtle-Battery was objected to), while the Foreigner pays off unpatriotic Englishmen by appropriating their plans and claiming their inventions. I shall therefore content myself for the present with registering my plan and description in your columns.



You will perceive that I retain the old form of a gun, with the exception of the trunnions. The mouth is plugged with a huge explosive shell, loaded with a compound of terribly destructive power adapted, for the first time, to practical purposes—picrate of odium, theologium! My boiler heat for the screw is obtained by very economical means—the consumption of Admiralty despatches, minutes, and old Blue Books. The magazine is situated in the breech of the gun-ship, the remainder of the bore serves for the housing of the crew, stores, &c. The great peculiarity of the ship is that if the Captain desires to strike a decisive blow, he pipes his men on deck, which is reached through the touch-hole, and at the right moment explodes the magazine!!!

I remain, dear *Punch*, your obedient Servant,

THOROUGH.

RIGHT ABOUT, FACE!

*An Important Personage and an Un-Important Personage meet.**Important Personage.* LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, I believe?*Unimportant Personage.* Yes, Mr. *Punch*.*Important Personage.* You returned thanks for the Army at the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner, I think?*Unimportant Personage.* Yes, Mr. *Punch*.*Important Personage.* In the absence of the Authorities?*Unimportant Personage.* To quote from my speech on that occasion, "In the absence of my Right Honourable friend, and also of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR."*Important Personage.* You said it was an unenviable task to have to return thanks for the Army. What did you mean by that?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* You said that the Corporation of the City of London were the best friends the Army had. What did you mean by that?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* You said that the Army were invisible at the Dinner—"at any rate, above the cover of the table." What did you mean by that?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* In returning thanks for Her Majesty's soldiers you talked of "what remains of the British Army." What did you mean by that?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* You said that before many years were over

"you hoped wise counsels might prevail in Parliament, to restore the British Army to what it was once—not an army existing partially on paper, but an army of blood and bone." What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* In fact, your speech was flippant and superficial. What did you mean by making such a speech?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* Besides the knowledge acquired whilst holding a commission in the Guards for a few months, what do you know of the British Army?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* What, then, gives you a right to return thanks for the British Army?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* What have you to do with the War-Office and the Horse Guards?*Unimportant Personage.* Nothing in particular.*Important Personage.* And now, Sir, I tell you, emphatically, you may retire? *[Exit Unimportant Personage.]*

The Porte's Answer to its Bondholders.

(Freely Translated from Horace.)

"Nec sumit, aut ponit 'securus'
Arbitrio popularis aure."

It won't try to take up its bonds, or to place out its securities,
From respect for its popularity, or fear of Russ futurities!



AN IRISH MELODY TRANSPLANTED.

German Tenor warbles:—“I’LL NOT LEAF ZEE, SOW LÖNE VON,
TO BINE ON ZE SOHTEM!
ZINS ZE LÖFLY ARE SZCHLEEBINGE,
CÖH! SZCHLEEB SOW FIZ DEM!
ZOS GHYNTLY I SCHGADDER
ZY LEAFS ON THE BET,
VAIR ZY MAIDS OF ZE KÄRTEH
LIE SOHENTLESS AND TET!”

OUR MAYORS.

THE ninth of November has come and gone to join so many of its predecessors. The loving cup has been passed round, toasts given, quotations borrowed, hands grasped, and bells rung. We have welcomed the coming and sped the parting Mayors. Throughout England and Wales, from Bootle to Beaumaris, from York to Yeovil, the annual transfer of furred gowns, gold chains, historical maces, and antique wands, has once more taken place, and our Boroughs have again chosen new Mayors, or been faithful to old Mayors, or, as in one or two cases, found it a very difficult enterprise to secure any Mayors at all.

Turning away then our eyes and thoughts for a time from Bombay to Bodmin, from Turkey to Tewkesbury, from the Herzegovina to East Retford, let us keep up an established practice, and go through the new tale of Mayors, that we may form some idea of the way in which the Municipalities are likely to be governed between now and next November. No interference with the politics of their Worshipships will be attempted, beyond the expression of a hearty wish that they may all be Liberal in their hospitalities, and Conservative of every good custom and laudable usage.

This year there can be no doubt which Borough ought to take precedence of all its fellows—Hull, for it has put itself under the sway of a King, in marked contrast to Maidstone, which is satisfied with the services of a Page. Wolverhampton happily combines both the civil and military power in its

Major; and the renewed fidelity of Birmingham to its Chamberlain deserves again to be recorded. It remains to be seen to what height the Mayor of Truro will attain: at present all we can say for certainty is that he is a Clyma.

What great names there are in the list! Sampson at Leominster, Nelson at Warwick, Livingstone at Swansea, Manning at Nottingham, Walton (would that his Christian name had been Izaak!) at Newark, Cotton in the City of London, and Pinnock at Newport!

While Brighton, ecclesiastical in its views (the Church Congress met there not long ago), secures an Abbey, Dover, which so often receives passing visits from Royalty, not unnaturally shows its partiality for a Court. Rotherham has Chambers, Wigan, Burrows; Leeds a Croft, Great Yarmouth a Barnby, and Rochdale a Littlewood; Dartmouth, as a true Devonshire town, possesses a Puddicombe; Wakefield a Gill, and Gravesend, we are particularly pleased to announce, will not part with its Lake.

Many of the Municipalities are modest in their aims, moderate in their aspirations. Bath is loyal to a Paynter, Hanley is contented with a Baker, Canterbury with a Cooper, Ipswich with a Mason, Tynemouth with a Potter, Derby with a Turner, Oldham with a Wainwright, and Barrow-in-Furness with a Schneider. The Fowler is at Louth, but the Trappes a long way off, at Clitheroe; and the Hunt appears to be fixed at Scarborough.

Man (we do not forget Wildman at Tamworth) does not seem to have sole possession of the field. There is a Wolfe at Bolton, and a Galloway at Gateshead; a Papillon at Colchester, and a Goldfinch at Faversham: a Dawe at Penryn, and a Rooke at York.

If Leicester shows a Barfoot, Deal can supply a Nether-sole. There may be Cutts again at Retford, but there is Healing at Tewkesbury. Portsmouth has its Pink—it would be disrespectful to an old and tried joke not to add—of perfection, and Devonport its May; Coventry gets a Berry, and Banbury a Stone. There is Brown at Windsor, and White at Launceston; and, as a fitting ending, at Chipping Norton, there is, for the sixth time, Farwell—can there be a stronger proof that he is a far better man for the office than any one else in the whole place?

THE CIRCULAR IRON-CLAD.

Who invented the Circular Iron-clad? REED, Says ADMIRAL POPOFF—most frankly indeed—First started the thought in his nautical brain: And, this being so, *Punch* can only complain That Russia has got, for its sea-warfare's need, The very first use of the notion of REED.

Build your Circular Ship, Lords of tar and red tape, But will it from nautical dangers escape? Alack, the First Lord would be flurried and angered If, misplaced in a fog, it went down like the *Vanguard*: While a terrible rage all the realm will be rapt in, If it coolly capsizes, and outdoes the *Captain*.

My Lords may be asked (without answer, I ween) Why the Czar could obtain what they lost for the QUEEN?

Why, if we must fight upon Neptune's rough tide, The genius of England should go the wrong side? Why our sharpest ship-planner from office was hunted, While improvements in build, thanks to old screws, were shunted?

Another shrewd question. It touches us all, And extends from the Neva as far as Whitehall,—Why should Circular Iron-clads, viciously whirled, Against the fair fleet of a neighbour be hurled? Why fight for more provinces, quarrel for trifles, And tax us to pay for your cannons and rifles?

War's fire is the flare-up of Statesmanship's fuel: Why cannot Prime Ministers make it a duel? If England and Germany fail to agree, DISRAELI and BISMARCK might meet, don't you see? And, should this occur, *Punch* is ready to swear, They'd fire, as they frequently talk, in the air.

CHANGE OF NAME (suggested for the new Directors).—The Emma Mine—The Dil-Emma Mine.



REMINISCENCES OF HEDGE-FIRING.

Itinerant Photographer (from under the Cloth). "WILL YOU KEEP QUIET? HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE——"
Subject (who is evading the Focus). "BE JABBERS, MAN! WILL I SIT STILL TO BE SHOT AT?!!!"

CIVIC HONOURS AT SHREWSBURY AND SOUTHAMPTON.

A REMARKABLE case of mendicancy has occurred at Shrewsbury. The Mayoralty of that Borough was, up to the 10th instant, going a-begging. Out of the candidates for the office of Mayor proposed to the Town Council, one was rejected, and the other two declined their election, and paid £50 each rather than serve. A Correspondent suggests that this is a scandalous state of things. Yes; but scandalous to the municipality of Shrewsbury or to its population?

Some light on this question may be thrown by accounts received from another borough—Southampton. Thereat, indeed, a Mayor was elected on the 9th of November; but after proceedings of which some idea may be briefly presented thus from the local papers:—

SCENE—The Council Chamber at the Audit House. Present—The Town Council, with a Privileged outer Few, and a dense body of the General Southampton Public.

Enter the Mayor and Corporation, and take their seats. As they severally appear in succession, they are saluted by the Southampton Public as follows:—

Mayor (MR. PASSENGER) arrives.

Southampton Public. Make room for a First-Class Passenger. You've not long to sit there: your time 's nearly up. Don't cry! What's the price of coal? Any coal-tickets knocking about? Have you had the chain polished up?—because MR. PUTTY did. (This was a reference to a gentleman in an extensive business including that of a Plumber and Glazier.)

MR. PHIPPAARD arrives.

Southampton Public. What's the price of meat and paper?

MR. DARTNALL arrives.

Southampton Public. What's the ticket for soup?

MR. ROGERS arrives.

Southampton Public. Well done, Evergreen! Come at last. Where's poor BILLY GAMLEN? Look at his trousers!

(An allusion, like most of the preceding and subsequent questions, to the gentleman's vocation—that of a Clothier.)

MR. LAMB arrives.

Southampton Public. Make room for HAURDRAW LAMB. Why don't you use your pocket handkerchief?

ALDERMAN PAYNE arrives.

Southampton Public. Take off your hat, old man. No, he's afraid of showing his bald head. Your friends the Templars are here.

ALDERMAN JONES, J.P. arrives.

Southampton Public. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! One cheer more, Hurrah! (Could MR. ALDERMAN JONES, a most respectable man, have felt himself flattered?)

MR. SHERIFF PEARCE arrives.

Southampton Public. Yah! 'Ss! Hurrah! Oh, oh! Coals, coals! What is the price of coals? MELDRUM will wait on you. Why did you shut up poor HARRY ABRAHAM? (A considerable testimonial to MR. PEARCE.)

MR. G. P. PERKINS arrives, struggling towards his seat.

Southampton Public. Now for the King of the Cannibal Islands!

MR. CHIPPERFIELD arrives.

Southampton Public. Hollo, here's CHIPPER! Now you'll have some physic.

MR. WESTON and ALDERMAN TUCKER, J. P., arrive.

Southampton Public. Knock 'em down, JIMMY! Knock 'em down, JOHN!

MR. ELLYETT arrives.

Southampton Public. What have you done with your white pony?

After a succession of speeches interrupted by amenities of which the foregoing are mild specimens, a Mayor was elected. MR. JONES, a previous Mayor, who had declined re-election last year, now having consented to undertake the office. But is it not a wonder how any decent man can be prevailed upon to become Mayor of Southampton? and—if Shrewsbury is like Southampton—is it any wonder that nobody could be got to be Mayor of Shrewsbury?

How to BACK OUT.—On dit that MR. DISRAELI, with his rare genius for apt nomenclature, has designated the Cabinet Council-Chamber the "Withdrawing Room"!

GORGED VULTURES ON THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.



WHEN the Princes left Grosvenor House at 3.30 yesterday afternoon, attended by the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, MAJOR-GENERAL PROBYN, LORD CARINGTON, &c., it was to visit the Towers of Silence. SIR JAMES JEFFERIES received the Royal party, and conducted them inside the garden. He also explained the processes by which the vultures are gorged on the Towers."—*Report of the Prince's Progress.*

"THE Towers of Silence!" Where, O where, are they?
Not where political palaverers stray,
And, while with care all common sense they shun,
Tell what they might, could, would, or should have done;
Not where Club gossipers, in full debate,
Pass on the scandal which they oft create;
Not where deep Dulness reads, without a fear,
What stirs e'en kindred Dulness to a sneer;
Not where fair maids and merry matrons come
To silver tea-kettle and kettledrum;
Not where the waltz's liberal law hath placed
AMANDUS' arm around AMANDA's waist;
Not where the Woolwich Infant's giant power
Sends twelve-foot iron shields in splint'ry shower;
Not where quick thought and judgment soundly ripe
Set engines roaring in the Square of Type;
Nor where, to catch the time's swift change alert,
Punch and his friends are sitting at dessert.

As for gorged Vultures—Princes need not range
In search of them. They haunt the Stock Exchange.
Right plausibly the gorging Vulture works:
He'll sell Egyptians, Eries,—even Turks.
When with a customer of shallow brain,
Excited by petroleum champagne,
He'll say, with countenance most kindly wise,
"The safest thing is buying for a rise."
The man who lives by books which others write,
The man who earns the fame when others fight,
The man who many a legal fraud will dare,
And from a bankrupt, come up millionaire,—
The man who cures the mass of human ills
By odorous ointment, diabolic pills,—
Such we have had, since first our world began:
No need to search for them in Hindostan.
This nineteenth century is an age of culture,
And cultivates the ever-gorging Vulture.

O for the Towers of Silence! Let us rest
And leave all Vultures to their own foul nest.
Silence in tower, where great star-movements stir
The vision of the keen astronomer;

Silence where with a look, half kiss, half prayer,
AMANDUS springs to clasp AMANDA fair;
Silence in Paul's great Gallery, while below
London lies basking in the sunshine's glow;
Silence when *Mr. Punch*, who doth determine
To laugh at idiots and extirpate vermin,
Lights a cigar, his regal oriflamme,
And calmly cogitates an epigram!

PUNCH'S INVENTORS' COLUMN.

MR. PUNCH does not see why he should be without an Inventors' Column. He starts one with a few of the patented inventions which have recently been sent him by imaginative Gentlemen—and Ladies. Like the words in a Latin Dictionary, he classes them as "Masculine" and "Feminine," hoping none of them will turn out neuter.

Balloon for Pic-Nics.—Goes up into the air with a motion as smooth as silk, and stays there all a summer's day. Special corners arranged for flirtations. Champagne bottles can be thrown over the side when done with. Kisses inaudible on the earth's surface. *F.*

Diving-Bell for Pic-Nics.—Diving Belles . . . pun too obvious. Warranted not to throw cold water on matrimony. Champagne bottles can be dropped into the sea. Kisses invisible to people on shore. *M.*

Auron's Rod, redivivus.—Very useful in the City, and also in the West-End. Scourges, of its own accord, all swindling members of Syndicates, all men shady on the Turf, all women who talk scandal and do worse than what they say of their neighbours. Warranted to draw blood from the thickest cuticle. *M.*

The New Cinderella's Slipper.—Will only fit the foot of a Lady who has no guile in her heart, and who knows the true meaning of love. *F.*

The Philosopher's Stone.—Reduces to common sense the theories of DARWIN, HUXLEY, and TYNDALL. For this a large sale cannot be expected. *M.*

The Perpetual Motion.—This cannot be offered to the Public, having been at once purchased by MR. GLADSTONE. *M.*

The Alkalest.—Turns Tory into Whig, Whig into Radical, Radical into either. Supposed connection with the modern trinity—*E. s. d. M.*

The Magic Inkstand.—Enables anyone using it to write leading articles for the *Times*, and poems for *Punch*, which will bring him in many thousands a year. ** M.*

The Perennial Roseate Bloom of Youth.—This recipe is never failing: so, Ladies fair, attend unto it and you will be beautiful for ever. Read *Punch*. *F.*

* "Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego."—*Punch.*

Interesting Experiment.

"SIR,—At this present time two vessels laden with petroleum are discharging in the Regent's Canal basin, where there are many other vessels with various cargoes."

THUS A Correspondent writes to the *Times*. It is evident that the local authorities are curious to ascertain which is the most destructive, gunpowder or petroleum. The explosion of the gunpowder barge on the same canal two years ago supplied one factor of the experiment. These petroleum boats are, no doubt, meant to furnish the other.

In the City.

"The Aldermen had proved themselves admirable managers, and the Members of the Common Council . . . took the liveliest interest in the care of the streets . . . There was only one thing upon which he would not defend them—namely, for their introduction of asphalt."—LORD MAYOR COTTON, in proposing the "Corporation of London," Nov. 8.

LURKS there beneath this compliment
In COTTON's silky phrase,
Another meaning and intent—
You'd better mend your ways?

High-Water Mark.

MR. PUNCH is informed that, in consequence of a distinguished member of the Metropolitan Board of Works having got his feet wet during the late high tide, immediate steps will be taken to prevent a recurrence of a calamity which has four or five times reduced the poor water-side population of the South of London to the greatest misery.

PUNCH ON THE RINK.

PART I.—*The Use of Skating.*

PUNCH, as everybody knows, is the real Inspector-General of Nuisances. In the exercise of his official duties he has been everywhere—now to a croquet party, now to a Volunteer review, now to a passage across the Channel. For many years he has inspected the House of Commons, and, when he has been able to turn his eyes

away from Westminster, any number of foreign potentates have laid claim to his attentions. Only a wonderful man is ubiquitous. *Mr. Punch* is a wonderful man, and ubiquitous. Like the steam-hammer, he can crush either a common nut or an uncommon Colonel, either a fussy nobody or an injudicious somebody. So when a cry reached his ears, "Rinking is a nuisance," he determined to examine the nuisance for himself, with a view to presenting a report founded upon his own observations. "Sliding on thin ice" is a favourite amusement in the City, and "skating upon wheels" is the fashionable dissipation of the West End. They are equally dangerous. The first usually ends in a fall below par, the last invariably terminates with a tumble before Ma—that is to say, if the young Lady is attended to the Rink by her mother. "Skating on wheels" frequently entails sprained wrists and fractured arms; "Sliding on thin ice" constantly causes tarnished reputations and broken hearts. *Mr. Punch*, having recently said a great deal about the Sliding in the City, now turns his attention to the Skating in the West End.

London boasts three Rinks. The first is near a successful rival to Clapham Junction—the station of many trains; the second would very possibly be situated in Belgrave Square were it not established somewhere at the bottom of Ebury Street; the third is at Lillie Bridge, in close proximity to the Head-Quarters of a Metropolitan Volunteer Corps. Of the three, perhaps, the last is the best for beginners. It is paved with asphalt, and asphalt is excellent for—tumbler. It is, moreover, conveniently near a Cemetery. To fall (on Skates) is human; to fall with grace and dignity is sublime. Any one can fall. It shall be the task of *Mr. Punch* to teach the young idea how to tumble in a manner worthy of JULIUS CÆSAR, WOLSEY, or MONSIEUR LEOTARD. All that is required is a little courage, a great deal of endurance, and a well-developed taste for the romantic and the picturesque.

But, first, let *Mr. Punch* declare that his duties as Inspector-General of Nuisances became a sinecure on the Rink. If you have no objection to what the Railway Companies call a "severe shaking," and are fond of sprains and bruises, you will find skating on wheels one of the most delightful recreations in the world. It is no more a nuisance than organ-grinding, a November fog, or the steam-roller. It is an amusement that is equally well adapted to young and old. The young have the advantage of strong constitutions, the old have no teeth. The first have the power to "pull through" the pain of a broken arm, the latter are free from the danger of losing incisors that can never be replaced. With such advantages to recommend it, "Skating upon Wheels" must always be popular.

But this favourite diversion may be something more than a frivolous amusement—it may be converted by the least experienced into one of the most important "opportunities" of a man's long life. To prove this assertion, *Mr. Punch* will take an imaginary case. He will say that *MR. EDWIN BROWN* has for years secretly adored the beautiful and aristocratic *LADY ANGELINA SMITH*. Season after season he has allowed dances and garden-parties to pass away without putting that important question which even the best of us seldom put more than half-a-dozen times in as many months. He has never been able to ask her to become his wife. He may have met her at the Beau Rivage, Ouchy, at the *table d'hôte*, and then only may have hinted at his affection by the melancholy manner in which he may have passed her the salt or recommended the salad. He may have seen her at Dieppe, and vainly attempted to show the depth of his feeling by a hoarse allusion to the state of the weather. He may have done all this, and more, and yet may never have made his meaning quite plain to the object of his soul's adoration. And it is at this crisis that he determines to visit Lillie Bridge, with a view to learning the secret of Skating upon Wheels. Perchance he may have heard that a hated rival knows how to do "the outside edge," and a thirst for vengeance

may be driving him onwards, onwards, towards the discovery of a solution to that most difficult of problems "the figure eight." He is in this state of mind when he pays a visit to Lillie Bridge.

He arrives at a Railway Station, and finds a passage leading from the platform to the Rink. He thinks, "I have left the wheels of the trains to go to the wheels of the Skates. Only a few planks separate the proud power of steam from the weak indecision of poor human nature. It is but a dozen yards from the sublime to the ridiculous!" If he continues in this groove of melancholy thought, he may imagine that, if "Wheel" is a good name for the Station, "Woe" is a particularly appropriate one for the Rink.

He walks into a vast marquee. There are high poles here and there to support the canvas, and round the sides run a row of friendly seats. The place is all but empty. There is no one there save an accomplished skater, who pursues his graceful course with the ease and elegance of a wheel-wearing Apollo. He hates this skater (who seems to skate with more than his wonted elegance as he enters the marquee) with a savage jealous hate, until he learns that the services of the Accomplished One may be purchased with gold, or rather silver.

"Are you going to skate, Sir?" asks a boy, as *EDWIN* sits on one of the friendly seats.

"I am going to try," is the half jocular, half terror-stricken reply. And then a bargain is struck between the Experienced and the Inexperienced. *EDWIN* is to receive his first lesson. The boy looks at his feet, exclaims "Tens," and the fatal skates are put on. *EDWIN* tries to rise. For a moment he stands looking about him proudly, and then he shudders slightly and hurriedly resumes his seat. As he does this there is a great whirring of wheels at the ends of his feet.

"Lean upon me, Sir," says the Professor, "and I will take you out."

EDWIN once more rises and clings to his teacher. He moves his right foot, and in a moment the playful skate carries it quickly away in an eccentric direction. *EDWIN* tries to follow his wayward right foot, and then there is a strange weird motion of his until now bashful left foot, and he embraces the Professor with what the French call "effusion."

"You will soon feel your feet, Sir," says the Teacher. "Now all you have to do is to keep your feet close together and to strike out gently. Mind you don't fall." And *EDWIN* is alone on a desert of asphalt. Alone, and on wheels!

What can he do? Two yards from him is a pole, upon which is fixed a placard. If he can but reach that pole, his head may yet be saved. He draws his long cloak closer to him, and prepares for the sacrifice. He cautiously advances his right foot. As he does so he trembles like a leaf on his left leg. He puts down his right foot, and, O joy! it does not give way!—at least, not at once. And now his left foot is in the air, and then there is an awful struggle, in which dignity is thrown to the winds, and he is clutching wildly at the pole. Saved! He pretends to read the placard. For five minutes he stands unsteadily perusing the Rules and Regulations. As he does this he is conscious that a Lady has put on a pair of skates, and is coming towards him. He cannot move, he dares not turn his head, but something tells him he is in the presence of the woman he loves!

And now *Mr. Punch* begs to adopt the dramatic form of description:—



TO GIRLS WHO "WALK WITH THE GUNS."

Ethel. "AREN'T YOU GOING TO SHOOT TO-DAY, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "NOT IF YOU ARE, MY DEAR. WHEN I WAS YOUNG, THE MEN SHOT THE BIRDS, AND THE WOMEN STAYED AT HOME TO COOK THEM."

Lady Angelina (approaching EDWIN, who is still reading the placard). Dear me! MR. BROWN! I am so pleased to see you!

Edwin (steadily and cautiously raising his hat). LADY ANGELINA!

Lady Angelina (aside). How cold he is! I must give him a little encouragement. (*Aloud.*) I am so glad to see you. We used to be great friends. Will you not take my hand? [*Offers it to him.*]

Edwin (very pale). I would with pleasure; but the fact is, a gulf divides us—

Lady Angelina (quickly). Which surely is not impassable. See, you are but two yards from me. You used to take my hand once—(*sighs*)—but that was long ago!

Edwin. The fact is, I am a little unsteady—

Lady Angelina. Do not talk of the past. I can forgive everything, if you live but for the future.

Edwin. I might slip—

Lady Angelina (archly). I am no QUEEN ELIZABETH, to elude you, if, in your ambition, you seem to soar too high. Will you not take my hand?

Edwin. I can restrain myself no longer!

[*Cautiously lets go of the pole, when the skates hurriedly fly from under him, and he falls upon his knees.*]

Lady Angelina (bashfully). This is very sudden!

Edwin (clinging to her hand). It is, indeed!

Lady Angelina (in an ecstasy). And so you love me! (*Seeing other skaters.*) But rise, rise, my EDWIN, the cold heartless world hems us in on every side.

Edwin (cautiously attempting to rise). I obey you reluctantly. My place is at your feet. [*Slips, and tumbles on his knees.*]

Lady Angelina (fondly). Nay, although I love to see you thus, you must rise. We are observed by the frivolous and facetious.

Edwin. I obey you. (*He staggers unsteadily to his feet, and then suddenly slips into the arms of LADY ANGELINA.*) You must forgive me. I could not help it.

Lady Angelina (aside). How he loves me! (*Aloud.*) My EDWIN, I could forgive you everything!

Curtain.

So much for the "use" of Rinking. The "abuse" of Rinking may some day give *Mr. Punch* a subject for a second lecture—a lecture more gloomy in its character than the first.

THE NEW JUDGE-ADVOCATE.

BENTINCK said the Shipping Bill
Was nothing more than "fudge;"
DIZZY saw his sense and skill,
And straightway made him Judge.

Let all men draw a lesson hence,
And, heedless what folks say,
Be sure that honesty and sense
At last will win the day.

Our DIZZY, from his chair of state,
Looks out for able men;
And glorious Measures we await
From Great plus Little BEN.

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.

MRS. PARTINGTON writes to say that after reading half-a-dozen cases of assaults of feet, in the shape of wife-kicking, the other day, it was a positive relief to come across a paragraph announcing an "Assault of Arms."

MAKING GAME OF HIM.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY has made so many slips during his administration, that the PREMIER, "with that graceful wit, &c.," has conferred upon his colleague the sobriquet of "HUNT THE SLIPPER." Fact!

ALTER ET IDEM.—Oxford in a flood—SPIRES AND POND.



"THE SERVANTS."

Cook. "THEN, SHALL YOU GO AS 'OUSEMAID?"

Young Person. "NO, INDEED! IF I GO AT ALL, I GO AS LADY 'ELP!"

SCHOOL FEES AND FLOGGING.

ACCORDING to the *Metropolitan*, as quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:-

"The masters of a Board-School at Tipton have adopted a novel plan of enforcing payment of school fees. Three children have been 'severely flogged by the masters of the schools which they attended, owing to their having neglected to take their school-pence with them.' It seems, also, that at one school there is a regular flogging hour, at which non-paying children are whipped."

If this is true, it is visiting the sins of the parents on the children with a vengeance. Worse, in some cases it is visiting the poverty of the parents on the children.

It appears that:-

"The School-Board, however, are not horrified at the occurrence, and have not prohibited the practice, but only express their dissatisfaction at 'undue' flogging."

It would be a great satisfaction if a flogging highly due were inflicted on offenders who—always unless the *Metropolitan* has been hoaxed—richly deserve it. Satisfactory as is the knowledge that a savage garotter has been handsomely whipped, it would satisfy retributive feeling much more to know that the cruel pedagogues who flog poor children to extort school-pence from their defaulting but perhaps indigent parents, had been flogged themselves, for their dastardly brutality, to within an inch of their lives. There was once an eminent hero of the Prize Ring, celebrated in connection with Tipton. What man—not to speak of the Tipton School-Board—would not wish such an athlete as the Tipton Slasher could be appointed to slash their backs with a cat-o'-nine-tails?

THE PEN AND THE POPPY.

ACCORDING to the *London and China Telegraph*, two prizes, one of £200, the other of £100, given by MR. J. W. PEASE, M.P., for the two best Essays on the Opium Trade, have, after much deliberation, been awarded by the Committee of Examiners; the first prize to MR. SPROAT, Agent-General for British Columbia, the second to the REV. F. S. TURNER, Secretary of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. MR. PEASE, who appears to be no Free Trader, is an active member of the Anti-Opium Society. He offered the prizes with Anti-Opium intentions. The Prize Essays have been doubtless

conceived in an Anti-Opium spirit. Yet they are announced under the title of "Opium Essays." Too many Essays upon all manner of subjects are found to produce upon their readers the effect of opiates. Let us hope, however, that the Opium Essays may possibly prove so interesting that, on the contrary, they will deserve to be entitled "Anti-Opium Essays," by answering their purpose, and not that of the narcotic they have been written against, but for which, in the latter too likely case they may serve as substitutes.

THE LITTLE BIRDS TO LESBIA.

(A Round Robin from Songland to the Softer Sex.)

"A considerable demand for small birds, especially robins and wrens, has arisen within the last few months for the decoration of ladies' hats, this being the latest requirement of fashion. Not only are the birdcatchers of the Seven Dials and Whitechapel unusually busy, but we have the authority of the proprietors of a large West-End establishment for saying that, great as is the supply, it does not at all equal the demand."—*Lancet*, Nov. 13.

"The fashion now so prevalent of ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets with small birds, has given such an impetus to the activity of the birdcatchers, both here and in France, as to cause well-grounded fears for the annihilation of our favourite little songsters."—*Daily News*.

LESBIA! are Ladies' hearts more cold
Than when your prototype of old
Wept over one dead sparrow?
Has Fashion iced that snowy breast
Where Cytherea's doves might rest,
Till sighs of Songland, sore distressed,
Its feelings may not harrow?

O Sex, whose softness lords of rhyme,
From soft CATULLUS to our time,
Invoke in songs and sonnets;
Can you look on with smiling face
While *La Mode's* myrmidons apace
Exterminate our harmless race
To trim your hats and bonnets?

This crowning woe you well might spare:
With Cockney's shot and coster's snare
We long have had our trials;
But is it meet that *your* commands,
Through Fashion's call, which none withstands,
Should give us to the Herod-hands
Of slaughtering Seven Dials?

Ah! deign to picture, if you please,
Your poor petitioners' miseries,
Which well may claim your pity!
Track'd by an ever-thickening throng
Of London louts, who'll leave, ere long,
Our woodland ways as void of song
As is your smoky city.

Conceive how feathered bosoms throb
When roughs' rude hands, intent to rob,
In our loved haunts invade us!
Yet not with *them*, dear Ladies, lie
The wrong, the shame, the cruelty,—
For, did we plead, they might reply,
"Twas gentle LESBIA bade us."

Think when you trim your hats and "things"
With linnets' breasts and finches' wings,
How many songs you stifle;
Swallows that charmed with darting flight,
And nightingales which gladdened night
In myriads die to deck aright
The moment's modish trifle.

The robin, e'en, who all may dare,
Whom callous Cockney gunners spare,
Must fall as LESBIA's quarry.
O shame, to think that gentle she
Should such a ruthless butcher be!
Could she her slaughtered thousands see,
The Slayer might be sorry.

But if compassion may not move
That breast, supposed the home of love,
When Fashion sways within it,

Self-interest should surely wake
And bid men spare, for Music's sake,
To banish from the bush and brake
The blackbird and the linnet.

Prudence to purblind Pity lends
Her keener sight. The farmer's friends
Might claim the law's protection.
And Cruelty's courageous foes
Such wanton slaughtering oppose,
With arguments as hot as those
Poured forth on vivisection.

Yet surely 'twere a gentler grace
Did LESBIA set her lovely face
Against what Pity bleeds for!
Consider, LESBIA, should you rove
With STREPHON in a songless grove!
That mercy *Punch* is fain to move
Love, the bird's teacher, pleads for.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME:

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS,
Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., and Hon. Member of the Dull-
dillitancy Society.

LAST AND MOST INTERESTING CHAPTER.

THE ugliness of modern dress is, in my opinion, undeniable. I look in the glass, and I find it so. I am the best judge of what is good or bad taste, of what is true or false in Art, and I say, once for all, emphatically, that modern dress is hideous.

Male attire is unbecoming, and becoming more unbecoming every day. As to evening dress, had we all, unquestioningly, accepted the theories of MR. DARWIN, we could not have done more to illustrate our hereditary deficiency than we have done in putting on tails. Not one tail each, which would savour at all events of some sort of sense, but two tails apiece. For my part, so disgusted am I with this imbecility, that, when forced by the requirements of my friends to dine out, I have a coat with only one tail. It is more ornamental, and more graceful, simply because it is more in accordance with the dictates of nature.

As to buttons.—Great Jupiter! why should I have buttons to a garment that I never button, and that was never intended to be buttoned? No, I will not have buttons—except where necessary: and I am inclined to admit their use, in certain instances, when, however, they might also, with very little trouble and no expense, be made artistic as well as useful.

Nature is our teacher. She never throws away a chance. All in Nature is useful, and, according to its surroundings and its intention, ornamental. Nature has not produced buttons. Nature has produced coats in endless variety, but I defy every eminent naturalist to point me out one single instance of a coat, of Nature's make, with buttons.

I am not prepared to say what style of costume would be best suited for all classes.

I am not certain if something of this sort wouldn't do:—A sensible hat—time of JAMES THE FIRST,—modern collars, to protect the face and neck; shooting coat, to button over, with large pockets; waistcoat, of course, and a sort of half *cassock*, covering knee breeches or knickerbockers, gaiters over stockings and shoes. Then, on entering the house, the visitor would simply take off the sort of

outer petticoat, which would have been invaluable out-of-doors as against cold, wind, and rain, &c., and would appear thus:—



Either in tights or knickerbockers. Or, the dress might be more in pieces, so that in two minutes an entire change in costume might be made with the greatest ease.

This might be done with facility, but there is no time now to spend on details.

The question of dress is (1) what is wanted, (2) what is necessary, (3) what is absolutely indispensable.

1. *What is wanted*.—This depends on the person—his position in society, &c.

2. *What is necessary*.—This also depends on accidents of birth and education.

3. *What is absolutely indispensable*. This appears to all. Of course we must begin boldly with clothes generally. In a civilised state, they are indispensable.

But why not one garment for everything? Instead of wearing a stock of things, and making oneself a clothes-peg, existing only for the benefit of tailors and haberdashers, why not one garment—a simple over-all, a be-all, and end-all? And a hat—a hat, of soft material, to cover the ears in the wintry tempests, and guard the pate from the summer sun?



THE HAT IN WINTER—SIDES AND BACK TIED DOWN.

There is perhaps something monkish about this, but I am not at all sure that the monks' habits are not *au fond* the very best. In short, a robe, a bed-gown, stockings, and a hat would be all, which, according to my plan, any man would want in this world.

The material would be according to his quality. One endeavour we ought all to make, *i.e.* to do away with buttons entirely. I have not yet succeeded in this. My washerwoman has tried to do so very often, in her own way, which is not mine.

And so I finish *pro tem*. my hints towards a Grammar of Decorative Art. That what I have written is invaluable, and worth its weight in gold, I shall be the first to proclaim and to admit. Let everyone follow my lead, and they will be right. Let them look at the back numbers of this work, note down the addresses of the shops where certain makers follow my patterns, give their orders there, and they will be happy ever after. Farewell!

HINT TO THE ADMIRALTY.—One gun that will sink an Iron-clad at a shot, is equal to any multiple of it that can be fired from a broadside, and cheap in proportion.



A DOUBLE SUSPICION.

(GROUNDLESS, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, IN BOTH CASES)

THE NEW DELUGE.

'Tis the old, old story over again,
We are shower-bath'd now with perpetual rain,
Thames, Severn, and Trent conspire, and fain
Would drown our municipalities.
To the Patriarch NOAH, we'd say, "Ah, no!"
But the Sun won't come, and the rain won't go,
And the Summerless year begins to grow
A mass of dismal realities.

Now, can a fellow be jolly and gay,
And pretty things to his sweetheart say;
When "the rain it raineth every day"
With a vicious regularity?
Can you gladden at wit from a Lady's lip,
When the sound outside is, Drip, drip, drip!
And sciatica hath you on the hip,
And a gleam of the Sun's a rarity?

Why, where's the fun of a merry lunch?
(As well mere bread and bacon munch.)
And where's the radiance of *Mr. Punch*?*

(As well read DOCTOR KENEALY!)
East wind making your fibres throb,
Rain like a school-girl's sulky sob,—
You drink mulled claret, and sit by your hob,
And feel like a martyr, really.

"Rivers, arise!" So MILTON said.†
Fain would we have them keep their bed,
And down to the sea be safely led;

But they bring us all the shivers—
And we cry, "O Member for Greenwich, please,
Having disestablished Churches and trees,
Bring us a little quiet and ease
By disestablishing rivers."

* Always there, O rhymers! Read *Punch*, and defy rain and all other miseries of human life.

† College Vacation Exercise: *Anno etatis undeviginti.*

MUSICAL.

THE questions which naturally suggest themselves to all inquiring minds, on perusing the following advertisement from a contemporary—

BOARD (partial) wanted in musical family, by Young Gentleman, where he can practise singing. Full particulars to "Music"—

are various. What sort of a voice does the Young Gentleman possess? Is he a tenor, a baritone, or a bass? Will he request *Maud* to come into the garden, after—a long way after—the manner of MR. SMITH REEVES? Will he inform the musical family, in a way not at all suggestive of MR. SANDLEY, that it is his wedding morning? or will he acquaint them, in sepulchral tones, that hearts of oak are his ships? Does he accompany himself, or has that to be done for him? Does he wish to sing solos, or to join in duets with the musical daughters of the musical family? If the latter, is he good-looking? and what are his prospects? Will he practise in the mornings, or will the evenings content him? Will he sing in bed? Will he take a rest on Sundays, or will he then turn his attention to hymns and anthems? Does he sing French, German, Italian? or does he confine himself to English? Will he promise not to sing comic songs? Is his partial board to include beat-up eggs, *troches*, STOLBERG'S invaluable lozenges, and other compounds good for the throat?

These questions ought to be answered; although, for our own part, we cannot imagine a more delightful resident in the bosom of one's family than a Young Gentleman who wants to practise singing.

"Hail to the Chief who, in Trouble, Advances."

A TELEGRAM informs the Public that "The Uncle of the SHAH OF PERSIA has arrived in Constantinople." *Mr. Punch* is not aware whether the SULTAN OF TURKEY has an "Uncle." If he have, what a lot of unredeemed pledges he should have on hand just now! But what a godsend must his visit be to the SULTAN in his present state of impecuniosity, if the Commander of the Faithful has anything left on which to raise money!



A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

JUPITER PLUVIUS. "STORE YOUR FLOODS, AND EMBANK YOUR RIVERS; AND THIS MISERY WOULD PROVE A BLESSING!"

OUR WATERY WASTE.



T the Entrance of a Corn-Market.

FARMERS MAYFLOWER and MARIGOLD.

Marigold. How bist?

Mayflower. Mid-dun. Thinks I got a touch o' the lumbaggy. 'Tis about, I hears, a good dale jest now. How bist thee, this here plaaguy weather?

Marigold. Purty fairish consider'n.

Mayflower. Ter-reable dale o' wet we've a had.

Marigold. Ees; what ye med call a extry lowance from the Clark o' the Weather, or St. Swithun.

Mayflower. Things is come'n sarious wi' all these here floods. 'Tis ruanaashun fur farmers. No gitt'n the whate into the ground. What can's do?

Marigold. Ah, that's moor than you'll find in *Moore's Almanac*—or *ZADKIEL's* either.

Mayflower. Some talks about call'n upon the ARCHBISHOP o' CANTERBURY and the Clargy to put up praayers for fair weather.

Marigold. Yaa!

Mayflower. Yaa? What dost say "yaa" for? Bist thee a haythen?

Marigold. Haythen; not I. They be moor like haythens as thinks by praay'n to git the coorses o' natur alter'd for to suit their privut convanience, and 'commodate the sazuns to their lazinus and ignorance—which they wun't. Why, that there's just what the anshunt haythens used to do—didn't 'um?—praay'n for change o' weather to old—what d'ye call un?—Joopiter.

Mayflower. Why theese dostn't hold wi' *Daddy Longlegs*, in the children's nussey book, as oodn't say his praayers at all—dost?

Marigold. Not by no manes. I only says doan't praay agin the weather it plaze goodness to send us. What I be for praay'n for is sense and understandun, whatever's sent, always to larn and know how to meak the best on't. Talk o' praay'n for fair weather now! Why, as like as not, in little moor nor six months' time they'll be cryun out and wantun to praay for raain. Raain, itself, is a preshus good thing.

Mayflower. Ees, but we've a ben have'n a preshus sight too much of a good thing. All this here wet is, I says, too good for the turmuts, and too bad for the graain.

Marigold. We can't ha' too much of a good thing, if we knows what to do wi' it. If we doan't, good turns to bad, like as when a feller, wi' ate'n and drinkun too many good things, wauverloads his stummick. Here's all this here raain we've a had swampun the fields and floodun the medders here and elsewhere, besides plaay'n old Goosebury, I be told, among the wharves and pleaces along the banks o' the River up in Town. S'pose the Rivers was all proppurly banked up, that oodn't never a happened. And s'pose we'd got our medders and fields every one on um well draained so as for all the wauverflow for to run into tanks and resavoys. That oodn't be too much of a good thing, then, 'ood ut?

Mayflower. No, sartunly 'toodn't—there's zummum in that.

Marigold. Then eversommuch raain 'ood be little if any too much of a good thing for the presunt, and none too much for the futer, but a doosid good thing altogether, and raly a gurt massy. Praps if the water we lets run to waste and do mischuf was saved for use, relidgus farmers 'ood now be proposun thanksgiv'ns for, instead o' prayers agin, abundance o' raain.

Mayflower. Loramassy, mun, what a fancy! Bissunt gett'n a little into the clouds? Thee bist rayther too much a feelosofer, I be afeard, for me.

Marigold. Well, but still there's the fact as are a fool med zee, that uncommon wet could aisy be made a blessun on if people chose to't, instead o' sufferin' on't, like we mostly do, to be a cuss. Dost see that?

Mayflower. Why ees, I thinks I sees purty well what you manes.

Marigold. That what we farmers, and others as thinks theirselves

many on 'um, wiser than farmers, ought to do for our own intur'st, and the gin'ral good, is to zet to at improvemunts fur storun up the superflus water of a raainy sazun when ut comes, agin a time o' drought—when we shall be glad on't.

Mayflower. Aa! Putt'n by raain fur a shiny day, as the say'n 'ood be turned hind part afore.

Marigold. That's the pint. I thinks now I've manidged to bate that much into thy head. There, now goo thy ways, and any donkey thee meet'st on the rhwoad whoam, as needs to be taught, thee try and do un the same kindness. But talkun so much about wet, I be dry.

Mayflower. Ees, thee bist, rayther.

Marigold. Well, there then, come wauver the way to the "White Hart," and ha' a drap o' beer. [Exeunt ambo. Curtain.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY—OF THE MANOR;

Or, the Menaced Maypole of Ashford-Carbonell.

"The old English practice of dancing around a Maypole has been solemnly vindicated before the High Court of Justice; and the right of some Shropshire parishioners to a particular piece of land whereon to so disport themselves has been established against the contention of the Lady of the Manor."—*Daily Telegraph*: *Hall v. Nottingham and Others.*

THE Men of Ashford-Carbonell they doughtily declared, That where their Maypole *had* been raised, that pole should *still* be reared;

But the Lady of the Manor and her myrmidons of Law Took counsel with a view to strike those villagers with awe.

Is it in England's favoured land, on turf by Britons trod, Where "property" 's a fetish, and the landlord as a god, That resistance to the sacred rights of owners of the soil Is found among its rustics and its humble sons of toil?

Alas! e'en so; the times have changed; LORD DARNLEY knows it well:

And she learns it too, the Lady high of Ashford-Carbonell; While, sadder still, Law's powers refuse an owner to support— And the great High Court of Justice backs the Ludlow County Court!

So the Parish beats the Lady, for the big-wigged Barons found That reserving here and there a space for recreation-ground Was a "reasonable" practice, and that "property's" tight clutch Must be relaxed, nor landlords play the Ahab overmuch.

Hard lines for injured owners! Ay! But tenure of earth's soil Must be viewed with other eyes than robbers' swag or warriors' spoil;

From "Custom immemorial" as clear a right may flow As any Norman WILLIAM or Eighth HARRY could bestow.

If "property" were but compelled to render back in full All it has cribbed from "common-land," how long a face 'twould pull!

How many a Lord-of-Manors would have to tithe his hoards, And make bonfires of his fences and his threatening trespass-boards!

O Lady of the Manor fair of Ashford-Carbonell, Though you lose that longed-for acre, and pay legal costs as well, What think you is the usufruct of one of many fields To the pleasure which the village-green to landless hundreds yields?

Madam, when next that Maypole's reared in its accustomed place, To play the Lady Bountiful, with a British Matron's grace, Were worthier of your Sex and State than waging stubborn fight With a plucky Shropshire parish for a more than doubtful right.

Naval Intelligence.

"It is stated at Chatham to be the intention of the Admiralty shortly to commence the construction of a circular iron-clad ship of the *Popoff* type."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BUILD on the *Popoff* plan—but fate forbid That ship should pop off as the *Vanguard* did!

FROM A PUZZLED PRACTITIONER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How can there be an Attorney-General when the Judicature Act puts an end to Attorneys?

Your Constant Reader,

A SOLICITOR (FOR INFORMATION).



THAT "EXPLAINS IT."

Green. "HOW IS IT, BROWN, YOU ALWAYS HAVE SUCH SPLENDID FRUIT FROM YOUR GARDEN? I EXHIBIT, AND CARRY OFF CUPS AND PRIZES (AT LEAST MY GARDENER DOES, FOR I ONLY SEE IT IN PRINT), BUT I NEVER HAVE SUCH FRUIT AS THIS ON MY TABLE!"

Brown. "SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD, OLD FELLOW. I KEEP A GARDENER FOR MY GARDEN; YOU KEEP A GARDEN FOR YOUR GARDENER!"

THE HAWARDEN POST-BAG.

"Last Saturday morning I was tempted to count the number of letters and packets brought to me by the post, and that number reached the moderate amount of forty-two."—MR. GLADSTONE, at Greenwich.

WE have been favoured with the following more particular details of the contents of MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget:—

1. Letter from an Oxford Undergraduate, asking MR. GLADSTONE'S opinion on that disputed passage in the *Iliad* (xxv., 313), which begins "Τὴν ποτὶ τοὺν προσηφῆν," &c.

2. Packet containing a five-act MS. Play, called *Gunpowder Plot*, a novel in three volumes, entitled *Maud's Marriage*, and an epic poem in twelve books, *Aurungzebe; or, the Last of the Moguls*,—with a request that MR. GLADSTONE would be good enough to read each carefully through, and favour the Authoress with his opinion as to the particular branch of literature she should finally adopt.

3. Note, begging MR. GLADSTONE to inform the writer whether he had seen MR. IRVING as *Macbeth*, and what was his estimate of that performance.

4. Bulky parcel of official papers and documents, with an autograph letter from the Sublime Porte, imploring MR. GLADSTONE to occupy a palace on the Bosphorus, and take the entire control of the revenue and expenditure of Turkey.

5. Despatch from the KHEDIVÉ, entreating MR. GLADSTONE to make Cairo his home until all financial difficulties in Egypt were satisfactorily adjusted.

6. Letter from the Treasurer and Secretary of the Muddleforth Friendly Society (the Free Roamers), earnestly begging MR. GLADSTONE to examine the Statement of Accounts for the year 1874-5, and advise the Members as to the course they should take in the face of a deficit amounting to £294 10s. 9d.

7. Letter from the Churchwardens of Stolethorpe, begging MR. GLADSTONE to remonstrate with the new Rector on his Romanising practices.

8. Letter from the Parishioners of Slumberham, proposing to MR. GLADSTONE to expostulate with the Curate in charge on his Broad Church views.

9, 10. Prospectuses of the Xeres, Oporto, Bordeaux, and Epernay Amalgamated Vintage Company (Limited), and the Bythessea Aquarium and Winter Promenade.

11. Patterns of Winter Trousers and Overcoats from an advertising Tailor.

12. Begging Circular from the Incumbent of the District Church of St. Dionysius, Shuttleford, asking for help towards the enlargement of the Vestry.

13. Invitation from the Committee of the Bumpsted Athenæum (Salop) to take the Chair at their Annual Soirée in January.

14. Appeal from the Members of the Whirlingham Lyceum (Lancashire), to aid that struggling Society by the delivery of an Address or Lecture in the Corn Exchange, in the week after Christmas. Subject suggested—"Reminiscences of an ex-Premier."

15. Letter from a staunch Protestant, soliciting a short, 'but comprehensive, epitome of the Lives of the Popes.

16. Packet of Italian newspapers (Papal).

17. Packet of Italian newspapers (anti-Papal).

18, 19, 20. Letters from Constituents, setting forth the abilities and merits of their sons; and urging MR. GLADSTONE to use his influence to obtain for them Private Secretaryships, or advantageous posts in mercantile houses, or travelling tutorships, or desirable colonial appointments.

21, 22, 23. Letters asking for Letters of Introduction for Greece, Rome, and Japan.

24, 25. Requests for Autographs.

26, 27, 28. Letters soliciting MR. GLADSTONE'S votes as a supporter of the Civil Service Messengers' Widows' Annuities Fund, the Fine Art Dealers' Benevolent Institution, and the School for the Daughters of Classic Commentators.

29. Catalogue of a magnificent collection of china, glass, and earthenware.



THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first Party), "Now, MIND, DARLING, IF YOU SEE ANY NICE THINGS ON THE TABLE THAT YOU'D LIKE TO EAT, YOU MUSTN'T ASK FOR THEM!"

Ethel. "O NO, MAMMA!—I'LL TAKE THEM!"

30. Offer to dispose of a superb picture, by that rare old Florentine master, CAPO DI MONTE—subject, "*Daphne Changed into a Laurustinus*."

31. Price list of an importer of choice cigars.

32. Proof-sheets of a new translation of the *Odyssey* into English hexameters, with a request that MR. GLADSTONE would kindly compare it word for word with the original, and mark (with suggestions) any passages which might strike him as deficient in spirit or wanting in accuracy.

33, 34, 35. Translations of a recent article in the new Church Review into Italian, French, and German.

36. List (from Rome) of the latest additions to the *Index Expurgatorius*.

37. Invitation to dine with the LORD MAYOR.

38, 39, 40. Applications from photographers and illustrated papers.

41. Notice of recent excavations in the Troad, with photographs of HELEN's pocket mirror, PARIS's crook, KING PRIAM's corkscrew, &c.

42. *Punch*.

VILLA-NOUS.

THERE is a strong inclination at St. Petersburg to build an Imperial residence in the environs of Constantinople. This looks like *Russ in Urbe* with a vengeance.

MY AWFUL DAD (by a river-side resident Cockney).—Father Thames, in a flood.

RECIPROCITY IN PULPIT-ROOM.

THERE has been lately going on in the *Times* a controversy respecting the "Interchange of Pulpits": whether or not it is lawful and right for a Clergyman of the Church of England to preach in a meeting-house, or, by his leave, for a Dissenting Minister to hold forth in a church. This appears to be a matter that had best be left to the discretion of a discreet Bishop. To *Bishop Punch* it would seem one thing for a Clergyman to change pulpits with such a Dissenter as the late DR. BINNEY, another to reciprocate in like manner with an emissary from BRIGHAM YOUNG. The appearance of MR. NEWMAN HALL or MR. SPURGEON in a Low Churchman's pulpit would be something considerably different from the apparition, in a Ritualist's, of MONSIGNOR CAPEL. But is not the one just as legal as the other? At present, with regard to the interchange in question, all that appears quite certain is, that a Parson has no right to change pulpits with an Auctioneer.

HUNT AFTER BYRON.

My boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea,
And I'm told I never more
Must rule the Admiraltee.

There's a sigh from those who love me,
And a smile from those who hate;
And the man who's put above me
Will tremble at my fate;

But though Commons rail around me,
They still shall hear me on:
Though the Upper House confound me,
It hath seats that may be won.

My boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea,
And I fear I never more
Shall rule the Admiraltee!

A NEGATIVE COMPLIMENT.—Pareil House, Bombay (since the PRINCE OF WALES made it his head-quarters), is to be called "Non-pareil House."

HOMAGE TO TALENT.

SIGNOR VERDI, of *Travatore-Traviata-Rigoletto* fame, has been created Senator of the kingdom of Italy, in recognition of his superb musical talents. The Happy Thought has fructified. Similar (proposed) appointments are already telegraphed to us by our Correspondents in the different Capitals of Europe:—

MONSIEUR OFFENBACH, whose oratorios, *La Belle Hélène*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, &c., place him at the head of religious composers, will, it is said, be offered by the POPE the next Red Hat vacant.

MONSIEUR GOUNOD has accepted the appointment of Minister of Agriculture in the first Government of the good time coming in France.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has been recommended by H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH for the Civil Lordship of the Admiralty.

MR. FREDERIC CLAY, whose Treasury experience gives him peculiar claims to employment in the higher branches of National finance, is likely to be named for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first æsthetic Administration that is formed.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER is likely to be appointed Envoy from Bavaria to the Court of St. James's, as a compliment to the Music of the Future.

ANYTHING BUT A DRY REMARK.

INDEPENDENCE is always much to be coveted; but during the late floods to have been able to "Paddle your own Canoe" must have proved more than usually beneficial.

THE ENGLISH FLAG OF THE FUTURE.—The School-Standards.

A GOOD PLAIN COOK!



MR. J. C. BUCKMASTER, that most energetic pioneer of civilisation, has recently been visiting Glasgow. The object of his journey to the North was to deliver his excellent Lecture upon "the Art of Cookery"—a subject which is peculiarly his own. His remarks were (as usual) characterised by wisdom, mirth, and tact; and nothing could possibly have been better than his selections from Scottish poetry. It is well known that LORD MAYOR COTTON is a bard

of no mean order. Consequently, we may shortly expect to see published at the Mansion House *Lines on a Turtle*, and a *Meal with the Common Council*, but until the appearance of the two anticipated pieces specified, the following lines will certainly bear off the palm as the best culinary poem of modern times:—

"O leeze me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived without a botch
To make the gusty good hotch-potch.
The French mounseer or English loon
When they come dauderin' through the town,
Wi' smirks and smacks they gulp it down,
And lick their lips fu' brawly."

But MR. BUCKMASTER's prose is even better than his verse. At Glasgow he was addressing an audience composed of all classes of the people. Under these circumstances he could not have chosen his words more wisely. To quote the report—

MR. BUCKMASTER said:—

"The cookery schools which I am anxious to establish are intended to teach people the virtue and religion of domestic life. How many ill-natured words, quarrels, suits in the Divorce Courts, and even murders, have originated over a badly-cooked dinner? How many happy marriages, how many hard-and-fast friendships, have been formed over a nicely-cooked dinner! No man is so dangerous as a hungry, ignorant man when he returns home weary and exhausted, finds everything in disorder, his wife uncleaned, a mass of greasy odds and ends turned out for his supper, the sight of which is enough to make a cannibal sea-sick. (Laughter.) Can you wonder at him using bad language to his wife, and immediately setting out for the nearest public-house? And do you think that any amount of schooling, teaching, tracts, sermons, or tea-parties will efface from the memory of his children the horrid curses they have heard under such circumstances, and the dreadful scenes they have witnessed? All this misery and demoralisation proceed not from poverty, but from ignorance of those duties which every woman ought to know how properly to perform before she undertakes the responsibilities of a wife. And, if I were a despot, no woman should ever be allowed to marry unless she was able to cook. (Laughter.)"

And, although the "canny bodies" of Glasgow laughed, MR. BUCKMASTER is perfectly right. Take two men of similar tastes, who have lived similar lives, and give them two dinners with the same ingredients—one dinner badly cooked, and the other cooked to perfection, and you will find that he who eats the well-cooked dinner will be a hundred per cent. happier than the other.

Try the eater of the badly-cooked dinner first. He arrives tired and hungry at his own home. He sits down, and the first discovery he makes is that the soup is cold.

"As usual," he says, with a sigh, "soup cold. Never can get it hot!"

"You ought to speak to the servants yourself."

"Well," he continues, "after all, it is not so cold as my principal client. I met him this morning, and he cut me! The soup reminded me of it."

The fish appears.

"Hm! not fresh! It never is fresh. The sort of fish that wants renewing,—and that reminds me that a bill for two thousand pounds comes due to-morrow, and I don't know where to get the money from with which to meet it."

The joint arrives.

"Burnt to a cinder, of course! And that reminds me that that scamp of a son of mine has been burning his fingers on the turf!"

The pudding appears.

"I really can't stand this! It is always the same! Nasty and expensive. I shall be off to the Club."

And the bad diner disappears, and returns accompanied by a policeman seeing him home at three in the morning.

Take, on the other hand, the eater of the well-cooked dinner.

He arrives tired and hungry at his own home. He sits down, and the first discovery he makes is that the soup is hot.

"As usual!" he exclaims, with a smile. "Soup hot. Never get it cold in *this* house."

"You should praise the servants, it is their doing."

"Well, it is not so warm as the greeting I got from my UNCLE HARRY this morning. He was quite affectionate, and asked after the children most markedly, my dear. Wanted to know their Christian names in full."

The fish appears.

"Quite fresh! But not fresher than the air of Brighton, my love,—we will take a holiday there next week. It will do you good."

The joint arrives.

"Done to a turn. And that reminds me that that good-hearted boy of ours has really taken a turn for the better. I gave him a good lecture to-day, and am certain of his reformation. I never felt happier in my life. Another slice, dear."

The pudding appears.

"Now, this is really an admirable dish. Pastry excellent. Well, I shall spend a quiet evening with you, and break my appointment at the Club. Who would care for billiards with such a happy home as this to rest in!"

And so the evening grows into night, and all is good-nature and contentment.

That is the idea—is it not, MR. BUCKMASTER?

Cheap at the Money.

MR. PLIMSOLL writes to the *Times* of last Wednesday—"A single telegram from the British Government to our Consuls and Vice-Consuls, authorising them to spend £2 2s. on the proper inspection of each grain-loading vessel, is all that is required to make the Act of 1875 virtually operative, and so to save many lives. The neglect of this will consign them to a watery grave." Of course the British Government has, before this, thanked MR. PLIMSOLL, and sent the telegram. *Punch* is waiting to hear of the receipt of it.

Clerical Nosology.

At the opening Autumnal Assembly of the Church Conference, the other day in Liverpool, the Chairman, MR. THOMAS R. ANDREWS, said, with reference to the future work of the Society, that "they had a number of typical cases of Ritualism ready to be submitted to the new Judge when he entered upon office." Is MR. ANDREWS a medical gentleman? He talks like one. "Typical cases of Ritualism"—as much as to say that Ritualism is a complaint in the Church; a clerical epidemic. A very neat and scientific way of putting it.

An Illusion of the Rink.

ALONG the Rink careering fast,
How women hoax their lords and masters:
SMITH thought an angel glided past,
And it was MRS. SMITH on castors!

Hunted.

WHEN the First Lord of the Admiralty was raised to his exalted position, *Mr. Punch* was good enough to celebrate it by observing, "The Hunt is up!" From the present tone of public opinion, *Mr. P.* feels constrained to fear that it is all up with HUNT.

Shakspeare on the Turks.

"And every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute."—*Falstaff, Henry the Fourth, Part II., Act iii. sc. 2.*

From which it appears that the Turk is an old defaulter, and the Bondholders ought to have known better.

TOWN AND GOWN.

DEATH shall be Mayor, the Cambridge Council saith:
The Undergraduates' cry is "War to Death!"



BLANK FIRING.

Ancient Sportsman (whose Sight is not what it used to be). "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP?"

Veteran Keeper. "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"

THE ETERNAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin" observed that MR. SULLIVAN was an "eternal Jack-in-the-Box."

ARRAH, thin, MASTER SULLIVAN, what have you done,
Such a wonderful wicked name to have won,
The peaceful atmosphere troubling?
Now, Gramachree! (whatever that means)
There's a gentleman tired of such noisy scenes,
And that's the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Dublin's a city of quiet and peace,
Where they easily might disestablish police,
Since nobody cares for a shindy;
But when an O'Connell Committee meets,
There's a general row you may hear in the streets,
Though the weather is wild and windy.

Up they jump, one after one,
Each eager to share in the fighting fun,
And the row becomes—supernal!
But SULLIVAN's worst of the party there;
He's up each minute, till called by the Mayor
"A Jack-in-the-Box eternal."

In the days of long-vanished Irish war,
Punch had an anagram, DANIEL R.,
For Ireland, devoted to DANIEL:
But times have changed, and old KING DAN
Is to our mere mutinous Irishman
As lordly mastiff to spaniel.

He had a voice that the world must hear,
A lion-like head, with vision clear,
And a good strong brain for kernel:
Often wrong, he was seldom weak;
His courage never came down to "cheek,"
Like a Jack-in-the-Box eternal.

Ah, never mind! To the Jack-in-the-Box,
Who against the roof his thick skull knocks,
Punch grants absolution plenary.
What Saxon dare say that it is not right
To have whiskey galore and a good free fight
In honour of DAN's Centenary?

THE CHEAPEST MODE OF LIVING.—On Flats.

A QUESTION FOR MR. CROSS.

THE subjoined questions and answers afford a specimen of rural and juvenile intelligence:—

"How old are you?" "I don't know."—"Can you read?" "Yes, a little bit."—"Can you write?" "No."—"Can you reckon?" "No."—"How many are twice two?" "Seven" (laughter).—"Try again, two and two?" "Eight" (renewed laughter).—"Do you know how many commandments there are?" "No."—"Do you know the ninth commandment?" "No."—"Did you ever hear anything about bearing false witness?" "No."—"Ever before the magistrates?" "Ees."—"Did they ask you to kiss a book?" "Ees."—"Do you know why you kissed it?" "No."—"Did the magistrates tell you that it was a testament, and you called God to witness about speaking the truth?" "No."

The examiner in the foregoing catechism was a MR. THOMAS BLAKE, of Ross, in Herefordshire. He cited it at a public meeting there, as illustrating, in particular, the moral and intellectual fitness to give evidence on oath, of SAMUEL RUDGE, a little clown, ten years of age, the principal witness against EMILY DAVIES, a child of thirteen, sentenced, on the 17th of September last, by the Ross Magistrates, to fourteen days' imprisonment in the County Gaol, and thereafter to four years' detention in a Reformatory, for stealing a few plums. MASTER RUDGE was an accomplice in this extensive robbery, and turned Queen's evidence.

MR. BLAKE also read, as below, part of a letter from MR. MINETT, Clerk to the Magistrates, who pronounced the lenient sentence which occasioned the above-mentioned meeting, held to denounce it and get it rescinded:—

"You have been condemning the Justices upon very meagre information, being information given in open court. The Justices have other information, and upon that information they have acted."

We have lately seen a general fusion of Law and Equity. A particular instance of it is afforded by the Ross Magistrates in dealing with the case of EMILY DAVIES, only Law prevails; especially in respect of the evidence, oral and hearsay, this heard out of Court, on which they convicted her. The evidence last referred to—their "other information"—appears, from the report of the meeting on

her behalf, to have been false information, affecting the character of her parents; a sort of information which, in fact, was defamation. Is it so? This, surely, is a question for the HOME SECRETARY to consider; for awful as the crime is of which EMILY DAVIES was convicted, and imperfectly as it may have been expiated by only fourteen days' imprisonment in gaol, yet, if her parents are really respectable people, is it quite fair to them, to say nothing of her, that she should not be forthwith replaced under their care, instead of being kept four years longer away from home shut up in a Reformatory? Perhaps MR. CROSS will deign to answer this crucial question.

CRIMINAL COURT COSTUME.

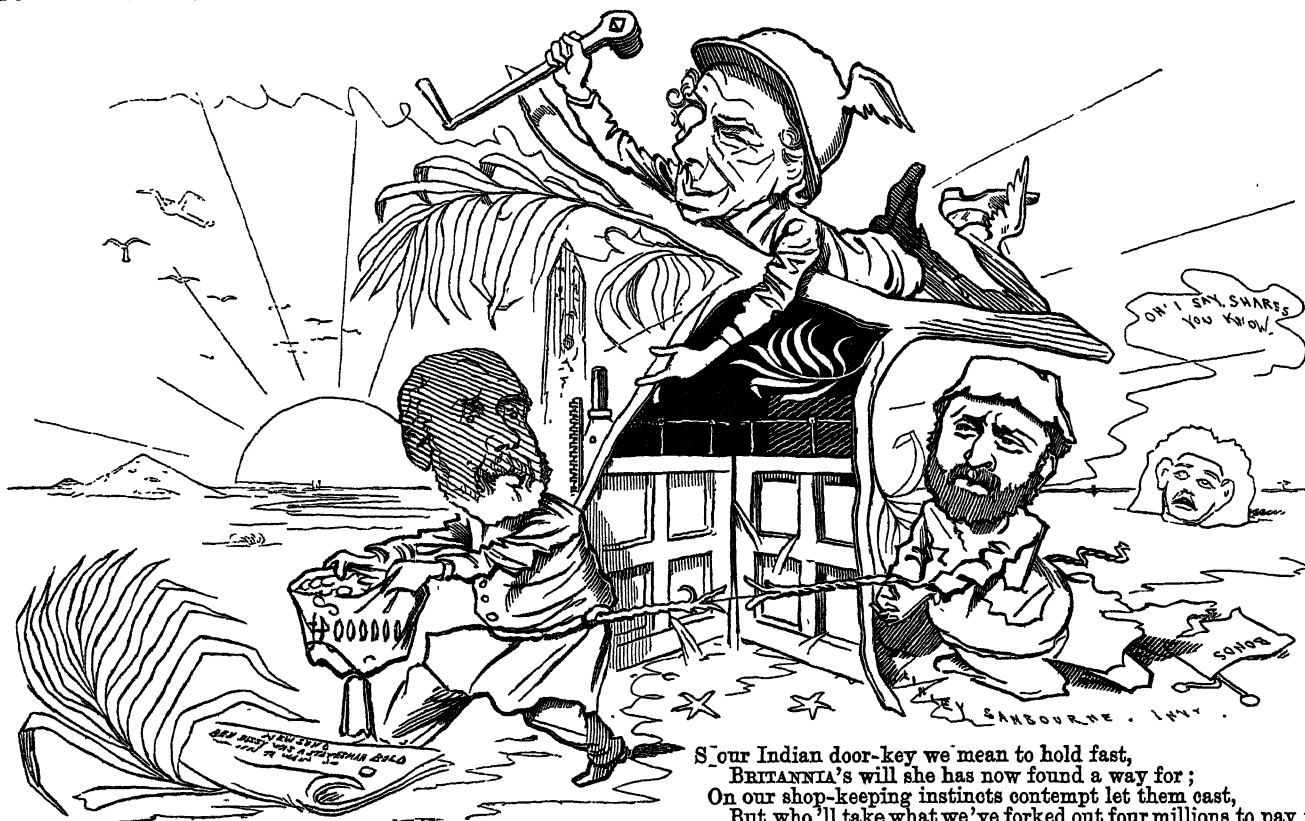
SAYS, very properly, the reporter for the *Standard*, describing the scene last week at the Central Criminal Court:—

"*Chacun à son goût*: but that taste can hardly be deemed praiseworthy which prompts elegantly-dressed, and some young and charming Ladies to crowd and hustle at the Old Bailey for seats on such an occasion as the trial for one of the most repulsive murder cases of the present century."

With all our boasted progress of feminine enlightenment, one might have fancied that Young Ladies would have now-a-days known better than to scramble for admission to a place where a revolting case of murder was on trial. One would think that elegant dresses might be displayed with far more fitness in the precincts of St. James's Court than in the Court of Newgate. Should the taste increase for attending courts of justice when murder cases are on trial, we may expect that the Court milliners will take advantage of it. Elegant dresses will be advertised for such occasions, and pretty names will be invented for criminal costumes. Robes à la Calcraft will be considered *de rigueur*. Young Ladies will array themselves in shining satin dresses made after the manner of that worn by MRS. MANNING on the memorable morning of her execution; with, perhaps, white cotton head-dresses, formed in Newgate fashion, and round each snowy throat a necklace, knotted à la mode Jack Ketch.

MONEY'S WORTH FOR THE MONEY.

"Egyptian Government sold to English Government Suez Canal shares for £4,000,000 sterling. Minister is authorised to draw on ROTHSCHILD at sight."—*Friday's Telegram.*



Our Indian door-key we mean to hold fast,
BRITANNIA'S will she has now found a way for;
On our shop-keeping instincts contempt let them cast,
But who'll take what we've forked out four millions to pay for?

Such a sum if it suit JOHN BULL'S int'rest to pay,
It is clear it suits Egypt's 'cute Chief's to receive?
The KHEDIVE upon ROTHSCHILD may draw any day,
We must take care that no one draws on the KHEDIVE.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE.

RECENTLY, in his travels, *Mr. Punch* met with a gentleman who declared that he was an ancient Druid (not in *MR. CARDWELL'S* sense of the word), and that he had helped to build Stonehenge. He looked dilapidated, but not quite so old as that perplexing edifice. He did not, when *Mr. Punch*—who, when wandering, finds small generosity often to have their reward—proposed a glass of ale, object in the least. If he was an ancient Druid, and had therefore lived before ale was invented, how delighted he must have been when to some brilliant genius there occurred the happy marriage of malt and hops!

This Druid talked most wisely, as might be expected of so ancient a philosopher; and he propounded several theories, one of which was the Theory of Universal Compensation. Others may follow, if *Mr. Punch* finds the Druid philosophy appreciated. He maintained, being an Optimist, that whatever happens has its compensation—and that you are always better off than you were before. He descended from the lofty pinnacle of Druidic antiquity, and deigned to give from modern time examples of this great Theory of Compensation. Thus they ran:—

1. You acknowledge yourself a descendant of ADAM and EVE. You cannot, therefore, have any *original* sin, and may do just as you like.
2. You are "something in the City." It is very sad, but it means a good many thousands a year.
3. You are a great poet. Terrible thought! But then nobody reads your books.
4. You are the Belle of the Season, and are modestly afraid lest you grow conceited. The Beaux of the Season prefer the dinner-bell.
5. You are the only man who can act *Hamlet*. Console yourself by the thought that this is the belief of any man who ever acted, or aspired to act.

6. You envy *MR. DISRAELI* his pride of place. Would you like to have to scratch a Russian to find the Tartar underneath, or to be plagued by the Heathen Chinee?

7. You envy *MR. GLADSTONE* his retirement and renown. Go out down an oak in the forenoon, my dear boy, and disestablish the POPE in the afternoon, and translate a book of the *Iliad* after dinner.

8. You meet an elderly wiseacre, who *will* talk about the Herzegovina, which has been invented to depreciate Turks. Tell him it is where they grow Angostura bitters.

9. You go to a pic-nic, which happens, by the fatuity of mankind, to be without its *central idea*—a corkscrew. You are compensated by showing how deftly you can knock off the necks of bottles with a carving-knife.

10. You find somebody warmly attentive to your wife. Ah, but your wife is the wisest little woman in the world, and is sure to do *MR. ALIQUIS* a great deal of good.

11. Your banker is insolvent. How excellent an opportunity of deferring *sine die* the payment of your "outstanding liabilities!"

12. Your Great-Aunt's second cousin twice removed is dead. Of course you can't give any dinners just at present.

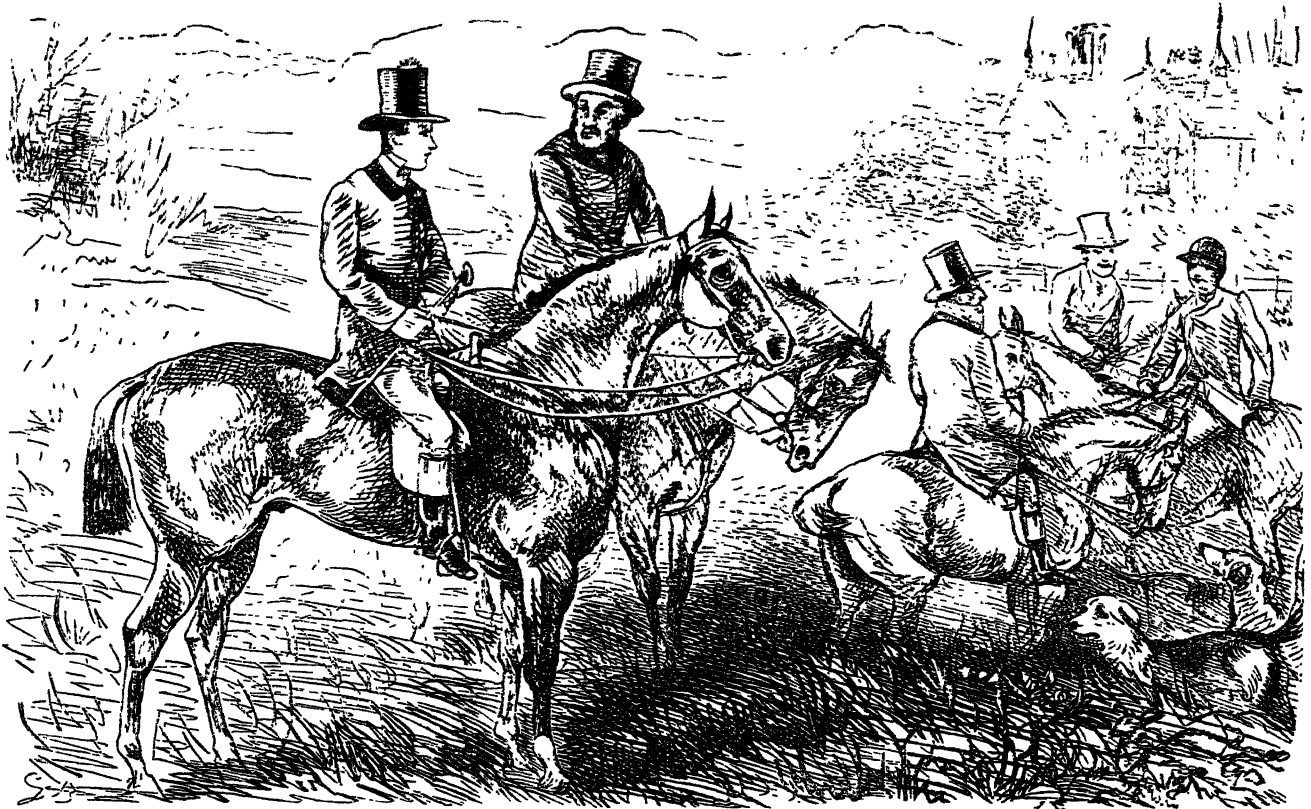
13. One English Iron-clad runs into another. If it so easily sunk a friend, what would it do to an enemy?

14. That same English Iron-clad did its best to commit suicide. There was one man on board with brains—a fact to be remembered in the British Navy.

15. It never rains but it pours—and it always pours. Ducks are happy.

16. You lose your copy of *Punch* in the post. Think of the moral and mental elevation which reading it will produce on the Post-Office Clerk or village Postmistress who has stolen it.

MOTTO FOR HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS.—"One down, t' other come on!"



FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Young Groom. "SO YOUR GOV'NOR'S OUT AGAIN! BEEN AMISS, I HEARD."

Old Groom. "WELL, THE DOCTOR SAID AS THERE WASN'T MUCH THE MATTER, BUT HE MIGHT CALL IT A 'BRONKITAL AFFECTION.' IF IT WERE YOU OR ME, JIM, I DARESAY WE SHOULD CALL IT A COLD."

THE POLITICAL PAD.

"'Progress,' piebald colt by 'Freedom,' out of 'Caution.' Owner, MR. JOHN BULL. Colours, Blue or Buff, according to circumstances."—*St. Stephen's Stud Book.*

"The Conservative majority, I think, may well be likened to a man on horseback, who, while he certainly may make some advance on his journey, prefers sitting with his face to the horse's tail."—*MR. FORSTER, at Bradford.*

THE Political Pad is a singular steed,
Not Pegasus boasts of more various paces.
The Hippogriff beats it in breeding indeed,
Claims pedigree prouder, and daintier graces.
But bottom and stay, with a Protean way
Of changing its colours, its paces, its jockeys,
Are points of our nag. It is risky to play
At thimble-rig, "poker," or "nicky-nack-nockies";
But seers may well shun the Great National Course,
And tipsters eschew the Political Horse!

He will run well enough in the Buff or the Blue
For a time,—though his distance the sharps cannot settle.
Yet Jocks who are up to the mount are but few:
A seat like a Centaur's, grip, judgment, and mettle,
He'll want who would back this redoubtable hack;
And, given a Perseus with spur, whip, and bridle,
He'll fly—yet possesses a curious knack
Of pulling up short with a shy or a sidle,
Which gives the best rider a nastyish spill,
While old Progress—the nag—jogs along at his will.

What jockeys have tried him! Deft Tiverton PAM,
Who cared not to push him beyond a brisk canter,
Kept saddle some time, for the horse like a lamb
Bore bit from that light-handed master of banter.
Then BILL BUFF, a right Jehu, set spurs to his flanks,
And sent him along a rare rattler indeed—

Stiff hedges, stone walls, posts and rails, ditches, banks,
Nothing daunted that jock, or gave check to his steed.
Till the spurring and pace tired the latter, who then
Gently shifted BILL BUFF, and gave seat to BLUE BEN.

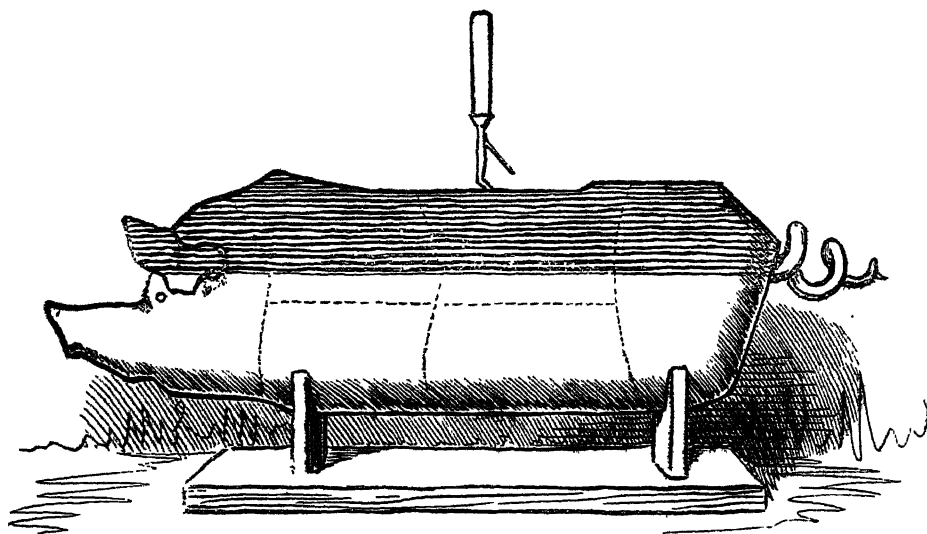
BLUE BEN is a jock of the Tiverton race,
Light hand, quiet seat, and no passion for spurring;
He leads the Political Pad at a pace
More steady than showy, more easy than stirring.
But jog-trot or not, there's a certain slow lot
Would rechristen this high-mettled racer "Reaction";
And thinking the pace even yet is too hot,
Would look upon "pulling" with much satisfaction.
Nay, had they their way, this Conservative class,
Would put the Political Pad out to grass.

But although he may lag, the Political Nag
Has an eye to the goal, and prefers to keep moving;
And BEN, the Blue Jock, is a bit of a wag,
Who may find any day that the pace needs improving.
BEN knows very well did he try to hark back
The steed who beneath him so softly will amble,
He would find himself prone on the turf in a crack,
And BEN is no flat with his chance to gamble.
But lest her Blue backers of patience should fail,
He will ride, if they please, "with his face to the tail!"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

"On Monday, 22nd Nov., Mr. W. G. CROSS, Druggist was elected Mayor of Shrewsbury."

THE Municipal Chair having, to judge by the difficulty of getting anyone to take it, become a drug in the market, the Shrewsbury Corporation have very properly selected a Druggist to fill it.



MILNER JAMBOURNE, INVT. ET DEL.

ANOTHER SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

(The latest thing in the way of Suggestion to the Admiralty Constructors.)

Diagram showing arrangement of joints and novel screw-propeller.

BUT TOBY ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THAT PIGS CUT THEIR OWN THROATS IF THEY TRIED TO SWIM.

JERSEY JUDGES.

AMONG things not generally known is the recent history of the Jersey Bench of Judges. Of this the *Post* supplies some interesting particulars in a narrative of certain truly "notable events," which have occurred during the last two years and a half. The first of these was the catastrophe of Judge No. 1:—

"MR. JOSHUA LE BAILLY (elected a Judge in 1856), who, in May, 1873, was placed as a criminal at the bar of the Court in which he had so often administered justice. He was chairman and managing director of the Mercantile Union Bank, which suspended payment in February of that year, and was charged with issuing false and fraudulent reports as to the condition of the bank, and with embezzling trust moneys under his care. He was found guilty and sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

Jersey Judge No. 2:—

"MR. ELLAS NEEL (elected in 1861) was chairman and managing director of the Joint-Stock Bank, which suspended payment in July, 1873, its collapse being hastened by that of the Mercantile Union. In November of that year MR. NEEL, who sat on the bench during the trial of his former colleague, MR. LE BAILLY, himself stood in the dock on similar charges of issuing false reports and inducing persons to take shares in the bank at the time it was in an insolvent state. The jury were divided."

Everybody must be presumed to be innocent who has not been found guilty. Still Judge No. 2 did not return from the dock to the bench.

Jersey Judge No. 3:—

"MR. WILLIAM GAUDIN, Solicitor, was elected in October, 1873, to replace MR. NEEL. Domestic troubles, and the fear of being involved in a lawsuit with a client for whom he had acted during a lengthened period in the case of *La Cloche v. La Cloche*, had the effect of sending him into a low state of mind, and in August of the following year he committed suicide."

Jersey Judge No. 4 was rather an improvement on some of his colleagues and predecessors:—

"MR. PHILIP DUMARSSQ, elected 1869, after attending to his judicial duties for nearly two years, ceased to attend either the Court or the States, of which he was an *ex-officio* member."

The nonadministration of Justice is obviously better than its maladministration; a probability when the Bench is occupied by Judges who commonly have to quit it for the dock. JUDGE DUMARSSQ persisted in a constant inattention to his judicial duties on the sworn plea of disability from illness:—

"His friends pressed him to resign, but he stubbornly refused, saying, 'Non, je suis Juge, et comme Juge mourirai.' At length, by repeated entreaties, he was induced to resign in February last."

A SPECIMEN OF LAW.

A JURY of British Tradesmen has made MR. LESLIE, M.P., liable for some two thousand five hundred pounds' worth of specimen plants, bought by his Gardener at the seller's price, but valued by authority at one-third of that amount, and ordered without MR. LESLIE's consent. Their verdict had the concurrence of BARON BRAMWELL, and has been confirmed by the LORD CHIEF BARON. Law may be Law; but, if Equity is to prevail over Law, has it prevailed in this instance? In a letter to the *Times*, MR. LESLIE asks "What are specimen plants?" One of them, and a most glaring one, is the plant which has been put upon himself.

Fashionable Fixtures for 1876.

(Dedicated to those who sat on the Bench at a recent Trial.)

JUNE 1.—LADY SMITH'S First Ball in Belgrave Square.

JUNE 8.—MR. WILLIAM SIKES' Trial at the Old Bailey.

JUNE 14.—THE DUCHESS OF SANS-CEUR'S Garden Party at Thameserton, for 4'30 to 6 P.M.

JUNE 29.—MR. JEM DALTON'S "Small and Early" at Newgate, from 7'50 to 8 A.M.

The career of Jersey Judge No. 5, M. DE QUETTEVILLE, appears to have been such as to entitle him, comparatively, at least, to the respectful denomination he is described by in the statement that:—

"This gentleman was the senior Judge on the Bench (with the exception of LIEUTENANT BAILIFF BRISSON), having been elected in January, 1851."

For his history may possibly be that of a gentleman indeed, though an unfortunate one. The account of Jersey Judge No. 5 is as follows:—

"He was chairman of the Commercial Banking Company, and carried on an extensive business as a ship-owner, with fishing establishments in Newfoundland. An action has been for some time pending between him and his co-partners in the bank, who claim about £23,000 for balance of account and interest. On Saturday week several judgments were given against him in the Royal Court, and on Saturday last he gave notice of his intention to appear before M. GIBAUT, the Judge Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, with a view of making a composition with his creditors."

Let us hope that Jersey Judge No. 5 will turn out able to pay not much less than twenty shillings in the pound. "The result, however, of having had to be whitewashed, though of nothing worse than debt," will be "to render his seat on the bench vacant." Perhaps his successor will turn out something better than either an insolvent or a criminal. It may, perhaps, be as well to observe that it is Old Jersey, the Channel Island, whose judicial bench has been adorned with the worthies above enumerated, and not New Jersey, the American State. Old Jersey, indeed, can almost show Judges with New York. MR. BUTT and MR. SULLIVAN may perhaps be induced to review their wish to reduce Ireland to the insularity of Jersey, by the example, presented by the Channel Island to the St. George's Channel Island, of "Home Rule."

Irish Poultry.

In the extraordinary account of the proceedings of the O'Connell Centenary Committee, it is narrated that MR. A. M. SULLIVAN called upon his friends to leave the room, and let them make "ducks and drakes" of the surplus, if they liked.

DUCKS and drakes of their cash
They would make, we're afraid,
For great geese of themselves
They already had made!

THE ST. LEONARD'S WILL CASE.

What Plaintiff asks for. The deed for the will.
What Defendant insists on. The will for the deed.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(The Prince among the Pig-stickers,—a Sketch from Life.)



ANTARRA, tantarra, the hunt is up!" for "Tis our opening day! Up rouse ye then, my merry, merry men, for 'tis our opening day!" And, "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Ayah dear, as I'm to go out Pig-sticking, Ayah dear!" "And a-sticking we did go, my boys, a-sticking we did go!" "With a heigho sticky! Hark for'ard, hark for'ard tantstieky! And this is the burthen of my song, To-day a pig must die! To-day a pig must die!"

Just cut that up into verse, sing it, with a chorus, and see how it goes. It even woke the early *Mangoes*—the mango is so early that it's a proverb here "Up with the mango,"—and echoed through the farspread *chowries*.

You in England haven't the vaguest idea of Pig-sticking. Ah! it is the sport of sports! You in England would send for a pork-butcher, or, rather, send to a pork-butcher, and order the pig that had already been stuck. Not so here. Pig-sticking is the national sport. Children in arms are brought up to the sound of the dark *Ayah's* voices, accompanied by the tinkle of the *budjerow* (a native instrument of a very sweet tone, in shape something between a pillar-box and a dust-shovel),* singing in Hindostanee (what you wouldn't understand, so I translate). I give the Orientalisms as nearly as possible—

"This offspring of the female porker travelled to the place where the vendors of varieties trade publicly in their merchandise; This, the next in order of the sons of the sow, preferred to remain in the house of his parents, where he had been reared; This, his brother, sat down to a dainty meal; And, this, the next of kin, sat down, but partook not of the savoury mess; And this, the smallest of the Porco family, lifted up its voice and wept bitterly, crying 'Qwee, Qwee, Qweek!'"

Is not this beautiful? Ah, you should hear the *Florikans* (a kind of Indian chorister) chanting it in their deep and wild cadences, while the *Chicks* dance around, keeping excellent time on their *charpoyes*†.

Well, Sir, to the sport itself. We were aroused in the morning by the *Hakims* (Indian pig-huntsmen), who blew the *Chont* (Indian hunting-horn made of elephants' tusks), and summoned us from our comfortable *Chupatties* (beds).

We were all rather sleepily, having been engaged, deeply, in an Indian rubber till past four in the morning. (You know a certain distinguished Royal Personage is fond of his rubber. "Aye, there's the rub," as What's-his-name says.) Well, Sir, I am the first to spring up, and get to boot and saddle. After a hasty breakfast (before the boot and saddle, of course), we mounted our *Bhanses* (horses about sixteen hands high, piebald), and flourishing our *bunds* (Indian hunting crops, made out of crops of maize), we cantered gaily towards the covert side.

* We have looked out *budjerow* in the Dictionary, where the meaning is distinctly given as "a decked passage-boat." We begin to suspect our Correspondent—or a new Indian Dictionary is a desideratissimum.—Ed.

† Now, we will not stand this. Let the intelligent reader try for himself if he can't make our old nursery song of "This pig went to market," &c., fit exactly into what our Correspondent (the humbug!) calls the "orientalisms"? He may be right, and it may have a common origin: but we do begin to suspect. Again we have consulted the Dictionary, and we find the meaning of *Florikan*, which he explains as a kind of Indian chorister, to be a "bird of the bustard tribe;" also the *Chicks* are not children (as he would have us believe), but "Thin curtains made of thread and strips of bamboo;" and, finally, a *Charpoy*, which he would palm off on us as another musical instrument, is "a low bed, or stretcher." Our Correspondent, we begin to think, tells lots of *Charpoyes*, or stretchers. But we caution the Public, and can do no more.—Ed.

Here the *Devanee Khás* (or pig-beater), informed us in a low voice, or what they call in India a "pig's whisper," that a magnificent *Buckshees* (a sort of fine sucking-pig), had been seen within a few yards of the *Bunneer* (or shooting lodge by the covert side).*

I have scarcely time to describe the exciting scene. We hid behind thickets, our breath suspended, our pulses beating fast, our hands on our rifles, our eyes fixed intently on the spot where it was likely the sucking-pig would rush out of his ambush. The beaters went in crying "Jai! Jai!" and only succeeded in driving out a fine specimen of the Jampoun,† which I kicked over, and it fell in mortal fear. I picked it up, wrung its neck, and put it into my bag, for the Jampoun is good eating. A certain Royal Personage cries out, "Thool jemadar guddee gurrah!" "Ja, mynkeer!" I replied in the same tone, though not in the same language. But to me all languages are alike.‡

And in less than no time out rushed one of the finest sucking-pigs I've ever seen out of a dish. He made, squealing and squeaking savagely, for where the Hope of our Nation was standing, who fired five shots from his rifle, seven from his revolver, and then stood on the defensive with his sticker.

It was a moment of intense excitement. The sucking-pig jumped up furiously, the P—oe defended himself gallantly, but unfortunately, not being the old hand at it that I am, he had not learnt the trick of fence so necessary on these occasions. He fell on one knee; the pig was making a dash at him which would have proved fatal, and there was that expression on the pig's face which would have terrified the boldest of us, when I took one leap, and drawing the carving-fork (worn on these hunting excursions), I plunged it into the creature's back, while my knife soon settled the remainder of the question. He squealed horribly, but I crammed an apple and an onion into his mouth, and in another second our Cummerbunds had lighted a fire and were cooking our victim.

Of the affecting scene that followed it would not be becoming in us to speak. We wept on one another's shoulders. But I leave this to England's future historian. It was a glorious animal, measuring at least fourteen inches from the tip of his snout to the curl of his tail. We gathered about the fire, for the dews were falling, ate trotters and drank Hafiz (a sort of Indian Champagne, as you may see by the name, with "fiz" in it), and then rode home singing, "Mahout! Mahout!" the great hunting song in those parts.

I remain, in hot haste, ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA.

* There must be something wrong with our Dictionary. We've held it up to the light, we've turned it upside down, we've consulted solicitors and one of the Indian sweepers of the Metropolis, and we find that the Indian words used by our Correspondent in the above paragraph bear the following meanings. *Hakim*, a "physician;" and he says it's a "pig-huntsman." *Chont*, which he describes as another musical instrument is "one-fourth of the revenue claimed by conquerors of the soil." A *chupatty* is "an unleavened cake," and he makes "a bed" of it. A *bhansse*, which he turns into a "horse sixteen hands high," is, in the Dictionary, "a short-winged hawk;" and a *bund*, which he represents himself as flourishing like a whip, is "an embankment." *Devanee khás* is not a "pig-beater," but a "hall of audience;" *buckshees* is our old friend *bakhsheesh*—not a "pig," but a "gratuity;" and the *bunneer* is not a "shooting-lodge," but a "shopkeeper." We do begin to suspect our Correspondent, and really think we have fair ground for suspicion.—Ed.

† We have looked this word out. *Jampoun* is "a mountain sedan-chair." Can it be a mistake, or a misprint, or a *lapsus calami*?—Ed.

‡ We really do believe this.—Ed.

EPISCOPUS LOCUTUS EST.

An invitation, signed by all the head-masters but one of every great public school in England, to explain his behaviour towards Mr. GRIGNON has at length "drawn" the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. Nothing, in the Bishop's opinion, Mr. GRIGNON could say, could justify his tone and language touching the Trustees. That is BISHOP CLAUGHTON's brief but triumphant vindication of his rectitude in sanctioning Mr. GRIGNON's summary dismissal, having refused to hear him, or to return him any personal reply. No matter what provocation the Master of Felsted School had received from the Trustees, nor what length and amount of service he had done the school.—Had he been heard, of course he could not have proved more than that the latter had been immense and the former excessive. Even if he could have truly said all that, what then? The Bishop had predetermined to be moved by nothing he could say. No amount of merits, and no excuse, could be weighed against a little intemperate language. Now we see what caused his Lordship's long silence. It was a serene consciousness that the propriety of his course in confirming the Trustees' dismissal of Mr. GRIGNON was self-evident. BISHOP CLAUGHTON is announced shortly to officiate in a more strictly episcopal confirmation. There can be no fear that this will be at all prejudiced by comparison with the other.



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife (anxious about her Dinner-Party). "O, CHARLES! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS PRECIOUS PET OF YOURS HAS BEEN DOING? HE'S EATEN THE TURKEY AND SAUSAGES!"

Husband (anxious about his "precious Pet's" digestion). "GOOD HEAVENS, MARIA! NOT RAW, I TRUST!"

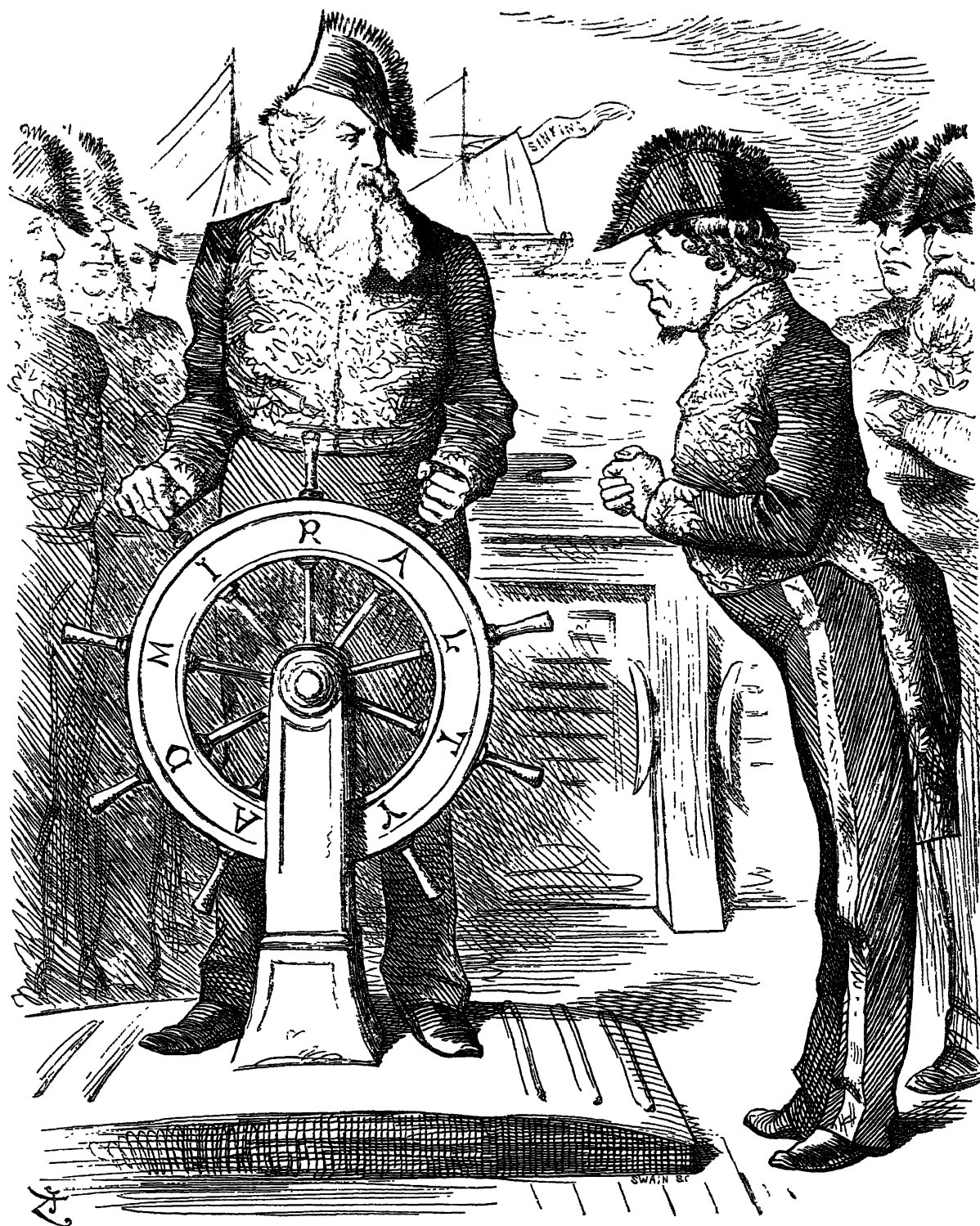
DERELICT! OR CARDINAL POINTS CORRECTED.

"For the last 300 years—in fact, ever since the Reformation . . . Oxford had sunk from being an authoritative teacher of God's truth to a collection of human schools wrangling over doubtful philosophy, while the open page of Holy Scripture, which Oxford still used as her armorial bearings, along with her sacred motto ('*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*') floated like a derelict on the waves of the ocean of strife."—CARDINAL MANNING at the opening of the *New Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius, at Oxford.*

BACK to the scenes which nursed his fervid youth,
To brand as false what then he preached as truth,
The neo-Cardinal comes. Those halls, those spires,
Those walls, once witness of the Martyrs' fires,
Memories of all he loved and all he taught,
In days when Oxford owned him, must have fought
Against Infallibility's new clutch,
If aught of tender self-distrust may touch
A dogma-branded breast. Now MANNING flouts
His ancient *Alma Mater*! Wicked doubts,
The brood of franchised thought, have wrecked her state,
Leaving her dubious, dark, degenerate,
The prey of creeds which wrangle and conflict—
Faith fled, and Truth itself a derelict!

And is it so? Is all indeed so dark,
Since Oxford cut adrift from Popedom's Ark?
More saintless, sageless lies she, or more low
Than thirty, or three hundred, years ago?
Nay, your Creed-Cosmos is a dream; thought's play
Shattered it then, and shatters it to-day,
And shall, till some more potent fiat come,
Than peals from yonder puzzled Priest at Rome.
How poor, how puerile, these priestly plaints
Against this fallen Nursery of Saints!
As though post-Reformation times were bare
Of noble names, whose record well might dare

Challenge the mediæval muster-roll
To free comparison. Science, when she stole
Tradition's rotten staff, left deathless Truth
With unswathed limbs, and still renescent youth,
Plumed for the race. It is not *we* who fight
Against the ever-brightening flood of light,
Which some—apt heirs of the old monkish whim
That deems all light religious which is dim—
Would darken and divert, nor trust to fall
Save through stained windows in a Church's wall.
Old Oxford's motto's ours; but then we know
Through new and broadening channels light may flow
From the old source,—nor will we close our eyes
To all save Orthodoxy's scant supplies,
Filtered through Rome's discoloured glasses! Nay!
Love night who will, we dare confront the day!
Derelict? Well, we've left the Papal ark,
Finding it but a crank and leaky bark,
Yet Truth is still our lode-star, and all *life*
Is but a struggle with that sea of strife
Whose waves so fright you, but to us appear
Less dread than the dull calm you hold so dear.
Derelict? Have *you* nought abandoned, too?
Freedom, the fearless following of the true,
Humbly and trustingly, to God's own ends?
An early love, and all the charm it lends
To Age's memories? Now your later faith
You'd set against your earlier, and would scathe
The tree which sheltered you because it bears
For fruit the outcome of your younger prayers.
Derelict? So we deem *your* faith to be,
Yet fain would wish you well, and leave you free
To anchor by that "rock" from which doth shine
The faint fixed light you doubtless deem divine.
We seek the dawn—that being *our* idea
Of "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*."



“THROW HIM OVER!”

DIZZY. “VERY SORRY, MY DEAR HUNT, TO DO ANYTHING DISAGREEABLE, BUT IF YOU *HAVE* SUCH A THING AS A *BOYTON DRESS* HANDY—”!

PUNCH ON THE RINK!

PART II.—*The Abuse of Skating.*

i.e., during the Season), the hated rivals of the Rink are Lord's and the Row. But the Rink has its friends in the persons of managing Mammas and ubiquitous Surgeons. The first superintendent the wounding of hardened hearts, and the last undertake the setting of broken arms. Flirtation thrives on the asphalt, the cement, and the wood, and many are the skaters who, while preserving their heads, have unconsciously lost their hearts. Nowadays, the education of that most wearisome of bores (in male society), the "ladies' man," is scarcely complete unless it includes amongst "the extras" a thorough knowledge of how to shout pretty things during the performance of the "outside edge." He may be able to sing "*Waiting to Die*," he may have mastered the difficulties of mewing like a cat, or barking like a dog, in obedience to the rules of some "innocent game;" nay, he may have even gone so far as to wear a scarf of many colours at a pic-nic, but unless he can skate upon wheels his popularity with the fair sex will be a thing of the past. Under these circumstances "ladies' men" can scarcely do better than practise spouting poetry on wheels. A drill-sergeant might be in attendance on these occasions to make suggestions. He might stand in a corner, and when necessary observe, "A little louder, if you please, Sir. You can't 'ear that there bit of TENNYSON at twenty yards' distance. A little louder, if you please." The allusion to the Poet Laureate naturally suggests the following lines, which may be considered very encouraging and useful to beginners:—

Early to tumble, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, stealthy, and wise.

The health and the wisdom may possibly be open to argument, but there can be no doubt about the stealth. The tiger creeping towards the unconscious negro destined to serve ere long for an *al fresco* dinner, is not more cautious in his movements than the tyro who has put on his skates for the first time.

Before teaching the young idea how to skate, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the public with a few useful

RINK PROVERBS.

It is the early comer who gets the Rink all to himself.

A foot on the ground is worth two in the air.

Five minutes on the Rink is as good as enough.

Too many tumbles spoil the temper.

You may take a wise man to the Rink, but you cannot make him skate.

Idleness is the root of all rinking.

Look before you tumble.

Give a puppy a bad start, and upset him.

It is a wise skater who knows his own absurdity.

Having unbosomed himself of the above encouraging maxims, *Mr. Punch* takes the young beginner by the hand, or rather by the ear, and gives him his practical advice on the subject of Skating.

Lesson the First—The Toe and Heel Step.

Stand up, with the feet turned out in the First Position. Now walk away with the toes turned out, the heel of one foot placed almost touching the toe of the other. Now give a sort of slide, and over you go. First tumble.

This is an easy exercise, and should be well practised. When the young beginner has mastered the falls in slow time, he should attempt them in quick.

Lesson the Second—The Glide Step.

Stand up as before, with the feet turned out in the First Position. Now take your right foot, and rest with your whole weight upon it. Give a sort of push with your left leg, remove it from the ground smartly, and you will find yourself reclining on the asphalt before memory regains her hastily-deserted throne. Second tumble.

Lesson the Third—The Best Step.

Sit down, read *Mr. Punch*, take off your skates, and go home.

If these three Lessons are properly taken to heart, they will be found almost more than enough for the most reckless of young beginners.

And now as to falls.

It is easy enough to tumble (the merest child can manage it); but to tumble with grace is quite a different matter. While you go carefully you will never fall suddenly. Remember there will be always a premonitory scramble, and this scramble will ever be found amusing by those who take an interest in your eccentric evolutions. Remember this, and make your scramble as quaint and intricate as possible. Say that the scramble is over, and you are reclining on the ground. (By the way, you will soon find yourself quite at home on the ground.) And now is the time to improve your opportunity.

The Majestic Tumble should be adopted by statesmen, historians, and dignitaries of the Church. The tumbler, on reaching the ground, should strike an attitude as nearly resembling, as possible, some well-known statue. "*The Dying Gladiator*" will be found most effective. If the tumbler carries an umbrella, the upper portion of "*The Apollo Belvidere*" may often be realised with genuine success. Should the fall lack dignity, the tumbler should at once assume the position of "*Ajax defying the Lightning*."

The Mysterious Crawl should be the favourite exercise of Chancery barristers and sensation novelists. The crawler should wrap his cloak about him, and seem to be inspecting the ground, with a view to the discovery of a secret panel. If he notices that he is observed by those who do not skate, he should immediately draw a large wide-awake hat over his brow, and dissemble.

The Mirth-Moving Smash is a capital fall for Comic Men, Amusing Rattles, and other pleasant persons belonging to similar classes of society. All the smashed one has to do, is to imitate the antics of a Christmas clown. Should he say, "Here we are again!" he will greatly add to the effect of the tumble. If he acts in amateur theatricals (which it is to be hoped he does), he may exclaim, "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Should he manage to break his leg in the tumble, and thus lay himself up for a month, he will find, on his return to society, that the accident has become even more popular than the fall itself.

Before taking leave of the subject, *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the public, would call attention to the existence of a couple of

RINK NUISANCES.

The Snob's Progress.—The Snob, after getting up his speed, suddenly backs, and moves blind-fold amongst a crowd of ladies and children. The result of this manoeuvre is a general stampede. If the snob is very quick he generally manages to knock over a couple of young ladies, and half a dozen tender little boys and girls, with results that often include broken arms and flattened noses.

The Fool's Slide.—The Fool bends his right leg until his head is within two feet of the ground. He then extends his left foot so that he appears to be a sort of natural "tea-pot." This vulgar inanity may be sometimes seen near the Addison Road.

And now, *Mr. Punch* having written what Skating on Wheels is, leaves it to his artist to describe in an initial what Skating on Wheels might be. One is a pleasant dream—the other an existing nightmare. *Mr. Punch* refuses to say "which is which"—no, that, for obvious reasons, should be left to the decision of *Mr. Punch's* readers.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR HIM?

ADVERTISERS are not seldom prone to blowing their own trumpets, but the following is rather an exception to the rule:—

A BACHELOR, elderly and somewhat infirm, having a moderate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, and who is likewise expert with a weeding hoe, seeks a HOME and EMPLOYMENT. A bracing air and easy access to the services of the Church indispensable.—Address, &c.

A smattering of classics, and some little skill in hoeing, can hardly be regarded as extraordinary acquirements; and we therefore cannot wonder that the advertiser makes no claim for any salary, but contents himself with seeking for employment and a home. Perhaps he hopes to vary the monotony of hoeing by digging out Greek roots: but these could little help him in the matter of his maintenance, and he quite forgets to mention his necessity for food. However bracing it may be, he can hardly live on air; nor, except as mental nutriment, can he expect to get much food by frequently attending the service of the Church.



LATEST FROM THE SHIRES.

Shorthorn. "YOU AIL FROM 'ARBORO', CAP'N, DOAN'T 'EE?"

Melton Exquisite. "NO; I AIL FROM BURTON, AND"—(aside)—"SHOULDN'T MIND A GLASS NOW!"

WHAT THE CARDINAL DID AT OXFORD.

He averted his gaze from poor benighted Balliol, and dropped a little tract into the Master's letter-box.

He scowled at the Martyrs' Memorial.

He went into St. Mary's, and sighed and shook his head at the University pulpit.

He frowned when he saw *Manning's Sermons* in a bookseller's window.

He called on Dr. PUSEY, but, unfortunately, an unavoidable engagement had obliged the Doctor to go out only a minute before.

He shuddered when he met two Heads of Houses in "the High," laughing and talking together, and seemingly careless of the doom awaiting them.

For old acquaintance sake he bought a pair of stockings at a celebrated hosier's, and was measured for a new hat at an eminent hatter's.

He listened once more to Great Tom, and mused on CARDINAL WOOLSEY.

He met his old scout, and gave him a sovereign—and a word of warning when he found that he was still clinging to the poor worn-out Church of England.

He fairly broke down when he passed the Schools, and thought of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

He looked with a longing eye at Christ Church Cathedral—and indulged in a vision of the day when, the Constitution of England re-modelled, the Members of the Legislature converted, the Dissenters exterminated, the Press suppressed, the Middle Classes hoodwinked, public opinion stifled, and the Universities restored to the happy condition in which they were before the Reformation—he should "officiate pontifically" in that misappropriated edifice.

He grew melancholy when he met so many promising young men walking in the paths of fatal error; but brightened up when he thought of the time (date not yet positively fixed) when the new University in France would attract all the youth and intellect and culture of Christendom, and Oxford be deserted—its Colleges and

Halls closed for want of students, its streets grass-grown, its public buildings in dilapidation, and its revenues applied to the maintenance of Jesuit seminaries.

MY BAKER'S MYSTERY.

Of late, on a dark evening, by my Baker's shop I passed. A neighbouring gaslight through the gloom its radiance dimly cast. On a high-laden cart it threw a faint and feeble light, Wherein, at his back premises' door, the cartload glimmered white.

It was, for all unaided sight availed me to divine, A lofty-towering pile of cubes, in substance crystalline, Like unto blocks of sugar-loaf, or cakes of concrete snow, Compressed, as in the globes which youth at one another throw.

What could it be? A horrid thought there flashed across my mind, With alkali and acid of a certain earth combined; Astringent, deleterious drug, wherewith 'tis soothly said That Bakers are accustomed to adulterate their bread!

I went a long and thoughtful walk; the cart, returning, found Had gone; a portion of its freight lay spilt upon the ground. I scraped a sample of it up and carried home with me, To try and ascertain what that commodity might be.

Some grains of it upon the fire I tentatively threw. The glowing coals gave up the thin familiar flame of blue. 'Twas common salt, O mind relieved! 'Twas nothing worse nor more:

Not alum, of which my Baker had been laying in a store.

Considering with how little salt a loaf of bread is made, I joy to think my Baker needs must drive a roaring trade, Since he so vast a magazine of salt requires to stow As I beheld him taking in to mingle with his dough.



NICOTIANA.

Edith. "I'M ASTONISHED, ARTHUR, THAT YOU CAN SIT HERE THIS LOVELY AFTERNOON, DOING NOTHING BUT THAT HORRID SMOKING!"

Arthur. "IF YOU'D BEEN WORKING HARD ALL MORNING, YOU'D BE GLAD TO SIT QUIET, TOO."

Edith. "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, PRAY?"

Arthur. "WHY, I'VE BEEN WALKING ALL ROUND THE FIELDS, PICKING UP CROW'S FEATHERS TO CLEAN MY PIPE WITH!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PIGS.

MR. PUNCH,

ZUR,—No doubt but what you be glad to hear as how the PRINCE OF WALES is enjoyun of his self pretty tolerable out there in Indiur. Arter all that are fuss and serramoney wi' the native Princes and Grandees a've got to goo droo, 'tis raly needful vor un now and tan to ha a little amusemunt, and what could be better nor a spoort and passtime as ood zim vor the momunt like to teak un back whoam agen to countree life? Ut quite did my heart good, and yourn too, I dare zay, to rade the follern messidge by wire t'other day from Barwhocada:—

"The PRINCE OF WALES and his party left Dutka at six o'clock this morning for pig-sticking."

Jest like what his Ryal Highnuss med a done at Sandrunham, where o' coorse a kips pigs, and, when there's a lot on um fit for killun, is custumed to git up early of a marnun to goo and zee um stuck; and what moor sootable recreaaishun fur a countree gentulmun? An oppurtoonaty o' gwiun a pig-stickun out in Indiur must ha ben just the thing vor un; and, by what follers, you can zee how a enters into the sperrit on't, so much so as at times for to take a hand in't his own self:—

"The Prince finally killed one pig."

No doubt to show them there native Rulers and chaps the right way o' dooun on't. Talk o' pig-stickun, I'm bound to zay he

SONGS FOR THE NAVY.

THE acute faculties of *Mr. Punch* enable him, without going into the gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, to detect even a whisper. It has been whispered that as a last resource, the Authorities of the Admiralty have determined to resuscitate the spirit which is generally supposed to have animated our seamen in the days of NELSON by circulating a choice collection of songs throughout the Navy. There being no DIBDIN among us, the productions of various authors, from SHAKESPEARE downwards, will be selected for the occasion, and will include,—

"Full Fathom Fire," "Down Among the Dead Men," "On Yonder Rock Reclining," "Come Unto these Yellow Sands," "Poor Jack," "How Little Do the Landmen Know," "Down, Derry, Down," "Man the Life-Boat," and many others of an equally lively character.

It is also proposed to alter some of our nursery rhymes for the education of our future sailors. As a specimen of what may be done in that way, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to publish the following:—

When we're built up, up, up!
Then we go down, down, down!
Sometimes stern first, sometimes forward,—
But soon we'll be round, round, round!

Enough has been said to give the reader some idea of the interesting scheme which is in contemplation, and to rouse the inventive faculties of those who would wish to aid in the great work. All *Mr. Punch* can suggest at present is that something might be made out of the "Last Lines" of poor THOMAS INGOLDSBY, altered to

"As I lay a synkyng, a synkyng, a synkyng!"

Uncommon Affection.

A MAN, seventy-four years old, who lived a lonely and penurious life in one of the meanest slums in Manchester, was found by the police the other day dead in his house. In a safe which they discovered on searching the premises, he had left behind him deeds and mortgage-bonds to the value of £12,000, besides £200 in gold. A journal announces these particulars in a paragraph headed with "Death of a Miser." It adds that "Death resulted from enlargement of the heart." Not exactly the sort of complaint one would imagine a miser to have been troubled with.

The Real Motto for Oxford.

(By an Ancient Mariner.)

"WATER, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink!"

show'd his self that handy he meead zome on 'um stare like stuck pigs theirselves to zee un. Ut sims a didn't kill no moor nor one pig. Jest one or two fur practus, once in the way or so, I take ut, 's enuff to kip his hand in; and the PRINCE o' WALES, like all the rest on us, 'cept the regular pig-butchers, dwoant kill a pig every day.

Wi' that observaashun to conclude, I be, Zur,

Your obajunt Sarvunt,

Chook, Bacon Hill, Styford, Nov., 1875.

CHIDDLUNS.

Premature.

"The term 'Attorney' is now abolished."

No more Attorneys? What good news!

All fears of law it banishes:

Too sanguine are these roseate views—

'Tis but the name that vanishes!

Biter not Bit.

THE late MR. MORSE, the celebrated humorist, was greatly addicted to saying disagreeable things. Yearly, at the regular season, he used to go and stay at the sea-side. Even there he never feared to sleep in a lodging-house. He was so intensely bitter that the fleas would never bite him.

FOX-HUNTING AND FALLS.



HAIR: "Success to Fox-Hunting!" This toast, given by VISCOUNT HARDINGE, at the annual dinner of the West Kent Fox-Hunters, the other day, at Penshurst, was drunk, of course, with acclamation. But could not Fox-Hunting possibly be too successful? In India, Tiger-Hunters might drink "Success to Tiger-Hunting!"—which, as generally understood, would imply the extermination of tigers, and, consequently, an end of hunting them.

Who, except very utilitarian but short-sighted farmers, are they that would wish Fox-Hunting to succeed so?

In a Fox-Hunter's sense, "Success to Fox-Hunting" means, on the contrary, no end of Fox-Hunting, and, therefore, perpetuity to the breed of Foxes. In prefacing that toast, proposed in that point of view, with an appropriate speech, the noble Viscount said:—

"He had ventured to touch lightly on the accidents of Fox-Hunting, and he would allude as lightly to the drawbacks. There were drawbacks to every sport. There were such things as broken fences, and, unfortunately, the foxes ate pheasants, and they ate chickens, too. But, as he had said before, all the difficulties could be overcome by a spirit of good will and conciliation."

Doubtless; all the difficulties about the poultry and game devoured, and the fences broken. But how to get over the difficulty of other breakage—that of broken bones? For, though even this drawback to Fox-Hunting can to a large extent be surmounted by surgery, it is occasionally insuperable. Now and then Fox-Hunting results in a broken neck, which no science can set to. The only wonder is that this difficulty does not happen more often. The infrequency of serious accidents in the hunting-field happening to be mentioned to a late eminent Surgeon, he, in reply, with a dreadful disrespect for a noble sport, accounted for it by quoting the adage that, "Providence takes care of drunken men and fools." Where can he have gone to?

MUSIC AND ITS MURDERERS.

THERE are some people in the world who seem never to shrink from annoying other people. They take the wrong side of the pavement when they walk along the streets, and either push you off it, or elbow you aside. They swing their walking-sticks about, so as to hit you in the eye if you happen to be near them; or they tread upon your heels by coming suddenly behind you, and with the point of their umbrellas, couched like lances at a tournament, they prod you in the back. Such people take delight in coming last into a theatre, and treading on your toes while stalking to their stalls. Such persons are especially a nuisance in a concert-room, which they are pretty sure to enter with abundant noise and bustle after the commencement, and to leave with the like tumult in the midst of the last piece.

To persons such as these does MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL make a sensible appeal, beseeching them to cease from worrying the audience, as well as the performers, at the Monday Popular Concerts, where so charming is the music that there is no excuse for spoiling it by noise. Says MR. CHAPPELL on the matter:—

"The inconvenience is not merely felt by earnest listeners, but by the Artists themselves, who have to begin the concert and also to bring it to a conclusion, and whose attention is inevitably distracted."

The person who disturbs a concert-room in this way is one whom it were flattery to call a selfish snob. Better far that he or she should stay at home, and go to sleep over the newspapers, than come to worry people by unmannerly intrusion, and disturbance of their pleasure. Though secular in general, the music at the Monday

Concerts may be looked upon as sacred to the cause of Art. It should be listened to with reverence, and not interrupted wantonly. The works of MENDELSSOHN and BEETHOVEN are works of inspiration; and such of them as may not be adapted for a Church, should not be spoiled by brawling, when given by a CHAPPELL.

PUNCH'S NAVAL SIGNAL CODE.

(For the Use of Iron-clads.)

Distinguishing Pennant.	Number.	Signal.
Red	27,423	Great fun.
"	2	Immense joke.
"	4	We are sinking.
"	578	Got no ammunition on board.
"	1	The Captain is asleep.
"	17,865	First Lieutenant is playing on the piano.
"	4,809	First Lieutenant just taken G sharp.
"	43	The Second Lieutenant is smoking in the empty powder-magazine.
"	783	The Midshipmen are skating on wheels on the Quarter-deck.
"	18,405	The Navigating Lieutenant is reading a novel.
"	4	The Crew have just heard that we are sinking.
White	1	The Crew are putting on their new clothes to sink in.
"	3	The Captain is waking up.
"	49,076	The Captain is awake.
"	2	We have carried away three anchors.
Blue	1	The pumps won't work.
"	2	We are getting into the boats.
"	74,899	We are trying to save the ship.
"	3	All the water-tight compartments are open.
"	4,609	We shall have time to dine comfortably before the ship goes down.
"	99,999	We are returning from the boats.
"	88,743	We are trying to plug up a hole in the side of the vessel.
"	4	We are resigned to our fate.
"	2	We shall not have any amateur theatricals to-night in consequence of the disaster.
Black	4	This sinking is putting out all our arrangements.
"	7	The Captain is much annoyed.
"	8	So is the First Lieutenant.
"	9	So is the Navigating Lieutenant.
"	25	So are the Midshipmen.
"	49,760	We are in deep water.
"	99,876	The engines are at work.
"	3	Fires in the engine-room gone out.
"	1	Can you help us?
"	5	We are leaving the ship.
"	10	Order dinner for us on shore.
Green	1	The ship has sunk.

The Judicature Acts.

MESSES. BUTTERWELL have sent for our revision the proof sheets of a work on these Acts by MR. J. C. DAY, Q.C., and MR. A. G. MARTEN, Q.C. The learned editors indulge in so many adverse criticisms on the Act, that we would suggest, as a title for their treatise, "*Day and Marten's Blacking*."

A PRETTY PASS.

MR. PUNCH's cook has actually declined to clean the steps during Christmas week on the ground that she will be too much absorbed in "the affairs of Turkey"!

TO A HOST OF CORRESPONDENTS.

You are all wrong. The KHEDIVÉ's act in selling his shares in the Canal to England is one of self-preservation—not a Suez-cidal one.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BRITONS AND TURKS.—The one pays his debts like a man, the other like a Not-a-man!



"'TIS AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

First Sweeper. "I SAY, BILL, I CALLS THIS SOMETHINK LIKE WEATHER!"

Second Sweeper. "BEAUTIFUL!"

SEASONABLE APPEALS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

A LETTER wun Day larst Weak appear'd in the *times*, hunder 'eadin' of "South London Poor." Close beneath it stood another edded "Pauperism in Southampton." This here valuable Contribution was sined by "An Inhabitant" of that Town; the t'uther, a ignorant efusion, by 3 Members of the "South London Visiting and Relief Committee," includin' the Rewral Dene of Southerk. Leter 1 contaned a absurd "appeal to the benevolent for assistance," meanin harms for the Pore. Leter 2 was a Statement and Complaynt that over Release of the Pore 'ad encurridged Porperism. The former inwited Hasses to open their Pusses, the latter warn'd 'em for to buton upp their Pockitts.

Acordin' to "An Inhabitant" of Southampton the Number of Porpers in that unfortnit Town "annually increases, and now amounts to over one-fifth of the population." He hadds:—

"Indeed there is but one Union under 60,000 inhabitants that spends so much money as Southampton on the relief of the poor."

The emount thus annivally and orfully wasted at Southampton is no Less, Sir, than £23,000! The "Inhabitant" of Southampton is werry matterally Asham'd of 'is Naybors for so Grossly Misapplyin all that Munny. But that ain't all their Rewinus Extravagance wot increases the Growth of Porperism:—

"This growth is assisted by the unorganised and indiscriminate charity which is lavishly squandered in the town. For example, last year 14,435 of its 50,000 inhabitants received gratuitous medical relief, or one to 3½ of its inhabitants."

So, you see, Sir, it's nõt honly Porochial proddigallaty but likewise Privat at Southampton wot Encurridges the Brede of them wishus Porpers. Wot sez Porochial Heconomy—wõtch I'm told a irreverend Riter, as ort to No Beter, calls the "Dismal Science"? Leave the Pore aloan, let 'em die orf, and their Sufferins be an exampel to all others, to larn and labor and Wuk as hard as hever they possibel can to kep Sole and Body together and put by enuff Munny to save theirselves in Old Age from dyin of starvation. On

the contrary, at Southampton there's Private "charity" besides the Workus, and the Workus heven made Comfortable, witch ortent to be the case for Nobody but the Master and Matron, includin', in corse, the Beedle.

'Tis like Clergymen and Rawral Denes to make Benevolent Appeals. They don't Kno no Better. Feed the ungary and Cloath the Nakid, and wisit the Sick, fizzleally—that's their Noshon of Charity, and So, in Wether like the Late their Cry is still Coles and Blankits and Soop Kitchins for the Pore. Ar! They takes words in the Littoral Sense witch Porochial Heconomy teeches is True in jest the Rewerse. Talk of "DIVES and LAZARUS"! Where the Former was Rong was in alowin the Latter any Crums at All. He ortn't to ave let 'im 'ave none. Then he'd have made 'im move on and Not lay and die at 'is Dore. That's my Moral of it, *Mr. Punch*; insted of witch not honly in Southampton, but also the Metropolis where Porochial Principles ort abuv all Places to prewale, no dout but wot this Winter besides the Reglar Pore Rates, there'll be all sorts of Subscriptions, specially in sewere cold, to porwidge Close, Beddin, Food, and Fewel for the Pore, and Likewise praps, heven Gratew-itchus Meddical Attendance abuv all things, to keep 'em from perishin, and in that way adishonally elp increase the Growth of Porperism by 'inderin' of it from diminshin' thru the beneficent hoperation of the Nateral Lørs. Despiseable weakness! Far different is the Enlarg'd Ideers of Inlighten'd Charrity as hunderstood by hall sound and True Porochial Heconomists, and witch is clearly the Vues of an "Inhabitant" of Southampton. I'm proud to say also them is the Sentiments of

Your Dewoted Beadel,

BUMBLE.

To whom it may Concern.

A PLAINTIFF, in a case in the LORD MAYOR'S Court the other day, described himself as "the Inventor of White Hair." *Mr. Punch* having always entertained the idea that an old gentleman named TIME had something to do with the invention, begs to draw attention to what looks very like an infringement of patent.

SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER.



AR from pretending to the gift of weather prophecy himself, *Mr. Punch* may frankly state that he feels there is no weather profit at all in the present reign of slush, sleet, snow-water, and general discomfort. He began collecting weather-

symptoms the other day; but stopped after gathering the fore-and back-casts following:—

A snowball in his neck, hurled thither by a small boy.

A violent sore throat, and protracted fits of sneezing without the stimulant of a snuff-box.

Chilblains and chapped hands, despite the warmest gloves to cover them. Beard frozen to moustache, so that he scarce can get his mouth open to hail a passing Hansom.

Blue lips and a red nose, together quite destructive to his beauty.

A sudden slip on a street slide, which, if it does not fracture his skull or his leg, sends his heart into his mouth, and his hat upon the pavement.

Attacks upon his knocker by an army of belligerents, who besiege his dwelling daily with shouts of "Ave your door sweep!"

Attacks—if not a tax—upon his pocket by all manner of petitioners, from sham sailors frozen out to starters of soup-kitchens.

A horribly bad cold, which utterly destroys his taste for a cigar; and a biggish doctor's bill which follows on the general influenza of his family.

SOMETHING LIKE A GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I TURN to you in a time of trouble, as I know that nothing will induce you to betray my confidence by making this communication public.

I arrived at my house unexpectedly this morning from the country, where I had been on business. I was tired and cold, and determined not to go to my office, but to enjoy my Penates in Veneering Square. If ever a man yearned for the bosom of his family, I was that man.

On my arrival I was somewhat surprised to see the cook at the area-gate conversing with two rather suspicious-looking men; and I just caught sight of the housemaid in rapid retreat, she having observed me. I let myself in with my latch-key, intending to mention the matter to my wife, or one of my daughters. I looked into the dining-room. The fire was out, and there was a general air of untidiness and discomfort. In the breakfast-room I found the page-boy taking a hasty snack from a particularly choice game pie, the breakfast-things not having been removed. I learned from this functionary that no one was at home. My eldest daughter had gone to the skating-rink, my second daughter had gone out to lunch, but I could glean no other facts from my male domestic.

I subsequently found my youngest daughter, who should have been "practising," promenading the square with a moustached young gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance I do not enjoy. With, I hope, becoming modesty, I took the liberty of asking my daughter where her Mamma might

happen to be. Her reply stunned me, *Mr. Punch*, absolutely stunned me! "Why—didn't JANE tell you? She's gone with that dear LADY SHOCKERLY to hear that most interesting murder case at the Old Bailey!" I staggered into my solitary abode, and actually was obliged to take four glasses of sherry before I could sit down and write this. What can I do? Yours in all wretchedness,

PATERFAMILIAS.

Dec. 1, 1875.

P.S.—Five P.M. The late Wife of my bosom has just returned, and says she has had "a most charming day."

Horrible!

YOU MUST NOT SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

A new Sea Song, by the Ghost of CHARLES DIBDIN.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the First Lord of the Admiralty.)

ENGLAND is proud of her Iron-clad Fleet,
That all the rest of the world can beat;
Of each mighty monster of the deep,
That at half-a-million is dirt-cheap,
In whose guns the old Vikings' lord of thunder
Wakes again to strike foes with wonder.
The Fleet that will make all navies reel,
If you never Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

What if an Iron-clad sink its twin?
'Tis just that way that fights begin.
Whitehall is pleased that it ended so.
The enemy now our power will know.
What if after, the iron monster tried,
In remorse perchance, a suicide?
It failed, and intelligent folk must feel
'Tis wrong to Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

Another monster starts on her trip
By running into a timber-ship.
'Twas "Shiver my timbers!" once, my mates;
This time it came to "Shiver my plates!"
Well, neither sank, and if, by-and-by,
Some of us would fain know the reason why,
A delicate scruple we seem to feel,
Since you mustn't Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

On the *Iron Duke* an "investigation
Strictly private," must please the nation:
England, of course, don't care to know
Why to DAVY JONES her Iron-clads go;
So an Admiral and Captains three
A confidential Court will be:
And their verdict will that axiom seal—
You mustn't Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

For the sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft—
If Cherubs e'er swear, he must do it off—
Poor JACK should pray for a smart engineer,
And a kettle of steam that will swim and steer.
Once a sink, or a smash, or a sudden capsize
Would have made old salts make free with their eyes;
But now civility outdoes zeal,
And we never swear at the Man at the Wheel.

Now is there nobody knows what's what?
Have we a Navy or have we not?
Have the men who invent, and the men who contract,
Grown all of them bunglers, in point of fact?
Are we land-lubbers all, who contrive to catch
For the head of our Navy the worst of the batch?
Put a Seaman there with the duffers to deal—
Then you may talk to the Man at the Wheel.

Respice Finem.

(By a Crusty Critic.)

MR. DISRAELI is credited by all parties with a fine stroke of policy in his purchase of the KHEDIVES Suez Canal Shares for £4,000,000. Wait a while. The Continental Press generally speaks well of it. Nevertheless, it may possibly turn out an advantage for England. We shall see.



"MARCH OF REFINEMENT," 1875.

Brown (behind the Age, but hungry). "GIVE ME THE BILL OF FARE, WAITER."

Head Waiter. "BIG PARDON, SIR?" Brown. "THE BILL OF FARE."

Head Waiter. "THE WHAT, SIR? O!—AH!—YES!"—(to Subordinate)—
"CHAWLES, BRING THIS—THIS—A—GEN'LEMAN—THE MENOO!"

FASHIONABLE STREET-SWEEPERS.

LADIES, pay attention, if you please, to an important piece of news. We quote it from a letter by a fashionable writer on the Paris winter fashions:—

"Dark green and grey, with check patterns, are the favourite shades for dresses. These are worn both in and out of doors much longer than last year; the skirt, flat in front, grazes the ground at the sides, and runs off in a long narrow peak, trailing a full yard on the ground."

Crossing-sweepers are but seldom to be seen in Paris, but while the present fashion lasts their presence is not needed. Their work will be, no doubt, efficiently performed by Ladies with their pretty dresses trailing on the ground a yard or so behind them. Dark green and grey, being rather sombre colours, are quite fit for winter wear; but, considering the state to which long skirts must speedily be brought by dragging in the dirt, we should have recommended mud-colour, as being still more suitable. Check patterns are clearly *à propos*, in our opinion. It must be rather costly work to let your wife's dress play the part of the besom of a crossing-sweeper; and her costume may fitly show the figure of the cheque which you have paid for it.

A FARTHING'S WORTH OF FEELINGS.

In the Queen's Bench division of the Supreme Court of Judicature the other day, a MISS FRANCES SHIRREFF sued a MR. CRYSTAL for breach of promise of marriage. MR. CRYSTAL, according to law report, "is an old gentleman with some private means." MISS SHIRREFF "is a dressmaker. Her father said he believed she was more than forty years old, but he did not know how much more." They had quarrelled over the purchase of a table, for which the plaintiff wanted to give what the defendant thought too much; whereupon, it was stated, she had called him "a stingy old Scotchman"; but this she denied. Defendant, on his part, denied that

THE CANNIBAL SNAKE.

"A SNAKE-EATING SNAKE—Difficulties have arisen in feeding the large Indian Hamadryad (*Ophiophagus elaps*) in the Zoological Society's Gardens, in consequence of his refusal of all other food except living snakes, which in the winter time it is not easy to procure in this country. A supply, however, has been received from the Continent, and the *Ophiophagus* has just made a fresh meal. The monster is now engaged in digesting the sixty-second of his 'weaker brethren' that he has devoured since his arrival in this country in March last."

So snake eats snake! There is no mistake;
The epicure pines if he can't get snake;
His fast on aught else declines to break—

This *Elaps ophiophagus*

Dinnerless let such a time elapse
That his keepers thought he might die perhaps,
So all Europe o'er they for snakes set traps,
To save him from his sarcophagus.

"Beautiful women born to deceive,
Blooming to fascinate, cruel to grieve,
Daughters are of the Serpent of Eve!"—
So says an old Welsh Triad.

But O, ophiologists, tell us why
You have stolen a star from poesy's sky,
And called this creature, slimy and sly,
By the name of the Hamadryad?

The nymph that was born and died with an oak—
(Divine Greek fantasy!) is it a joke
When into her happy place you poke
An adder-eating adder?

Spirit she was of the Tree of Zeus;
And to see of her lovely name such use
Makes one wish ophiologists all at the deuce—
Though snakes would be none the sadder.

Elaps ophiophagus! though a snake!
Your conduct sympathy ought to awake
In the breast of man, who shrinks not to take
The blood or the cash of his brother.

You'll be the fashion, I venture to swear:
So when round you crowd the Bull and the Bear,
With their jewelled wives and daughters fair,
You may fairly hiss out, "You're another!"

ENTIRE ABOLITION OF BETTING-HOUSES.—A change for the Better.

he had ever promised to marry plaintiff. That, of course, no British Jury could be expected to believe. This one returned a verdict for the plaintiff, but a verdict—in a typical case of crushed affections, lacerated feelings, and blighted hopes, will it be credited?—of "Damages one farthing." The Jury, moreover, that awarded to a confiding girl this uncommonly moderate compensation for a broken heart, was a Common Jury; presumably composed of shopkeepers, husbands, and fathers. Is a verdict so contrary to all precedent, but so nearly in accordance with common-sense as that given by them in a breach of promise of marriage case, one of the first fruits of the fusion of Law with Equity?

OUR OWN BOOK LIST.

Tales of Lillie Bridge. By the Author of *The Story of Marco Polo*.

How to Shake Hands. By the Author of *Social Pressure*.

Music and Morals. An Essay on Dancing Licences. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL (Rooms).

The Elephant and Castle. A Tale of India. By Our Special Correspondent with H.R.H.

Feet Rinker. By the Author of *Hans Bunker, or the Silver Skates*.

Our Great Reformers. By the Author of a Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Levelling.

With Organ and Five Shillings. By the Author of *With Harp and Crown*.

None of your Sauce! A Novelette. By the Author of *Memorials of Harvey*.

Badminton! A Poem. By the MARQUIS OF LAWN-TENNISON.
Blackballed at the Stock Exchange. By the Author of *The Pillars of the House*.

Butts and Chimneys. By the Author of *Casque and Cowl*.



SUGGESTED ILLUSTRATION

FOR "DR. DARWIN'S MOVEMENTS AND HABITS OF CLIMBING PLANTS."

(See Murray's List of Forthcoming Works.)

** We had no notion the Doctor would have been so ready to avow his connection with his quadrumanous ancestors—the tree-climbing Anthropoids—as the title of his work seems to imply.

PUNCH AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

(Another Chapter from the "Progress.")

THE early days of December had come, the time for Annuals and extra numbers was at hand, and Christmas, with its traditions of holly, mistletoe, bills, and empty chairs, loomed in the future. *Punch* sat in his study, pondering over a paper. As his eagle eye rested on column after column of crimes and disasters, he sighed. Turning, impatiently, from the news, he perused the advertisements, and found that London was living in the week of the Cattle-Show. He paused in his reading, and memory carried him back to the days when the unhappy "exhibits" were stalled in Baker Street, where the Chamber of Horrors up-stairs found a faint reflection on the ground-floor. *Punch* thought, "It is better now. The Agricultural Hall is large and airy. The beasts are to be congratulated on their change of quarters."

"Are you going this year, Master?" asked *Toby*.

"Are you?" was the questioning reply.

"Certainly not," said the Wisest of Dogs, with decision. "Sheep may amuse collies with nothing better to do, and oxen may please those thick-headed individuals, the bull-dogs, but as for myself I hate Shows."

"You go to the Dog-Show at the Crystal Palace," said *Punch*.

"Only out of duty, my dear Master," replied *Toby*. "You see the Heads of the Profession are there, and it would never do for me to absent myself. It would be sure to be remarked, and dogs (especially those foreign creatures, the Maltese) are so spiteful. Now confess—were there a Show of Men, would you not attend it?"

"No. I hate Reviews. I carefully avoid Aldershot and the Curragh. I never go to Reviews."

"I said a Show of Men—not an Exhibition of Boys." And *Toby* was silent.

Punch sat in his arm-chair, and listened to the singing of the kettle. He murmured to himself, "An Exhibition of Men!" and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the study was brilliantly illuminated. He could not account for this sudden increase

in the lighting of his cozy little room. The gas was burning as dimly as ever, and the fire was red and flameless.

"How do you do, *Mr. Punch*?"

Punch started, and then became conscious of a very Bright Personage indeed. This Bright Personage seemed to take to *Punch* at once.

"I belong to a very large family, Sir," said the Bright Personage. "Hundreds and thousands of my brothers have been introduced to the Public by you, *Mr. Punch*."

"Indeed! And who may you be?"

"My father's name is Imagination, and I am called The Idea. You were thinking that, instead of visiting the Cattle Show, you would like to see something of the sort of greater novelty. Now I can help you."

"You! The Idea!" exclaimed *Punch*, contemptuously.

"Wait until you have seen my power," said the Bright Personage. "Follow me, and you will find that you have already left your study."

And the Bright Personage was right. *Punch* had certainly followed The Idea far away from home. He was standing in the Agricultural Hall.

"Now come with me!" Again following The Idea, *Punch* found himself near a number of strange-looking men. Two were fighting furiously as he came up to them. They paused for a moment in their combat as *Punch* approached, and then he found that their blows were made of hard words and little else besides.

"What are you quarrelling about?" asked *Punch*.

"Quarrelling, is it?" cried one of them. "And it is quarrelling that we are! Come now, I like that."

"What are you doing, then?"

"Why can't you see? Are we not an elegant band of united brothers a-honouring the greatest peace-maker of the age—the Liberator, DAN O'CONNELL?" And the fight was resumed.

"Band of brothers!" exclaimed *Punch*. "Why you don't seem to be agreed upon any one point."

"It's wrong ye are!" they shouted together. "We agree about Home Rule!" And the combat was conducted with increased fury.

"And who are these strange animals?" asked *Punch* of his guide.

"Bulls from Ireland."

"The Idea!" murmured *Punch*, who now found himself before another pen.

He was now in the presence of a number of Ladies. The first who attracted his attention was dressed in the most gorgeous garments. Her attire was made up of velvet, satin, and fur. She wore magnificent jewellery; evidently no expense had been spared to make her costume attractive.

"May I ask who you are, Madam?" said *Punch*, with his habitual politeness.

"Certainly. I am the COUNTESS OF SCATTERCASH."

"I congratulate your Ladyship upon your charming appearance."

"O, don't speak of it, my dear *Mr. Punch*," said the Countess, hastily. "The fact is, the Earl's estates are dreadfully mortgaged, and the bills of my dressmakers are a fearfully sore point with him. But you see I must follow the lead of my dear friend the Duchess."

And then *Punch* noticed that all the other Ladies were dressed in exactly the same fashion. One was the wife of a hard-working professional man; another, "the lady" of a tradesman living beyond his means; a third, the daughter of a retired Major existing on half-pay. To these persons *Punch* put but one question, "Why do you dress like this?" and the answer he received was, "Because we are pleased to be like the COUNTESS OF SCATTERCASH; and because we will be like her Ladyship until the names of our respective husbands or fathers appear in the list of bankrupts!"

"And who are these strange creatures who follow one another so closely and so foolishly?" asked *Punch*.

"Sheep from England."

"The Idea!"

And now *Punch* was standing before a group of Men with greedy eyes and cruel mouths. Their foreheads receded, and there was an air of stupidity about them which was particularly unpleasant and irritating. They were speaking in French, and seemed to be in a very angry mood.

"What is the matter?" asked *Punch*, using the Gallic tongue with the purest accent.

"Look here, Sir!" they shouted together. "We are simple-minded peasants. We cheat one another all the year round. We are accustomed to do it. A Parisian comes to live in our midst, and we cheat him. He objects, and we try to kill him, and he objects once more! Did you ever hear the like before? O how aggrieved we are!"

"Who are these amiable persons?" said *Punch*.

"Untamed donkeys from France!"

"The Idea!"

And now *Punch* was standing before a hulking scoundrel, with the most repulsive of countenances imaginable. On this scoundrel's feet were heavy boots, and in this scoundrel's hand was a bludgeon.



DELIGHTFUL ESCORT.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, MUM, GIVE US YER HAND, AND WE'LL SLIDE YER DOWN EASY, AND YON CHAPS 'LL STOP US!"

"Why do you wear such monstrous boots, and why do you carry so terrible a bludgeon?"

The scoundrel grinned a hideous grin, and answered, "Just to keep my Missus 'n order with, Guv'nor."

"And what animal is this?" asked *Punch*.

"The animals repudiate him."

"Well, then, what is he called?"

"He is called—a Man!"

"You have been making such a noise in your sleep, Master," said *Toby*.

"So would you, if you had seen the Man-Show," replied *Punch*, rubbing his eyes, and recovering from his slumber.

"The Man-Show! Why, what is it like?"

"I will tell you," answered *Punch*, now quite wide awake. "It is twice as instructive, but not half so amusing, as the Cattle-Show in Islington!"

THE SENSIBLE GHOSTS.

A Story for Christmas.

I HAD been sitting before the fire reading. In my hand had been a small red book—bound in leather. For hours the walls of the old oak dining-room had echoed and re-echoed with my roars of heart-felt laughter.

O it was a good book. A clever one. Full of quaint stories and brim-full of excellent pictures. It conveyed information too most useful to professional men. I was a professional man myself, and I had found it useful—very useful.

And I had read this excellent book twice from beginning to end. The fire was going out, and the candles were burning low in their sockets. I got up to go to bed. As I rose from my chair the clock struck twelve. The clock of the village church hard-by. I could not account for it, but the tones of the old church clock filled me with a sort of strange alarm—a feeling of vague mistrust. Why was it?

I rose to go, I repeat, when facing me I found a Shadowy Figure! There was no doubt about it. My blood froze in my veins, the hairs of my head stood on end. I was in the presence of a Ghost!

The Shadowy Figure glided across the floor towards the table. O that I could forget that moment of intense dread! Even now my cheek blanched, and my hand trembles as I write of it! It was too terrible! too awfully terrible!

LES PAUVRES DE PARIS.

THE Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* tells us that "the otherday PRINCESS DE SAGAN wore a pelisse made entirely of ermine studded all over with diamonds set in turquoises;" also that "the cloaks to be seen on the fair shoulders of the PRINCESSE DE SAGAN, MADAME DE TALLEYRAND, and MADAME DE ROTHSCHILD represent each, in fur alone, a value of £4000 sterling." This is going too far with a vengeance! Somebody ought to interfere, and take up the subject, as this is evidently a "great Pelisse case." Seriously, aren't there any poor in Paris? Isn't it going to be a hard winter? and, instead of four thousand covering the value of one of these cloaks, wouldn't one of these cloaks cover the freezing misery of four thousand, and, in the end, considerably enrich the wearer? The Parisian unscriptural motto seems to be, just now, "*Fiat Lux.*"

A Reformed Character.

REMEMBER, remember,
Be just to November,
Now ended and vanished away:
By Magog and Gog,
Was there ever a fog,
Save that on my Lord Mayor's Day?

A NEW READING OF MR. IRVING'S IN *MACBETH*.—"Throw *Physique* to the dogs!"

I could not speak, I could not move. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my arms hung listlessly beside me. And as I gazed at the Shadowy Figure the candles in the sockets began to burn a faint blue. O that I could forget! O that I could forget!

And even as I looked at the first Shadowy Figure the door opened, and a second Ghost entered the room, and my brain reeled, and I felt old before my time.

"Have you got it?" The voice sounded so sepulchral. It was the second Ghost who was speaking.

"Not yet!" was the terrible blood-freezing reply.

I summoned up all my courage. I am generally considered a brave man, and I nerved myself for the task, the terrible task before me.

"What do you want here?" My voice sounded so strange that I scarcely recognised it. It seemed to be the voice of a horror-stricken lunatic.

"We must have it!" shrieked the first Ghost. "We cannot rest without it! It is our only solace! It consoles us all the year round! We read it together, and forget (so entranced are we in its glorious pages) to roam about the castles we were appointed originally to haunt. For your own sake give it to us, and you shall not see us again until next year."

"Take it from him by force!" shouted the second Ghost. "Tell him that we *will* have it!"

The beads of perspiration gathered thickly on my brow. I trembled in every limb.

"What do you want, Gentlemen?"

"*Mr. Punch's Pocket Book for 1876.*"

When I recovered from my swoon the apparitions and the red leather-covered book were gone!!!

Proverbial Philosophy.

OUR quaint old proverbs are continually receiving illustration from modern doings and sayings. For example. The Town Council of Maidenhead (charming retreat! inseparably associated with the memory of delightful dinners) have been specially entertaining a proposition to the effect "that the Mayor do receive a salary of £250 a-year." Now, can any one doubt that those who advocated this munificent proposal were influenced by the recollection of the sterling adage which instructs us that "*Money makes the Mayor to go*"?



GENEROUS SELF-DENIAL.

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MRS. MIRABEL! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GIVEN UP SUCH A FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT!"

Mrs. Mirabel (stout Lady of considerable personal attractions). "O DEAR, NO! BUT—A—YOUNG MEN ARE SCARCE, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S QUITE FAIR TO THE GIRLS, YOU KNOW!"

WHAT THEY (AND WE) SAY ABOUT IT.

In France.—That it is worthy of England the perfidious.
That England is accustomed to the changing of coats.
That the French Government has neglected to do its duty.
That an angry note should have been sent from Paris to the Court of St. James.

That if this had been done England would have trembled, and the transaction would have been repudiated.

That a further proof has just been given that England is merely a nation of shop-keepers.

That all Englishmen are cowards.

That all Frenchmen are heroes.

That in spite of everything, the incident only increases the glory of France.

In Germany.—That England may (with the kind consent of the EMPEROR OF GERMANY), do what she pleases in this matter.

That Germany, on account of the relationship existing between the two peoples, will not interfere.

That Germany acknowledges the judicious good feeling displayed by England in disappointing the wishes of that ex-grand nation—the French.

That Germany congratulates England upon having gained the consent of PRINCE VON BISMARCK to the completion of the arrangement.

In Austria.—That England, as an Asiatic power, of second-rate importance, may do what she likes with Egypt.

That Austria is, of course, far too great a country to concern herself with the petty bargains of a nation of cheese-selling islanders.

That England need fear no Austrian invasion at present.

That Englishmen should be delighted to hear this piece of good news.

In Russia.—That England in this emergency has done wisely in at last obeying the directions of the late EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

That the transaction is worthy of the Stock Exchange, and is consequently characteristic of the British Nation.

That, perhaps, under all the circumstances of the case, Russia will defer the annexation of India until next year.

That England should be very thankful to Russia for this display of friendly moderation.

In England.—That Englishmen are not afraid of Frenchmen, Prussians, Austrians, or Russians.

That people living outside the British Empire may say and think what they please.

That the purchase of the interest in the Suez Canal was carried out without the advice, much less the consent, of any foreigner.

That England, if she requires full, free, and unconfined control of the Canal for her own imperial purposes, has no wish or intention to exclude any other nation from the same advantages.

That England, having got a hold on the Suez Canal, and paid for it, knows how to keep it, and means to keep it, all people and potentates to the contrary notwithstanding.

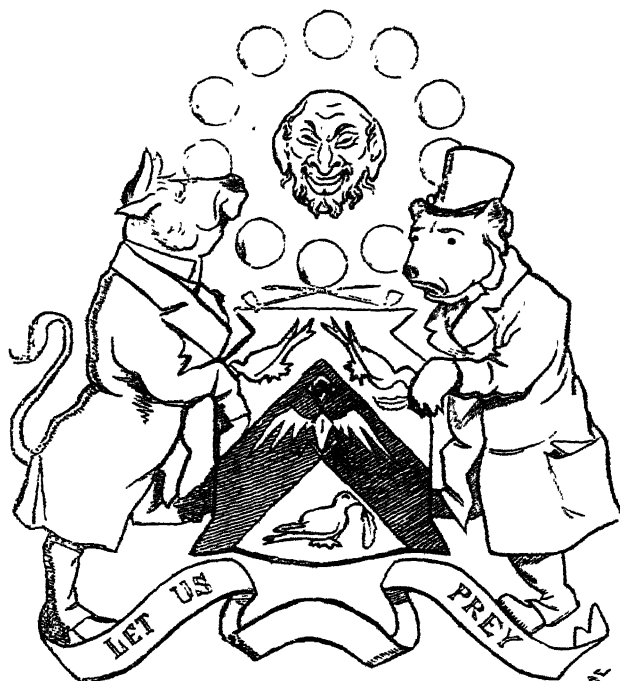
N.B. What is said in England, *Mr. Punch* begs to remark, happens in the present instance to be an accurate statement of facts. Foreign papers are invited to reproduce this announcement.

Educational Compromise.

THE question whether Education in Board Schools should include religious instruction, still rages between Denominationalists and Secularists. There seems to be a way, which has, as yet, occurred to nobody, whereby Secularist arrangements, extended to the utmost, might be adopted with a pure view to Denominationalist ends. Suppose the Bible and religious books were not only excluded from District Schools, but the reading of them out of school were also strictly prohibited, would not the certain effect of that be to make all the scholars carefully read them?



“MOSE IN EGITTO!!!”



ARMS FOR THE PROPOSED NEW WEST-END STOCK EXCHANGE.

(To be placed over the principal Entrance.)

On a chevron *vert*, a Pigeon plucked *proper*, between three Rooks peckant, clawed and beaked *gules*. Crest: a Head Semitic grinnant, winkant, above two pipes laid saltier-wise, *argent*, environed with a halo of Bubbles *or*. Supporters: a Bull and Bear rampant *sable*, dented, hoofed and clawed *gules*. Motto: "Let us prey."

JACK'S CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Loose my valves, start my rivets, and shiver my plates!

We expects good and bad luck to mingle;
But it never don't rain without pourin', my mates,
And misfortins they never comes single.

One on t'other, galore, they are laid at one door,
Sins whether of o- or com-mission,
And WARD HUNT we shall see soon the scapegoat will be,
For each sinking and smash, and collision.

The *Vanguard* had scarce to the bottom been sent,
When, through springs out of gear, shipping water,
The Ram what had caused that disastrous ewent,
Iron Duke, pretty nigh foller'd arter.
Scarce JOHN BULL hadn't ceased for to grumble and growl
At mischances from this and that blunder,
When the *Monarch*, behold, of the *Halden* runs foul,
And they both very nearly goes under.

For ships in succession so comin' to grief
Lay the blame on the right back, my hearties;
'Tis them there Admiralty Lords and their Chief
People thinks the responsible parties.
When a Landsman the First Lord your Government makes,
In the place of a Sailor selected,
If there wasn't to happen continual mistakes,
'Twould be luck as could ne'er be expected.

But a valve may give way, or a screw may get loose,
Under any command whatsoever;
All the same, if so be that my Lord is a goose,
As in case that he's able and clever.
And this here is a fact as must all men have struck
When the log of their lives overhaulin',
That such things often happens as runs of ill-luck
In every department and callin'.

There's failures and fires, there's offences and crimes,
There's explosions I also may mention,

And famines and fevers occurin' at times,
Spite of every attempt at prewention.
So likewise, mayhap, comes collisions by sea,
And all manner of naval disasters,
In trains, why and wherefore the reason may be,
Of the knowledge we're none on us masters.

The causes is laid to the rule of the Stars
By them that from ZADKIEL takes pattern,
There's been Jupiter lately, they tell us, and Mars,
In conjunction together with Saturn.
Good or bad, their effects is a question of doubt.
Let it meanwhile set Sailors a-thinkin',
As a token that all hands had better look out
To keep more ships from smashing and sinkin'.

FLYING RUMOURS.

WE give extended publicity to the following rumours, without pledging ourselves to the literal accuracy of every particular. Some of them, perhaps, are not more incredible than the purchase of 177,000 shares in the Suez Canal by this country would have been considered only a fortnight ago:—

Yesterday the Stock Exchange was violently agitated by a report that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had become so large a purchaser of shares in the Great Northern Railway, as to give him a preponderating influence in the future direction of that undertaking.

The POPE is understood to have expressed his readiness to render substantial assistance to the Corporation of the Albert Hall, but with the express stipulation that the Freemasons are never again to be suffered to assemble within its walls.

If the telegraph is correct in its announcement that the youthful EMPEROR OF CHINA is about to become a partner in the Worcester Porcelain Works, the future productions of that Manufactory must be largely influenced by Oriental tastes and requirements.

So highly was the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR impressed by the stability of the institutions of this country, that he has telegraphed his desire to become a large purchaser of shares in the Westminster Aquarium. The famous financial house of BLACK, BROWN, BERRY, AND Co. are charged with the conduct of this transaction.

The money market was violently convulsed this afternoon by the announcement of extensive projects for the manufacture of plaster-of-Paris images and Vienna bread, in which the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, and the EMPEROR OF VIENNA were respectively stated to be deeply interested.

The PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC is reported to be on the eve of acquiring a considerable stake in the Langham Hotel. It is not expected that this action, on the President's part, will lead to any disturbance of the friendly relations at present existing between England and the United States.

Some Armenian capitalists are negotiating (it is whispered in the interests of the highest personage in Persia) for the acquisition of one of the Brighton Skating Rinks.

The prospects of the Crystal Palace may assume an entirely new aspect, if there is any justification for the rumour that the KING OF WURTEMBERG is buying up all the shares now in the market.

A company which has its head-quarters at Copenhagen, and is understood to be greatly controlled by Royal counsels, is about to undertake extensive building operations on Denmark Hill.

Great excitement has prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Swiss Cottage since last Friday week, owing to the presence of financial agents of the Helvetic Confederation. It is thought that the property may change hands.

There seems to be no substantial foundation for the report, which spread like wildfire through the City towards the close of business yesterday afternoon, that the German Fair was likely to pass into the hands of PRINCE BISMARCK.

The Northern Powers are said to be in treaty for the Baltic Coffee-house.

A portion of the vast wealth of the Begum of Nautchpore has been sunk in the East India Docks.

A grand commercial scheme, which aims at the establishment of spacious and magnificent saloons in all the principal towns in Europe and the East for Billiards, Pool, and Pyramids, is rapidly approaching maturity. It is understood that there is a strong probability of the Khedive joining the Board of Direction.

Suez Cuique

FROM the irritation displayed by our French neighbours at our investment in the Suez Canal, it might almost be supposed that we had given them the "Cut Direct," from Europe to Asia, instead of securing a portion of it for ourselves.



"LE SPORT."

Keeper. "WHY DIDN'T YOU FIRE THE OTHER BARREL, M'SEER—THE OTHER BARREL AT THE LAST BIRD?"

Monsieur Alphonse. "BAH! I DID FIRE ZE ODHHER BARREL! I DO FIRE BODT BARRELS TOGEZZER! AND IN MY OWN COUNTRY I DO SHOOT ZE LARK AT TWENTY, TWENTY-FIVE, AND SOMETIMES DIRTY YARDS—WHEN HE STAND QUITE STILL! YOUR DOGS ZEY MAKE ZE BIRDS TO FLY AWAY"—(insinuatingly)—"AND ZEY MUST BE FATIGUED. HERE IS MONEY. TAKE ZEM, AND BUY ZEM SOMEZINGS TO EAT! LEAVE ME TO MAKE MY OWN DOGS MYSELF!!"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

SIR,

A FRIEND has wired me to the effect that you have expressed a doubt of my veracity. I can scarcely believe my eyes. He hints too that you think I am not here. If not, where am I, I should like to know? I am further informed that you question my Indian words and my *couleur locale*!!

Is it possible? No. A man who has lived among residents all his life, who knows the history of John Company (deceased), who has rented a *Haremzadeh* (look this out if you like—I won't tell you what it is:—a nice Dictionary you must have got hold of!) in the most fashionable part of Bozwangola, and spent several seasons at Sicrigully, Nawaub-Shums-Ood-Doulah, in the society of Begums, Nizams, Princes, Gwalioris, Dhallees and Cherangs, is not likely to be deceived, nor, may I add, has he the smallest temptation or inclination to deceive. Besides, apart from other substantial reasons, best known *entre nous* (this is French, not Hindostanee), was I not chosen for this post because *I had taken in Punch for so many years*? Long may I continue to do so. "Believe not the tales they have told thee of me," as somebody says in his Thingummy (third edition). I have not time to do more than dash off this letter, for I own I have been in a fury since receiving the telegram from my friend. I was obliged to tell it to a certain distinguished Royal Indian visitor.

"What will they say in England?" exclaimed H.R.H., much annoyed, on my account.

"Sir," I answered, kneeling, and waving my pocket-handkerchief, "they will say in England, 'God bless the PRINCE OF WALES!'"

Just then, as if by preconcerted arrangement, the band outside struck up the well-known strain.

He turned away,—

"The soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear!"

On any other occasion *à propos* of the quotation I should have been inclined to ask how much the soldier lent upon his sword, and on whose sword the money was advanced? But this is levity: and levity is the soul of wit.

The PR—'s *extempore* speech the other day was first-rate. I stood behind him, and prompted him. We worked it admirably. He began with a cough—then cheers from the crowd—then he turned round to me—I was at his elbow—and I gave him the word. "Ladies and Gentlemen! Unaccustomed as I am"—(hear, hear!)—"to public speaking"—(hear, hear!)—"I have the greatest pleasure in—" But there—it's no use! You won't believe me; and I haven't the time, as I'm just called off to eat some nice cool *bungalow* which has come in fresh from the cow.

Ever in haste,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

The Real Way to Raise the Vanguard.

"A Hair of the Dog that Bit you."

IN the time of old HOMER a down-smitten foe
Was healed by the rust of the spear that laid low:
Let our *Iron Dukes* therefore (in Waterloo strain)
Give the order "Up (Van-)Guards," and at 'em again!

SUFFLAMINATION.

THE Government have started a Drag. Out of compliment to an excellent Sportsman it is called "The Ward Hunt."



VEILED SATIRE.

Royal Academician (after gazing with mute astonishment at the most abominable daub ever perpetrated by a Man whose real vocation in life was to be a Cobbler). "I TELL YOU WHAT, STODGE—HAPPY THOUGHT! I'D SELL IT, IF I WERE YOU!"

CURIOUS CONTRADICTION.

MR. EDWARD ROUND, Vice-Chairman of the Tipton School Board, writes to say that the article quoted from a contemporary, and commented on last week by *Mr. Punch*, under the title of "School Fees and Flogging," "is simply untrue."

In proof of this assurance MR. ROUND sends the subjoined copy of a letter from the Clerk of the School Board:—

"DEAR SIR,

"To E. ROUND, Esq. "Tipton, Nov. 26, 1875.

"I enclose the extract of the resolution which was passed on account of the Attendance Officer's Committee of the Western Division reporting that several children had been withdrawn from No. 3 School on account of undue flogging, and in one case the child had been beaten for not bringing its school pence.

"Yours obediently,

"EDWARD RICHARDS."

In the article quoted by *Mr. Punch* three children were stated to have been flogged for having neglected to take their school-pence with them. By the foregoing account several children appear to have been flogged unduly—flogged for little or nothing—and "in one case" the offence which the child was flogged for was in fact that specified in the article declared "simply untrue" by MR. ROUND. Does he not, on the contrary, prove it to have been at least partially true? However, perhaps the one child flogged for not bringing its school-pence was "only a little one."

MR. ROUND also sends the subjoined copy of an extract from certain minutes:—

"Extract from Minutes of October 19, 1875.

"Board-Room, Tipton, Nov. 26, 1875.

"Moved by MR. ROUND, seconded by MR. TOMSON, and carried unanimously. That the Clerk write the Master of No. 3 School, expressing the displeasure of the Board at the reports of undue flogging, and that whilst he must exercise great discretion himself in corporal punishment, it is his duty to see that the Assistant Master is never, under any circumstances, permitted to administer such punishment, according to the resolution of the Board of which he has had a copy.

"EDWARD RICHARDS, Clerk to the said Board."

THE ANTIBOREAN.

A TAILOR of fame has invented this name
For a wonderful lining of leather;
He bids you go forth proof 'gainst east wind or north,
And laugh at the boreal weather.

Punch in preference sits and "warms his five wits"*
(Or rather, dear Laureate, five million),
And on Pegasus swift soars aloft through the drift,
While the Muse rides behind on a pillion.

Imagine the plague when some gossipier vague
Comes in,—an "agreeable rattle"—
Full-charged with a pun which he thinks awful fun,
Or a budget of cynical tattle.

Were that coat Antibore, *Punch* would purchase a store,
And so would the wise men, his readers,
And fury and folly, KENEALY and WHALLEY,
Would soon from the scene be seceders.

Ah, nothing can cure, and we fain must endure
The bore, with his brain-work vertiginous:
If original sin brought the dull fellow in,
His sin is, he's never original.

* "Alone, and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits."

In Lunacy.

THE lunatic who wrote to *Mr. Punch* last week, suggesting that probably the Otter which took refuge in a tree at Clewer, near Windsor, was hiding from the creditors of the Otterman Empire, had better at once be placed under proper control.

A Local Critic.

THE Sphinx
She winks
At DIZZY'S coup;
"Yes," thinks
The Sphinx,
"I think 'twill do."

The above resolution merely interdicts flogging by the Assistant Master. It leaves "corporal punishment" to the Head Master's discretion. There is nothing in it to prohibit him from flogging children for not bringing school-pence, if he thinks fit—if, for example, he suspects they have spent them on their way in lollipops. This seems, under favour of MR. ROUND, no more than a roundabout way of putting the statement relative to the Tipton School Board contained in the article he objects to. Let us hope that if only one child has been flogged at a Tipton Board School for coming there empty-handed, that one will be the last.

Moses Modernised.

A Historical Parallel (with a difference).

To get out of Egyptian bonds, as we know,
MOSES led to the Red Sea his clients Judaic:
Now, into these same bonds BRITANNIA must go,
To reach the same Sea, with a guide as Mosaic.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

MRS. GAMP concludes that the Government has solved the great Drainage difficulty, now it has invested so largely in the Sewidge Canal.

GOOD SHAKESPEARIAN ADVERTISEMENT (recommended to MESSRS. WILLS and NEVILLE) FOR THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"Private Boxes, Three Guineas; Stalls, &c., &c."—"So much! for Buckingham!!"

AN ALTERNATIVE.

THE Legal course which is open to England if the KHEDIVE don't pay his interest—Sue his Canal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Literary.



are best fitted to write epic poems, novels, dramas, or leading articles. But, from the specimens of each that you send us, we consider that a light portership would suit you admirably.

INQUIRING FANNY.—You can't find their names in the *Biographical Dictionary*! Then we'll tell you, dear. **APPENDIX** was a Greek poet, and a friend of **SOPHOCLES**. **GLOSSARY** was a contemporary of **CHAUCER**. Most libraries possess these authors' works.

Artistic.

UP TO A WRINKLE.—You may certainly invite the Hanging Committee to a champagne lunch (and you may ask us), but we don't see what good it will do you.

YOUNG RAPHAEL.—If it gives you pleasure, whenever you meet an R.A., to tell him that all modern painters are idiots, do so. It doesn't hurt us.

CATALOGUE.—No. **MR. WARD, R.A.**, has never painted any incidents of the French Revolution, nor any scenes in the life of **CHARLES THE SECOND**.

Dramatic.

A LOVER OF REALISM.—We perfectly agree with you that "the effect of *Hamlet* would be much enhanced if the performers were killed really, and not in mere make-belief;" and we sympathise with your unsuccessful efforts to get a company to play it in that manner. We consider, when we remember the end of the drama, that you show much modesty and forbearance in contenting yourself with the small part of *Horatio*.

A VERY YOUNG MAN.—The actress whom you mention is very pretty, but, as she is married, and is the mother of five children, we must really decline introducing you "with a view to matrimony."

BUNCH.—Read the above answer. We cannot help you to become a "life-long companion to that divine actor with the god-like eyes," as he has got one already. Still, if he becomes a widower, we'll think of you.

Legal.

TRUSTEE.—Kick your solicitor.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—Bring the action, dear. He had no right to break off the engagement because you had dyed your hair from black to a "Venetian red."

EXCITABLE.—If you lost your case, we certainly don't condemn you for seizing your counsel by the whiskers, and hitting him in the face, but you shouldn't have called the Judge "a stupid old fool."

Natural History.

PET OF THE FAMILY.—It does show a nasty disposition on your brother's part to object to your putting your pet hedgehog into his bed.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.—We can't tell you how to charm a rattlesnake. Try stamping on its head.

TIMIDUS.—If your "full-grown male tiger has got a sore throat," apply a cold water compress. Only be cautious.

BURGULARIOUS JIM.—There are no fixed rules to send a fierce and lively bull-dog to sleep; but, if you have time, you might read him the *Athenaeum*.

General.

IGNORANT.—(1) No. (2) Bosh. (3) Walker. (4) Idiot. (5) Idiot. (6) Shut up.

THIRSTY CARL.—We congratulate you. A young Lady who refused to marry you, on the ground that you drank eight quarts of beer a day, would have been an incumbrance through life.

PUFF.—We don't advise you to smoke more than twenty pipes a day, as most Doctors say that excess in tobacco is bad.

FRED.—You want to know how much Whiskey will intoxicate you. Try.

ARTHUR JAMES.—We never play Hockey, but if anybody hit us over the head with a stick, we should promptly return it.

LITTLE LOUEY.—Throwing yourself into a river, when you see a young man, is a very good way of being introduced to him; but suppose he can't swim?

AMIALE ALICE.—Bosh about only having met him once. If you love him, write and tell him so. He won't mind it.

VICTORIOUS AUNTIE.—Not being a relation of yours, we don't see any objection to your thrashing your Nephews and Nieces every morning to teach them meekness and humility.

PARVENU.—We don't go to balls ourselves; but if it is against strict etiquette to shake every one in the room warmly by the right hand, it shows a genial and affectionate disposition.

LIVERPOOL LUNATICS.—Hunting Cats with a Fox-terrier is not the way we should recommend you to spend Sunday afternoon.

ECARTÉ.—If he broke a decanter over your head because he caught you looking at his hand, he is a simple brute, and we wouldn't play with him again.

G. C.—It is considered rather aristocratic not to answer letters. Attention to such matters shows a commercial spirit.

BALAM.—Misprints in country newspapers must be very funny indeed to be admitted to our columns. Misprints and ungrammatical Advertisements are *not* paid for at the rate of original articles.

STATESMEN AS TRANSLATORS.

MR. GLADSTONE having translated a hymn into rhyming Latin, versed for a certain periodical, other Statesmen are, according to rumour, prepared to follow in his track.

MR. CAVE will translate **ADAM SMITH** into Egyptian, for the benefit of the **KHEDIVÉ**.

The **EARL OF DERBY** will complete his illustrious father's work, by translating the *Odyssey* into the language of a blue-book.

MR. WARD HUNT will translate the Rules of the Admiralty as to the navigation of a fleet into Siamese, so that the Captains of twin-ships may the better understand them.

LORD CAIRNS will translate the language of Law into that of Equity, and *vice versa*, for the education of the Outer Bar.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY will translate the language of Russia, Austria, and France, on the Suez Canal question, into intelligible English.

The **MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON** will translate all the moods and tenses of the verb *je m'ennuie* into all the languages of Europe.

SIR HENRY JAMES will translate the Taurine language of Capel Court into the Ursine, and the reverse.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will translate a bottle of Cliequot into toast and water.

MR. WHALLEY will translate the Pope's last Bull into Hindustani.

MR. NEWDEGATE will translate the gossip of Nunneries into the Fi-fi language.

MR. BRIGHT will translate sound common sense into plain English.

MR. LOWE will translate the simplest thing in the world into the language of double acrostics.

MR. FORSTER will translate Denominational Lessons into Secular ones, *in usum Scholarum*.

LORD SALISBURY will, *ex officio*, translate into Sanscrit, all poems on the journey of the **PRINCE OF WALES** through India, which reach the Foreign Office on or before the 1st of April, 1876. They will be published in a magnificent edition at the expense of the Crown, and the next Poet Laureate will be the author whom **LORD SALISBURY** finds most difficult to translate.

MR. DISRAELI will translate a few Bishops.

Ritualistic Practices.

(A Fair Summary.)

FLORAL decorations;
Early celebrations;
Silly innovations;
Local irritations.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—A new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Oxford.

DEAR FRIENDS.—England and Egypt are now *Shares-amis*.



"SMALL MERCIES."

First Jolly Angler (with empty Creel). "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY! WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PURSUIT IT IS!"

Second Ditto (with ditto). "GLORIOUS! I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD JUST AFTER LUNCH, AS LONG AS I LIVE!"

Both. "AH!!"

EVENHANDED FLOGGING.

ON the morning of November 24th, a little boy, FREDERICK JOHN WHITEAR, aged twelve, stole two watches and three gold chains out of a private post-bag lying unlooked at the Winchester post-office. For this offence he was tried at Winchester Assizes. He had given one of the watches and some pieces of the watch-chains to JACOB WHITEAR and ANN SMITH, described as of "mature age," who were put on trial, together with him, for receiving the stolen goods. They were acquitted; but—

"The boy, FREDERICK JOHN WHITEAR, who had pleaded guilty, was then sentenced to three months' imprisonment, twenty strokes of a birch rod, and six years in a reformatory."

The effect of twenty strokes from a birch rod, laid on by an ordinarily vigorous turnkey, will probably be such as, through a tender skin, to impress as tender a mind with some idea of the value of property, the lack of which induced that young ROBIN HOOD, little WHITEAR, to give away what he had stolen, and perhaps mainly contributed to make him steal it. Not that there is any ground whatever for the slightest suggestion that the scourging to which that infant criminal has been sentenced is at all too severe. O dear, no! Perish the very ghost of an idea so sentimental! But if there is no reason to deprecate the infliction of twenty strokes of a birch rod on a small boy for a crime of whose gravity he was clearly insensible, is there not every reason to desire that an adult thief who commits an equal offence well knowing what he is about, shall be liable to receive at least a proportionally good flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails? Why, in the scale of punishment for theft, is torture to be limited to children? Grown-up rascals are at least as able to bear it; and grant, therefore, that mere thieves, if they had their deserts, would not escape whipping, does not the conclusion that brutal violence committed in beating and kicking women and other defenceless victims, should subject every ruffian guilty of it to the same punishment, go without talk?

A GOOD MOVE.—Mobilisation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Vide MR. TENNYSON'S "*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.")

WHEN the breeze of a golden hops blew free,
In the time of my legal infancy,
The tide of men flowed on with me,
Onward into an Eastern clime,
Where bulls and bears and stags do range
Their paradise, the Stock Exchange—
O exquisite the aureate air!
Stunning the champagne-luncheons there!
I oft was bull, I oft was bear,
For it was in the glorious time
Of sumptuous ABDUL AZIZ.

At night my hansom bore me West,
And as it whirled through Temple Bar
A votary I to Fashion's star,
By POOLE unto perfection drest:
With youthful wealth no girl finds faults,
All doors to me were open wide,
I was the hero of the waltz,
And anywhere could choose a bride:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of gorgeous ABDUL AZIZ.

That Sultan, fond of bird and beast,
Sent men-of-war to search for them,
Bought many a fair Circassian gem
To shine in his Seraglio—
He was the Monarch of the East;
He set his palace walls aglow
With pictures of prodigious price;
He spent his money in a trice:
Ah, this was just the goodliest time
Of all, the very golden prime
Of lavish ABDUL AZIZ.

But ah, 'twas all too good to last,
The SULTAN soon this lesson learnt,
That he who spendeth money fast
Will some time get his fingers burnt.
So he proposed half interest,
For all the mighty sum of cash
Obtained from lenders green and rash:
But will he ever pay the rest?
Alack-a-day! how sad the time!
For in his impecunious prime
Is reckless ABDUL AZIZ.

A sorrow in my bosom lurks,
My diamond rings I wear no more,—
My Uncle, perhaps, might tell you why.
Remote from Fashion's haunts am I,
And, till I reach the Stygian shore,
I will not speculate in Turks.
But if, in Charon's fatal boat,
SULTAN and I are both afloat,
I'll throw him over, bearing the blame,
So much I hate the horrid name
Of cheating ABDUL AZIZ!

SOMETHING LIKE AN EAR.

"Entuned in the nose full feateously."—CHAUCER.

THE *New York Sun*, Nov. 17, in a report of its interviewer's colloquy with the famous Pianist VON BÜLOW, makes that tuneful Musical Doctor say, "When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unmusical as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language. Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it." Is this pretty little compliment to the pronunciation of our American cousins due to the Doctor or his interviewer? If to the former, it shows a highly intelligent appreciation of our cousin's little susceptibilities, and proves that whatever other musicians may think, VON BÜLOW, at least, has no objection to the tone of the American organ—i.e., the Nasal.

A DREAM OF UNFAIR WOMEN.



GENERALLY awake, *Punch*, like HOMER, has his hours of sleeping; but when his eyes are closed, his mind is at work. The dreams of *Punch* have more wisdom in them than the wisest moments of the profoundest sages. Under these circumstances even the sleeping seconds of *Punch's* life are worthy of record, and accordingly they are recorded. Without further preface, then, *Punch* relates a dream he dreamed a few weeks ago—a dream that was also a nightmare.

Punch sat on a cushioned seat. His face was grave—so grave, that his white wig did not seem ridiculous—so grave, that his ermined robes did not seem less becoming than the motley. He was sitting in a large apartment, with high, narrow windows, and roughly-fashioned pews. This large apartment was crammed from the floor to the ceiling. Near *Punch* sat men in gaudy robes; and it was the fiction of the place that these men, and not *Punch*, were the real representatives of justice. And over one of these gaudily-costumed men hung a sword. And *Punch* knew that he held in his hands a power more terrible than that of those who wield swords, and level lances upon the field of battle. He knew that he had the power to condemn a fellow-creature to a painful, a disgraceful, a miserable death. And this knowledge made *Punch* grave and sorrowful.

And *Punch* looked round about him. There were advocates in that large apartment so full of the Shadow of Death, in the discharge of their duty; and *Punch* found no fault with them. Did not their profession bring them into that terrible place? And there were the reporters, who were there in the service of the Public. And *Punch* found no fault with them. He knew that crime must be recorded in the cause of good government and fair play. And then *Punch* looked upon the white face of a man who was dying—man who was full of life and strength, and yet was dying. And as he looked at that face, he thought "Who would be here



FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Attendant (to Stout Customer). "TURTLE-SOUP, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM. AND A CUTLET AFTERWARDS?"

Attendant (to Thin Customer). "THOSE ARE THE PENNY BUNS. HELP YERSELF, PLEASE!"

[If Customers could only change Plates!

who could be away? Who would crowd for excitement to a sight suggesting all the terrors of death, all the horrors of the grave?" And *Punch* looked round about him to see if there were any who could seek interest in such a fearful sight.

Silk and satin and fur. Gold and silver and jewels. Soft faces and refined faces and faces strangers to misery and want. Bright eyes, sparkling and eager. And in the pauses of the terrible show—when the witnesses were not helping justice to trace to its sources a horrible crime—there was lunch to regale the body, and merry conversation to relieve the mind! But what a show it was! So well worth looking at, that double opera-glasses were in constant requisition, and a *pince-nez* almost indispensable! So very interesting to watch the quivering of the lips of this white-faced man! So very instructive and so exciting! Will he shudder when he hears the Judge's summing up, will he scream when the verdict of the Jury is read over to him, will he fall in faint as he listens to the sentence condemning him to be hanged by the neck until he is dead? Oh, these are questions worth the answering, and an eager watch must be kept to learn the replies! So out with the opera-glass, and on with the *pince-nez*, so that nothing—not a sigh nor a shiver—may be lost!

As *Punch* looked at these fair faces, he thought that they belonged to those who were less than women and more than men, and *Punch* wished from the very bottom of his heart that the vision he has related had been indeed—a dream!

Married Life in the East.

"A Cochin paper states that a rich Ryot in South Travancore, who has four wives, makes use of two of them by yoking them to his plough."

THIS must be the latest novelty in matrimony. The knowing Ryot evidently puts a literal interpretation on the word "yoke-fellow." The Prince should make a point of seeing so unique an exhibition of native husbandry.

REALLY CHARITABLE ASSOCIATIONS.

(For Christmas, 1875.)

THE Cabmen's Benevolent Association. [President, MRS. PRODGERS.

The Peter's Pence Association for providing for the temporal necessities of the Sovereign Pontiff. President, MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P.; Vice-President, MR. WHALLEY, M.P.

The British Law and Order Association. President, DR. KENEALY. The Ritualists' Defence Fund Association. President, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY; Vice-President, DR. CUMMING.

The Evangelical Alliance Association. President, His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING.

The Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors Association. President, MR. TOD HEATLEY; Vice-Presidents, MOET and CHANDON.

Respect an Artist's Feelings!

(Being a real Letter from a Professed Cook, giving a proper rap over the knuckles to a Candidate for her favours.)

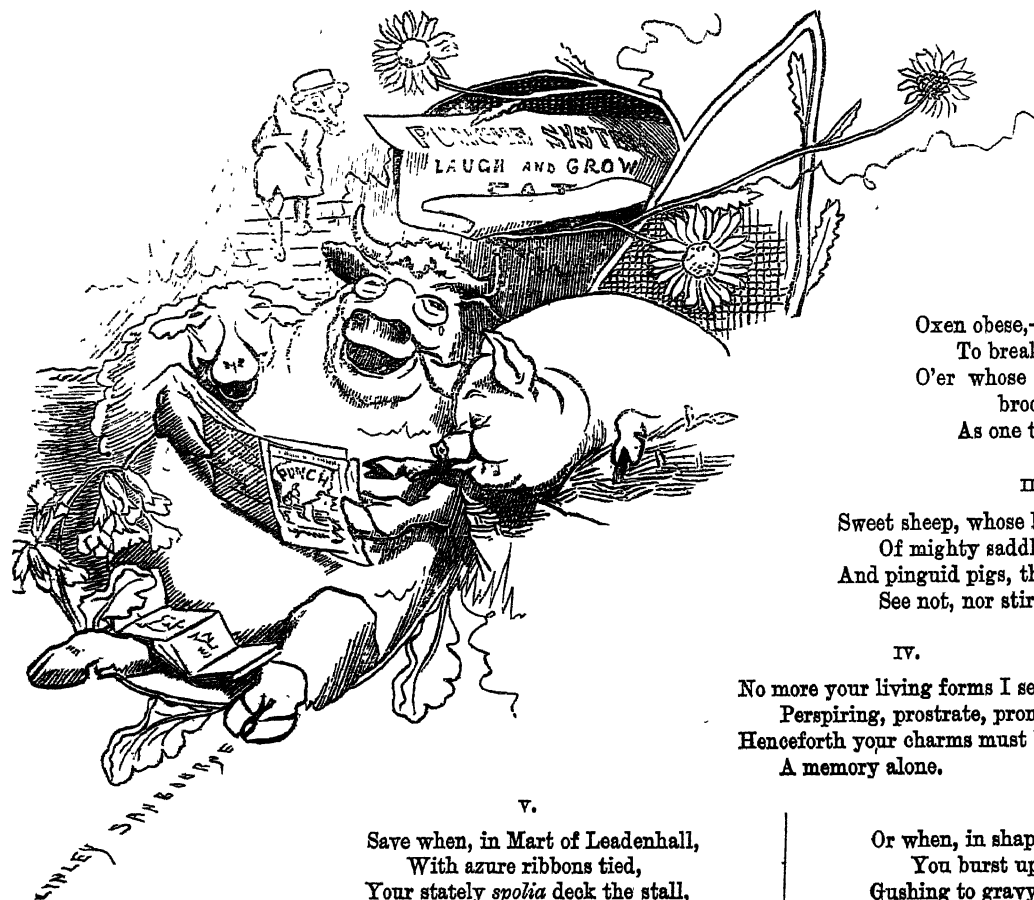
In answer to your letter this morning, I am sorry I did not see you on Monday. I would have come to-morrow, but I feel it is useless; and as you do not say whether you would pay my expenses one way if I did not engage, Madam, I feel I must now decline your situation, for I have never had the Servants' Hall to clean; in fact, I have never been expected to do any cleaning. I have often done my own covers—not that I was expected to—only because I liked to see them look nice; and I have always made my own butter, and got up in the morning according to what I have to do, not when the other servants have got up; but in justice to myself I must now positively decline your situation.

Yours, obediently,

J. G.

FAREWELL TO THE CATTLE-SHOW.

(By a Judge of Butchers'-Meat.)



I.

H me, the Cattle-Show is
o'er!
Those visions of de-
light;
Of sirloins, rumps, and
ribs, no more
Shall feed my hungry
sight.

II.

Oxen obese,—no angles rude,
To break your fat's soft swell,—
O'er whose straight spines I paused to
brood,
As one that loved them well!

III.

Sweet sheep, whose backs so broad and flat,
Of mighty saddles speak;
And pinguid pigs, that all for fat,
See not, nor stir, nor squeak!

IV.

No more your living forms I see,
Perspiring, prostrate, prone;
Henceforth your charms must be to me
A memory alone.

VI.

Or when, in shape of juicy joint,
You burst upon my gaze,
Gushing to gravy 'neath my point,
And so reward my praise!

V.

Save when, in Mart of Leadenhall,
With azure ribbons tied,
Your stately *spolia* deck the stall,
In highest prices' pride!

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(With H.R.H. and the Elephants.)

SIR,

I HASTEN to despatch this letter, which will probably arrive, thanks to extra stamp and other influence which I have at the Post-Office, before any other paper in England receives the news.*

We are among the Cingalese, and, as I said to a certain distinguished Royal Personage, "To be among the Cingal-ese is Singul-ar."†

He screamed at it.

He implored me to let him tell it as his own. It was a bargain. I regretted it afterwards, as my Illustrious Friend spoilt it. He said, "To be among the Cingalese is *curious*, isn't it? eh?" and was annoyed because nobody laughed. Of course a bargain is a bargain, and I was compelled, in conscience and as a duty to my family, to decline refunding the lac of rupees which was the joke's price for three years' Indian use only, and all other rights of translation and adaptation reserved. O, I am quite fair. As I said, "My dear Sir,

"If I had a joke what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I force it? O, no, no, no!"

Mr Exalted Friend very nearly bought this couplet of me, but a loss of two rupees and a half at our Indian rubber last night had impoverished the exchequer.

We've had blazing hot weather—regular Indian summer, varied by downpours of rain, which washed us all away on the road, and

* Mind this is worth all the money; and, by the way, to save you trouble, forward a cheque for past and future to me, under cover to H. WALKER, Jericho Villa, Bath. He has instructions, and the money will reach me quicker in this way. [We do not like the look of this. Why send to Bath if our Representative is in India?—Ed.]

† I made another joke about the Cingal-he's being all *garçons*. This was literally a side-splitter.

it was some time before we could get together again. My Distinguished Companion's baggage was all over the place—gun-cases in a mango field, portmanteaus among the *chutneys*—in fact, it was KING JOHN at the Wash all over again.

The moths are rather troublesome here; they are as big as crows, and have a nasty habit of getting into your bed in the dark.

The moon at night is lovely. It is five times the size of the moon in England, and so we can see distinctly the mountains and the lakes in it with the unclad eye. I could almost swear (and for a very little more I would—but it's not worth while telling a falsehood for such a trifle) I saw a man come out of, what appeared to me to be, a house in a terrace, number nine, I *think*, and look at us through a telescope. Whether this was so or not, at all events the nights are simply exquisite. My Exalted Friend and myself sit up, after all the others are asleep, practising our duets on the concertina; and as we play "*In my Cottage*," the dear old familiar air brings tears to the eyes of all who hear us.

Pig-sticking being voted a bore, (I said "a great boar"—ha! ha!—roars—regular tickler this!) we have been bitten by Elephantiasis. In the caves of Elephantia, a grand hunt was planned, of which I hasten to give you an account, as I wish to be the first in England to present the public with a true version of the affair, of which you will, doubtless, hear much, a few hours after this has been published.

On the morning of the —th*, the *Khodabund* roused us from our warm beds with his shrill note,† strongly resembling that of the *Kokkeolli*, which is heard only in certain parts of Africa.‡

Jumping to my feet, and after a rapid act of bathing, just a dash

* Illegible in MS.—Ed.

† Our Dictionary gives the meaning of *Khodabund* as "a title of respect." Really this must be a very faulty work, or—our Correspondent is not entitled to many *Khodabunds* from us.—Ed.

‡ Where? What is the *Kokkeolli*? We've been three times to the Zoological, five to the British Museum, and consulted various authorities, but cannot come across the *Kokkeolli*. Yet—we seem to know the name.—Ed.

down a cataract and up again (coming up again, against the falling stream *does* take your breath away a little *at first*), I ran round to the tent of my Illustrious Co-Voyageur, and, putting my head in, called out playfully, "Bo!" A boot-jack came flying out, and from the whirring noise within, I knew that my Distinguished Chief was having his hair brushed by machinery. The natives are delighted with this, and dance with joy whenever My Gracious young Friend allows them to look in at the corners of the tent. He is so good-natured!

"Sir," I said, for I was the first to bring the news, "there is an old Tusker."

He darted to his legs, upsetting the *Suwarrees* (or native hair-dressers), and exclaimed—"Where?"

"In the jungle!" I replied, scarcely able to control my excitement.

"To horse!" cried my Exalted Fellow-Sportsman. Then turning to his native attendants, he said, "*Worromot retfu y adektu oysawwoh!*" which was about as pretty a compliment as I've heard for some time, but its *finesse* is so subtle as not to bear translation into English.*

In another minute my Distinguished Friend, myself, and a few other notabilities, carrying the bags, extra guns, and luncheon, were advancing towards the jungle.

Being an old hand at the game, I warned my Illustrious Co-adshooter not to walk too quickly, but to let me lead the way.

We were on the trail of a rare old Tusker, as I could tell from the *Paundaus* (footprints), and also from the *Khalamuts*, which were bent and broken on all sides.†

We had scarcely traversed ten miles of tangled *Toofaun* and prickly *Vakeel*,‡ when my old trained dog stood still, and made a point. Our fingers on our rifles. Hush! There they were!!

Before us lay sound asleep a herd of fifty as magnificent elephants as I have ever seen: and in the centre lay the old Tusker himself, snoring heavily.

"The Duke of Tusk-any," I whispered, to my Exalted and Appreciative Companion; for even in that perilous moment I couldn't restrain the joke that rose to my lips.

My Distinguished Friend was convulsed—nearly purple with suppressed laughter.

"Sir," I said, imploringly, "Don't!"

He tried hard not to, but was compelled to stamp. Had it not been for this, we should have captured the herd,—catch 'em alive O!—for, as the heel of the Illustrious Personage touched what seemed to be the Indian pampas grass, our ears were suddenly saluted with so astounding a whirr, as can only be imagined by those who know what the simultaneous rise of a thousand pheasants would be, or the sound of a score of policeman's rattles all going off at once.

The truth flashed upon me too late! My Most Illustrious Companion had trod on a rattlesnake, and the vigilant reptile, which always keeps watch by a herd of elephants, had sprung his alarm with a vengeance.

The natives (amongst whom we observed Mr. JEE-JEE-JELLY-BHOY) bolted, panic-stricken; the *suite* ran to bring them back; and in less time than this has taken to tell, we two—my Illustrious Fellow-Hunter and myself—were alone among the gigantic mammoths of the Primeval Prairie!

The Tusker stood before us, brandishing his trunk aloft, and whetting his tusks one against the other, like a carver with his knife and fork, before proceeding to the attack.

My Distinguished Co-Sportsman was pale, but calm. My brow was unmoved. It was not the first time by many that I had encountered, single-handed, herds of far larger and more furious elephants than those by which we were now surrounded.

"Do not waste your powder," I whispered to my Most Noble and Illustrious Friend, but never for one moment taking my eye off the hideous monster that now threatened our existence.

My Royal Pál (an Indian term of friendship and respect), true to the pluck of his race, would have blazed away, and then—ah! what then?

An old Indian hunter like myself knows well that an elephant must be trapped before he can be shot: the bun first, then the bullet.

I had provided myself with a more than sufficient supply of nuts,

* We've been up for nights with dictionaries, grammars, wet towels, and Indian professors, but can't make it out. A young Gentleman, from the Universities, happening to look in, gave it as his opinion that it was only English written backwards, and could be translated by—"How was you the day after to-morrow?" But we refuse to believe that such a trick has been put upon us. No, it *must* be a rare Indian dialect.—Ed.

† In our Dictionary a *paundau* is a "vessel holding betel nuts," and a *khalamut* is "a pard." We begin to suspect—and yet we do not like suspecting. Still, on the other hand,—we will send out and buy a new Dictionary.—Ed.

‡ The boy hasn't yet returned with our new Dictionary, but our old one says that *toofaun* is "a hurricane," and *vakeel* "an ambassador." There must be a mistake somewhere.—Ed.

buns, and gingerbreads, which (with the exception of a small reserve) I now threw out by handfuls to the excited herd.

This scattered them. They stooped to pick up the much-prized morsels, and so broke their circle. Then, adopting at once my hint, my Illustrious Friend and myself retreated, back to back, so that I was still facing the Tusker, towards a magnificent *Keemcat* (a sort of beech-tree) whose branches offered us a welcome ambush.

This manoeuvre was thoroughly comprehended by the old Tusker, who knew the moves of the game almost as well as I did myself. With a shriek of rage, and raising his trunk aloft, he charged at us. My Illustrious Companion wheeled round suddenly, fired both barrels without effect (except that we heard a sharp cry of anguish from Mr. JEE-JEE-JELLY-BHOY in the rear) and then He stood confronting the enormous foe. Another moment, and even my experienced hand would have been powerless to save! Putting aside Court etiquette, I placed my hands on my Royal and Illustrious Friend's shoulders, forcing him involuntarily to (as the schoolboys say) "tuck in his twopenny," and gave me a back. As I sprung over his head, I dropped my rifle; he fell prone, and I alighted safely, straddling across the nape of the old Tusker's short neck. Not the millionth part of a second was to be lost! I leant down, and pressing my left hand into the soft part of his jowl, tickled the beast with my right hand while I passed my other across his eyes, thus completely blinding him.* In this position I placed my lips to his ear, and sang him the Indian snake-charmer's song, which I had learnt from a faithful old Ayah who had long been retained in our family. In a low, sweet tone I sang, or rather chanted—

"Ybab, Ybab gnitnub,
Srehtaf enog gnitnuba."

and so forth—but you would not understand it. To these weird sounds he sank slowly down, and the entire herd (they are an imitative race) followed his example. Changing my melody to that of the well-known—

"Ymmot ekam moorrof ruoya lenu!"

I slid down, and reaching out my hand to snatch up my *suwan* (or short dagger), I was about to despatch him at a blow, when it occurred to me that my Illustrious Co-Sportsman ought to give him his *coup d' Indian grass*. This joke I made then and there, and it might have cost us dear (for it roused the elephant), had not My Most Distinguished and Royal Friend pulled the trigger of my rifle, and, at one shot, in the right place, the ancient Tusker breathed his last at our feet.

I knelt, and cutting off the tusk, presented it, Indian fashion, to the Illustrious Sportsman, much the same as the brush is given in our own country.

The other elephants were easy victims. I will not describe the scene that followed. My Impulsive and Gracious Companion was for making me a Knight of the Star of India *sur le champ*. I gracefully, but emphatically, declined, quoting the chorus (in a whisper), "*What will Mamma say?*"

He pressed my hand, and murmured, "I shall never forget this day."

Then the merriment began. We sat round the camp fires, drinking *Schroffs* and *Sircars* (both delicious Indian beverages, somewhat resembling our gingerbeer with just a taste of brandy in it), and singing *Routees* till the break of day.†

Long ere this, I had stolen off to my tent to write this letter, and it was with a grateful heart, a feeling of deep thankfulness, and the consciousness of having earned my repose, that I at last laid my head on my *Pillau*,‡ and slept such a sleep as can only be the lot of

YOUR TRUTHFUL AND VIRTUOUS REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

P.S.—I just send this from Colombo. We went to visit the Ancient Tortoise. Do you know what I said? Can you guess? Never! I'll tell you.

"Sir," said I, "of what fable does this interview remind you?"

"Can't tell," "pon my life," said the Illustrious Visitor.

"Why," I returned, "you'll see it at once—the *Heir* and the Tortoise!"

Roars of merriment. Regular side-splitting tickler. I've got a bag full of Indian jokes and crackers for Christmas cheap.

In haste,
Y. R. I. I.

* Our Correspondent seems to have used three hands on this occasion. But, of course, some allowance must be made for the excitement of the moment.—Ed.

† The boy has not yet returned with the new Dictionary, but in the old one we find *Schroff* "a banker," *Sircar* "a native writer," and *Routees* "a sleeping tent." The two first certainly can be *drunk*, but they are nothing to drink; and as to singing a sleeping tent, that is manifestly either untrue or a *lapsus calami*. We shall send out somebody else to see where he is. The Public shall not be deceived with our consent.—Ed.

‡ *Pillau* is an Eastern dish almost as well-known as curry. Still our Correspondent was very tired, and a mere clerical error of that sort is pardonable. At the same time our word is pledged to the Public, and shall be redeemed, even if we have to go out ourselves by the next Indian Mail.—Ed.



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

SCENE—Mrs. Lyon Hunter's Drawing-Room, during a Lecture on "Women's Rights."

Modest Youth (in a whisper, to Young Lady looking for a Seat). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, MISS WILHELMINA?"

Young Lady. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO, MR. JONES."

Modest Youth. "HAW! IN THAT CASE OF COURSE I NEEDN'T GIVE YOU UP MY CHAIR!"

RECENT METEOROLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"THE thermometer rose steadily this morning." Glad to hear it. Then it couldn't have been "screwed" overnight.

Instructions for using the Barometer.—When rain is wanted, tap the barometer. This is seldom without effect.

In consequence of the recent inclemency of the weather, the Hairdressers have invented a new style for Ladies' heads—*aux cheveux de freeze*.

The Arctic Expedition will not find the North Pole, as it is surmised the North Pole has lately taken up a position in England. Medical men are of opinion that it will soon be acclimatised, and, if so, it will appear on Chimney-Sweepers' Day as "The May-Pole." This is cheering; but the Arctic Expeditioners are wasting their time. Can't some one telegraph?

Meteorological Remarks.—MRS. FUBSBY (weight 20st. at least) says "she can't bear ice." The repulsion is mutual; the ice can't bear her.

Further Remarks.—The Frigidometer down to five degrees below freezing-point. Very cold.

Five degrees below that. Colder.

No more points left, and the Frigidometer collapsed. Stop in bed.

More Remarks.—Very cold out of doors. So I should think. Warm in bed.

Thaw.—Self-cleansing of the streets. Boyton suits in request.

Last Remarks.—"Horrid cold it's been!" "Can't keep warm." "No hunting." "Get some soon." "Better in Town than Country," &c., &c.

IRISH TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—The Mobilisation of the Standing Army!

A PERIL WELL PAST.

ACCORDING to newspapers, the "*Iron Duke*, 14, iron screw, armour-plated, CAPTAIN J. C. ROWLEY," has left Plymouth Sound for coastguard service at Kingstown, in place of the *Vanguard*. To this announcement the journals added that:—

"It was understood that the *Iron Duke*, on her way to Kingstown, would afford relief to homeward-bound merchant ships in the Channel, kept back by the long prevailing easterly winds."

Without being uncommonly superstitious, the sailors, and, indeed, all hands on board the homeward-bound merchant ships which the *Iron Duke* was appointed to afford relief to, would, perhaps, if they had known, have been somewhat apprehensive about that arrangement. However, all is well that ends well. The homeward-bound vessels have got safe home. The *Iron Duke* has happily contrived to steer clear of them.

RATHER STARTLING.

SCENE—General Dealer's Shop, where Newspapers are sold.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Shopkeeper (a melancholy thin person).

Casual Customer (brisk).

Old Lady Customer (seated, while an assistant child is tying up something or other for her in a small parcel.)

Casual Customer (entering suddenly). Got the *World*?

Melancholy Shopkeeper (sadly). No, Sir. I've been out of the *World* since last Thursday.

[Old Lady screams, faints. Tableau.]



OUR KRIEG'S-SPIEL.

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR. "ONLY SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT MOVES!"
BRITANNIA. "BEAUTIFULLY!—ON PAPER."

BISMARCK TO HIS PARLIAMENT.



Speak my bidding, but mock it by signs,
Sometimes, e'en by a shrug or a wink.
And they earwig mine Emperor and King,
As if *my* designs they saw through!
You must see that this isn't the thing,
And acknowledge it never will do.

E pleased to approve
of a Bill
To check insub-
ordinate airs
Of envoys repug-
nant to drill
In managing
Foreign Af-
fairs.

People fancy I
need but com-
mand,
That to hear is
for "subs" to
obey.
Kings and Em-
perors can un-
derstand,
And submis-
sively do what
I say;

But my subalterns
thwart my
designs,
More oft than
the public
would think!

It is known to you all very well
My instructions are lucid as wise,
And the truths I bid underlings tell,
Cozen diplomats better than lies.
Not to have them *verbatim* conveyed,
And confirmed in their literal sense,
Both by gesture and tone, must be made
A gross wrong, and most heinous offence.
I can reprimand coxcombs and fools
Led away by self-will, and the lack
Of the wit to be competent tools;
But I want power to give them the sack.
To know that their place was their bread,
Might perversest of asses o'erawe.
But donkeys who want do not dread
To coerce you must grant me a law.
"Blood and Iron" I know are controlled
By the Mind that unshaken remains;
But I want a more tangible hold
Upon blockheads' refractory brains.

Royal Bon Mot.

(From our Indian Representative. By Telegraph.)

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in publishing the following telegram:—

Ceylon, Dec. 9.

When, the other day, His Royal Highness went Pig-sticking for the first time, and had the honour of killing the only pig stuck on that occasion, the Prince, who, as is to be expected from his fine and portly figure, feels the heat considerably, turning to one of his *suite*, in his own affable and irresistibly humorous style, observed, "I must adopt a new motto—*Dum (per) spiro spearo*."
I hasten to secure the exclusive publication of this in the columns of *Punch*. It has created the best possible feeling throughout India.

"ARMY, FORM!"

MR. PUNCH begs to publish the following letters *à propos* of the Army Mobilisation Scheme which have been received at his office during the last fourteen days:—

DEAR SIR,

MRS. SNOOKS' Boarding House,
Islington-Super-Mare.

I READ your paper every week, after it has been put in the *Salon* for the entertainment of MRS. SNOOKS' ladies and gentlemen. I also read the *Times*, when I can get it away from MAJOR POPELEY (late of the Royal Shoreditch Highlanders)—the gentleman who occupies at present MRS. SNOOKS' top-floor back. From reading you and the *Times*, I know that you both are just and well-informed. It appears that the Army is soon to be called out and distributed all over the country. Why should this be done? As a Vestryman and a patriot, I beg to ask why?

I will go further. If the Germans or Russians wanted to invade England, I would ask why shouldn't they? Is not this a free country? No, my dear Sir, take my word for it, an invasion would be a blessing rather than a curse to us. In fact, if the gentlemen chose to come in the winter months, their arrival would be the best thing possible for trade. Lodgers after October are very scarce. I appeal to your sense of justice then to make the following announcement public, for the benefit of foreigners in general and Germans and Russians in particular: Should any number of invaders honour Islington-Super-Mare with a visit, they will find waiting for them a hearty welcome, comfortable apartments, and a really excellent five o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, at seven shillings and sixpence per head.

I am, dear Sir, yours most truly,
December, 1875. THE HUSBAND OF MRS. SNOOKS.

Rosebud Cottage, Flirtington.

MY DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

You are always so kind and so nice and so good that I am sure you will not *laugh* at me, and call me a "little stupid." Now, will you?

I think the Mobilisation of the Army most proper. Papa says that it is very *patriotic*, and I agree with him. I know that a Ball is never so nice as when there are a number of Officers present. They dance so beautifully, and are so very charming. Now are they not? But, from reading the *Times*, it seems to me that the Guards are all to be kept in one place! Is this fair? Of course the Cavalry are awfully nice, and the Rifle Brigade, the Sixtieth, and most of the Highlanders, are dreadfully pleasant; but, after all, a Guardsman is

a Guardsman. Now isn't he? If they keep all the Guards in one place, it will be horribly unfair to the rest of the country. Now won't it?

Surely, my dearest Mr. Punch, the matter might be compromised. All the Household Brigade might be sent to Flirtington, and then everybody would be contented. O, do see to this, and gain the heartfelt thanks of
December, 1875.

Yours most sincerely,

AN UNSELFISH LITTLE GIRL.

MR. PUNCH. SIR,

Dublin.

IRELAND—the Emerald Isle, the Land of Saints—is a down-trodden country, Sir. Be sure of that, Sir. But, Sir, the old Irish heart is a noble heart, Sir, and in the hour of need, Sir, Irishmen, to a man, would be ready to defend the flag with the triple cross. Mind that, Sir!

But, Sir, I will be practical. Sir, in the hour of danger England would require every soldier that could be scraped together. Sir, she would want the Irish Militia. Faith, then, Sir, she should have the Irish Militia and every soul of her own dirty red-coats. Mind that, Sir!

But you will say, Sir, "Whom would we fight, were the soldiers away?" I tell you what, Sir. We would make it convenient, Sir, to do all our fighting amongst ourselves, Sir, and an elegant time would we have of it! Mind that, Sir!

THE O'FLAHERTY

Of Castle O'Flaherty.

December, 1875.

MR. PUNCH. SIR,

Edinburgh.

I HAVE been deeply interested in the account of the proposed Mobilisation of the British Army, which appears to me to be a very proper proceeding on the part of the authorities. But, my conscience! it will cost very much, very much, indeed!

May I make a suggestion, which has occurred to me and some friends, who have talked the matter over thoroughly and completely over a glass of whiskey?

Surely it would cost less were the Army quartered, rent and food free, abroad—say in Sweden or Denmark, or some other law-abiding and weakly defended country, whose inhabitants would be able to offer no practical objection to the proceeding.

Or, if the money must be spent in the United Kingdom, does it not stand to reason that it should be spent in Scotland, where there is plenty of room for half-a-dozen armies, and where the expenditure is sure to be properly appreciated?

Disinterestedly, yours,

SAWNEY MCSTINGY,

December, 1875.

Of that ilk.



ACCOMMODATING.

Swell. "AWF'LY KIND OF THIS CABMAN, Y' KNOW! 'SAYS IF I'M GOING HIS WAY 'DON'T MIND LETTING ME GO WITH HIM! BUT IF I'M NOT GOING HIS WAY, HE'LL SEE ME—AH—BLOWED FIRST! I AM GOING HIS WAY, SO IT'S AWANGED THAT WE GO T'GETHAR! AWF'LY OBLIGING FELLAR!"

MONSIEUR,

Leicester Squar.

You have an Army! Bah! Where is it? You think you can defend your miserable country from my compatriots! Bah! You are foolish, you are stupid, you are imbecile! Why, we would *écrase* you at a blow! We would wipe you out, you, and your "polisman," and your "Sunday," and your "portère-bierre"! I hate you! You hear what I say—I hate you all! you miserable, wretched "rosbifs!"

You reply to me—oh, I know you—"Why do I not put myself at the head of my compatriots to invade you?" You ask me why I do not leave this miserable Leicester Squar for my own beautiful country? I will tell you why, poltroon—wretch! Listen well. If I were to go to my own lovely country to put myself at the head of my compatriots, what would be the consequence? I will tell you. My compatriots are clever—they are patriots. However I might be disguised, they would discover me; and when I was discovered, my compatriots would hang me! So I remain. Bah! You have my defiance!

A GRATEFUL FOREIGNER.

December, 1875.

Pall Mall, S.W., December, 1875.

F.M. the Duke, presents his respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to inform him that he (H.R.H.) has done his best. Under these circumstances, F.M. the Duke trusts that *Mr. Punch* will regard his efforts to please with indulgence.

Union House, Great Britain and Ireland.

MY DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND,

I REALLY think that GEORGE and HARDY have been trying to do their duty. Of course, it would be more satisfactory to see the Army instead of only *hearing* of it. However, now that we have the shadow, perhaps we may find the substance near at hand. Shall we agree to hope for the best?

Ever Yours Affectionately,

BRITANNIA.

December, 1875.

SOMETHING IN IT.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,

CATHOLICS are often charged—when their glasses are charged—with a sort of festive disloyalty for drinking the health of the POPE before that of the QUEEN. Of course we know there is Protestant precedent for this in the old toast of "Church and State," "Church and King." But on the celebration of Founder's Day at Eton College, at the grand banquet then given, the first toast was "*In Piam Memoriam*," and the second toast was "The QUEEN." Now, Sir, I don't profess myself to be a scholar, but I can't see much difference between drinking "*In Pium*" and "*In Piam*" as a first toast. The Catholics do the former, the Etonians on Founder's Day the latter, and both, without any disloyalty, drink "*In Regiam*" second.

Birch Lane.

I am, Sir, yours,

IGNORAMUS ETONENSIS.

PERSONAL AMENITIES.

(From a High Church Organ.)

"We regret to observe that that 'chartered libertine,' the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, has once more degraded the venerable church which is so unfortunate as to be committed to his charge, by making its nave a lecture-room in which Nonconformist Ministers may disport themselves."

"Who doubts for a moment, that if a saintly, diligent pastor had been accused of Ritualism by any drunken infidel reprobate, the Archbishop would have eagerly sprung at the occasion, and tried to ruin him, as he is trying to ruin MR. RISDALE, for obedience to the teaching of that church which he himself has sworn to uphold, and has systematically defied throughout his discreditable career."

The Service at Westminster Abbey on the evening of St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30) is designated as DR. MOFFATT's Entertainment.—From a recent Number of the *Church Times*.

If this is High Church pleasantry, what is Low?



FOND AND FOOLISH.

"COOK!" "YES, MISS BETSY-JANE!"

"I WISH YOU WOULD ALLOW YOUR LINNET TO COME AND SPEND THE DAY WITH MY CANARIES!"

THE MOST PESTILENT OF HERETICS.

THE *Times'* Correspondent at Rome telegraphs a piece of news about the POPE which is pleasant if true. Some time back the ARCHBISHOP OF TURIN imposed a vexatious restriction upon his Clergy. By a new regulation he prohibited them from frequenting public hotels, *cafés*, eating-houses, restaurants, and refreshment-rooms, and obliged Priests from the country visiting the city on business and requiring accommodation, to put up in some seminary, or other ecclesiastic establishment, at an expense exceeding what they would have incurred elsewhere. Thus inconvenienced, a number of the Inferior Clergy appealed to the "Congregational Council" for redress, on the plea that, "since the Vatican Council, the regulation of matters of discipline relating to the Clergy throughout the whole of the Catholic world is vested in the hands of the Supreme Pontiff only, and that the Bishops have no farther power beyond that of carrying out the instructions which emanate from him." The tribunal appealed to is said to have entertained the complaint, and put the Archbishop on his defence. Furthermore:—

"It is stated that PIUS THE NINTH is adverse to the liberty of the Clergy being unduly restrained, and, upon being informed of the complaint of the Turinese Clergy, stigmatised discipline of this rigorous character as Jansenistic."

Well said, your Holiness. Shall not your poor Priest take his ease in his inn? Of course, provided he take not too much. Undue restraint of liberty, clerical or lay, is Jansenistic rigour. Jansenism is heresy, even in our Protestant eyes, because it is excessively rigorous—nay, from a British point of view, for heretical depravity, there are no heretics so bad as those guilty of excessive rigour. Let them be *Anathema*! *Sint oculi sicut oculi eorum qui a paupere furantur cerevisiam suam*. May they fare, as promoters of Sabbatarian Acts and restrictive Liquor Laws, the Embitterment of Sunday Association, and the United Kingdom Alliance. Though, indeed, among these last there are some even more depraved than

THE BRITISH PUBLIC'S XXXIX. ARTICLES.

- I.—Ox-Tail Soup.
- II.—SHAKESPEARE.
- III.—The Bank of England.
- IV.—The LORD MAYOR.
- V.—Beer.
- VI.—Cold Water.
- VII.—Something Hot.
- VIII.—Public Dinners.
- IX.—Public Schools.
- X.—The Peerage.
- XI.—The Royal Academy.
- XII.—The British Constitution¹
- XIII.—The Family Doctor.
- XIV.—Brandy-and-Soda.
- XV.—St. Paul's.
- XVI.—The Three-per-Cents.
- XVII.—The *Court Circular*.
- XVIII.—A Balance at the Banker's.
- XIX.—A Neat Umbrella.
- XX.—A Nice Cob.
- XXI.—Roast Beef.
- XXII.—Seasonable Weather.
- XXIII.—Long Walks.
- XXIV.—Across Country.
- XXV.—A Latch-Key.
- XXVI.—The Classics.
- XXVII.—A Month at the Sea-side.
- XXVIII.—Great Bargains.
- XXIX.—Grumbling.
- XXX.—Writing to the Papers.
- XXXI.—Sight-seeing.
- XXXII.—The Long Vacation.
- XXXIII.—The Twelfth of August and the First of September.
- XXXIV.—Being Introduced.
- XXXV.—Turkey and Plum Pudding.
- XXXVI.—A Great Subscription.
- XXXVII.—A Quiet Cigar.
- XXXVIII.—Testimonials.
- XXXIX.—Christmas.

BYRONIC EPITAPH ON THE POLAR BEAR CUB (*brought from the Arctic Regions in the "Pandora," by CAPTAIN ALAN YOUNG and, lately deceased at the Zoological Gardens*).—"Tis Grease, but living Grease no more!"

the followers of JANSENIUS. Those most wretched Restrictives, may it please your Holiness, are what we call Advanced Radicals, and Secularists—Puritans without religion. What can be more intolerable than Puritanism destitute of even religious pretence? As though religion were not for every reasonable being the sole *raison d'être* for the imposition, or the endurance of any restraint on simple self-indulgence. May all heretics and apostates, who seek to subject other people to Jansenistic rigour, be, as the holy ERNULPHUS says, spifficated and flabbergasted, from the crown of the head to the tip of the great toe, inclusively of all the intervening organs and members. In the meanwhile, score we treble X to the POPE. He has, at last, spoken, whether *ex cathedra*, or not, with something like the voice of Infallibility.

FOR ONCE.

MR. PUNCH being continually asked why he does not publish an Acrostic, simply replies that he is not in the habit of imitating others, however successful—that, moreover, if he did, most probably not a single Subscriber would be able to crack his nut, supposing him to have given his great mind to it. However, if his Readers like to weary their intellectual jaws, let them put them to trial on this:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My First, elect among the few,
Elects my Second to expose his view.

I.
Of every colour, changed at will;
I stand or sit for good or ill.

II.
I rule alone from noon till night—
And when I am not, am by right.

It won't happen again, and, indeed, it is useless to humour our Readers, for they will have to give it up.

SCIENCE FOR A SOLOMON.



can have embraced the whole of that very extensive science. As a distinct science, by the way, Gynecology will probably be something new even to philosophers at large. Some few survivors of the pre-Board-School period may need to be told that Gynecology means the Science of the Softer Sex. Let us call Gynecology the better half of Anthropology. Then we must own Andrology the worse. The proper study of Mankind is Man in general, and Woman in particular—the latter claiming his special attention under the name of Gynecology. At present, however, we appear to be behind foreigners in the prosecution of that science. We have not any Professors of Gynecology. Perhaps, however, Gynecological chairs will, in due time, be established at Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, they will be open only to men who have taken the requisite degree. Nobody will be eligible to Gynecological Professorships who is a mere Bachelor.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin announces the death of a PROFESSOR MARTIN, "the well-known gynecologist and Privy Councillor of Medicine." Was there not a certain M. AIMÉ MARTIN, author of a work entitled *l'Éducation des Mères*? If that is the Professor referred to, M. MARTIN certainly cultivated one branch of "Gynecology," but it is doubtful if his researches

THE TAR OF THE FUTURE.

HERE a sheer hulk sits poor JACK STOKER,
A smoking of his screw,
No more he'll wield a Navy poker,
As he was wont to do;
His face was usually sooty,
His hands were black, but soft:
Ready below to do his duty,
He never went aloft.

JACK seldom from his post departed,
Except to take the air;
His ship was water-tight-compacted,
The main sluice was his care.
And one day STOKER had the folly
To leave the valve unstopped,
The consequence was melancholy,
The vessel—down she popped!

Yet still JACK STOKER kept his weather-
-Eye open for the worst,
And when the crew was piped together
JACK STOKER turned up first.
Grim Death who kings and tars dispatches,
JACK's life has not yet doff'd;
For when the water reached the hatches,
JACK went, for once, aloft! *

* And was taken out of the maintop high and dry.

UNSEASONABLE.

SOME enthusiastic Cricketer writes to the papers, entreating that LORD HENRY LENNOX will consent to improve the Victoria Park Cricket Ground. *Mr. Punch* yields to no one in his love of manly sports, but at this season he cannot consent to interest himself in anything nearer the subject than "Cricket on the Hearth."

PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

ANGELINA.—You will find all the Information you desire in *Punch's Pocket-Book*, which is just out.—EDWIN.

WILD WILLIE.—You are earnestly requested not to return to the bosom of your Family. The aforesaid Family have discovered that they can do perfectly well without you.

A SAFE INVESTMENT FOR A SMALL SUM.—Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

YOUR MOTHER'S DARLING, why don't you come home? Everything shall be done to make you happy. Your Father shall have chambers taken for him, your objectionable Sister shall be married, and your younger Brothers shall be sent to a school where there are no holidays. Only come home, and you may smoke in the drawing-room, have your breakfast in bed, and possess a latch-key.

TO LOVERS OF ART.—A Magnificent Opportunity.—**TO BE SOLD**, Seven Splendid Examples of MICHAEL ANGELO, four ditto of RUBENS, two ditto of TENIERS, and one ditto (18th. by 9th.) of TITIAN. The above glorious Works of Art will be sold for £60, as their Owner is going abroad.—Apply to J. SOLOMONS, Wardour Street.

SAVE HALF YOUR COALS by adopting our new patent. It is portable and complete in itself. It requires no brickwork setting. It will serve a whole family for one year at the small cost of only Two-and-Sixpence. It is sold in plain and strong leather cases for exportation, and can be packed away with perfect ease and safety in the portmanteau, hat-box, or ordinary coat-pocket. Suitable for any climate. This invaluable article can be obtained at 85, Fleet Street. Ask for *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

IF THE GENTLEMAN who called on a Firm of SOLICITORS, in Lincoln's Inn, last week, and kicked one of the Partners downstairs, and broke the other's head with the office-ruler, will kindly send his Address to the above Firm, he will greatly oblige.

CASUALTIES AT SEA.—By paying *Two Shillings and Sixpence* a year, you can secure for your Family ONE HUNDRED POUNDS' worth of Enjoyment, and avoid all chances of Accidents at Sea by purchasing, and staying on shore to read, *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

£10 REWARD.—LOST, the Sweetest, Dearest, Most Affectionate little BLACK AND TAN TERRIER ever seen. Answers to the Name of *Trim*. Any one finding it, and taking it safely to Mrs. DOODLE, Rhododendron Lodge, St. John's Wood, will receive the above Reward.

£10 REWARD.—LOST, a MONGREL CUR, which, if offered anything to eat, will answer as much to the name of *Trim* as to anything else. Anyone bringing it dead to Mrs. DOODLE, 51, King's Bench Walk, Temple, will receive the above reward.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for Half-a-Crown, and take it home to your family. 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

MONEY WITHOUT INQUIRY FEES or Preliminary Charges up to any Amount, from Half-a-Crown upwards, will be taken at 85, Fleet Street, for a copy of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

LOST.—A GOLD WATCH and CHAIN, on Monday night, either at a Club in Regent Street, or at some Theatre or another, or at EVANS's, or at another Club, or somewhere else. Advertiser is not certain whether he lost his watch, or had it stolen, or gave it away. At any rate he wants it back again. Handsome reward. Apply to the Beadle, Burlington Arcade.

THE GENTLEMAN who took a new OVERCOAT by mistake out of the Megatherium Club, will gladly give it back, in return for his old one. The new one, though more handsome, does not fit.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I shall NOT BE RESPONSIBLE for any DEBTS whatever contracted by my Husband. —BRIDGET STRONG, M.D.

IF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN who winked at a Lady in Westbourne Grove yesterday afternoon, will be at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens to-morrow morning at eleven, he will be introduced to the Lady's Brother and a horsewhip.

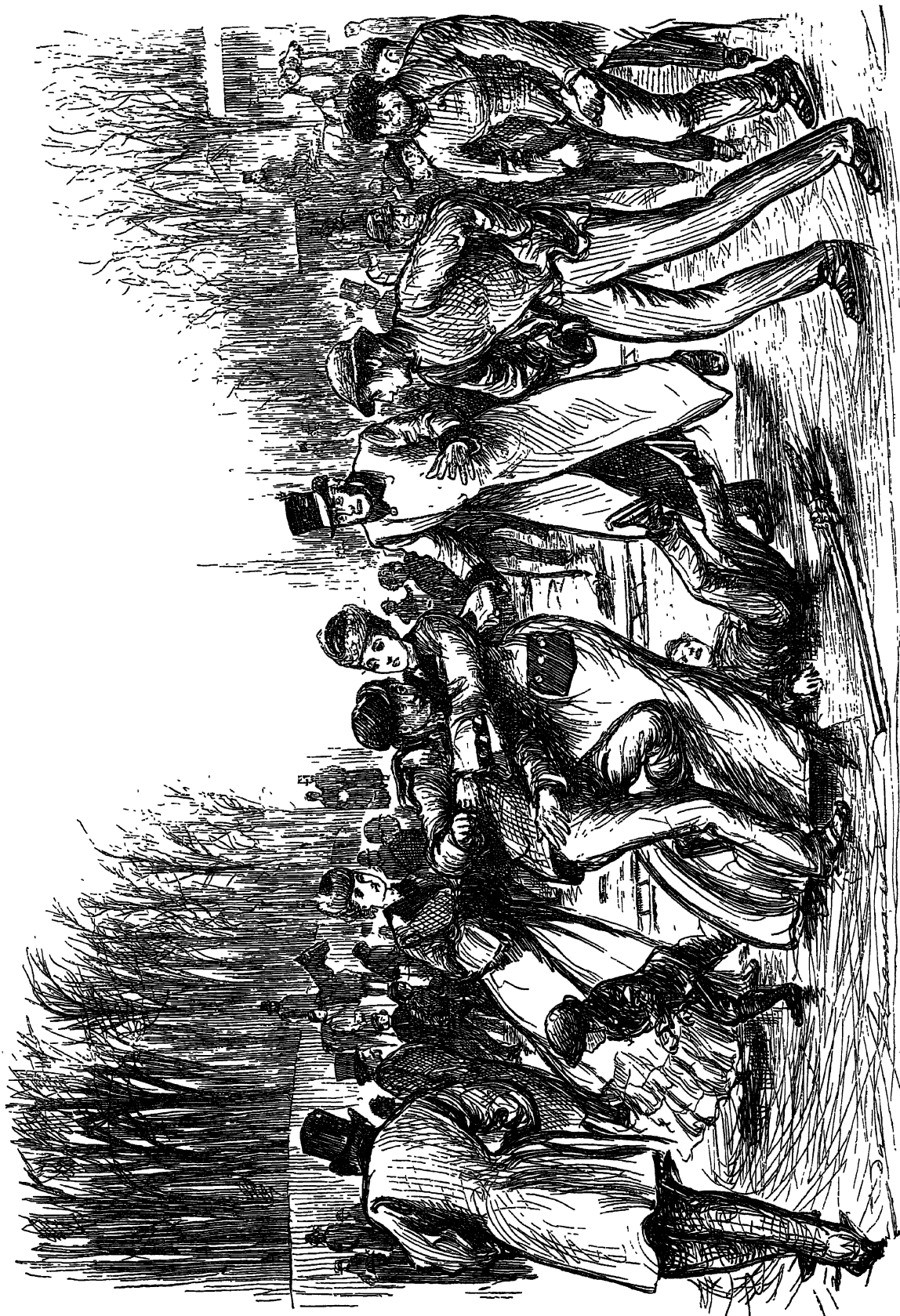
NO MORE CHILBLAINS! No more Coughs, Colds, or Rheumatism! For the small sum of Half-a-Crown, sufferers at this inclement season of the year may obtain instant relief by purchasing *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—The Wife of an Indigent Tradesman is in pressing need of £25. The Money will be repaid next Monday; and a Grand Piano, a Victoria, and a set of Diamonds will be given as Interest.—VIRGINIA WIDRAWAKE, 1, Diddleum Street, Brompton.

THIS DAY Promulgate that the Earth does not go around the Sun. CHARLES O'SHAUGHNESSY.—*Finucane*, December 4th, 1875.

BONA FIDE.—A Young Widow 25, very fair and very handsome, no family, well-connected, accomplished, with fascinating manners, warm-hearted, loving disposition, and who would make her husband the happiest man on earth, wishes to hear from any gentleman of ample means from 35 to 65, who would appreciate a lovely and loving wife.

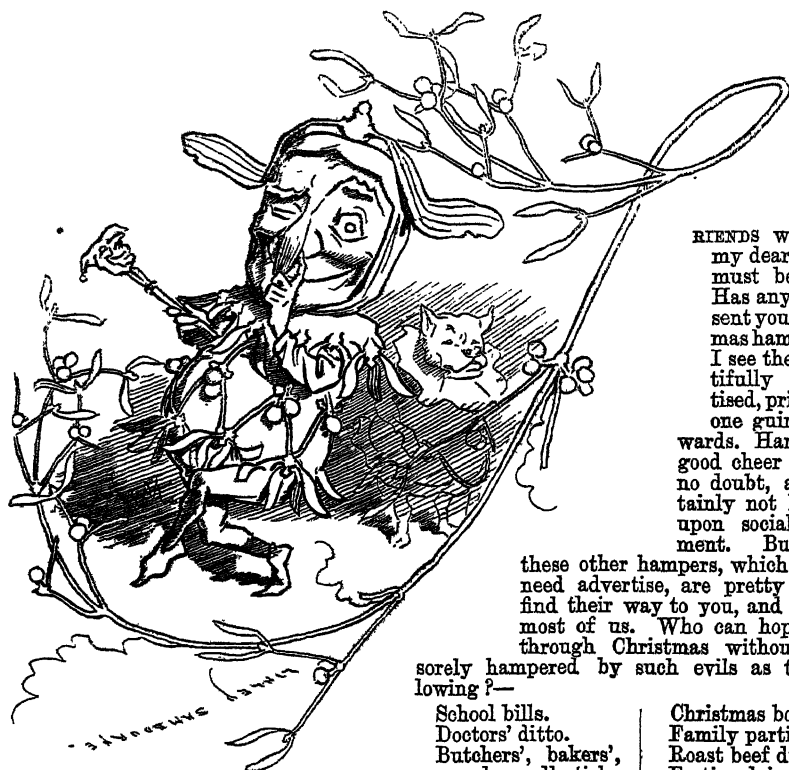
PUNCH'S PRIVATE INQUIRY OFFICE. Conducted by *Mr. Punch*. More than thirty years' experience with every class of persons all over the world. Missing answers to conundrums traced, old jokes and stale witticisms detected, &c. Call at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, and, having deposited the small fee of half-a-crown, privately inquire for *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.



EQUALITY.

"ON THE LOT, EVEN MORE THAN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD, PEOPLE ARE BROUGHT INTO IMMEDIATE CONTACT WHO ARE OTHERWISE KEPT ASUNDER." SO AT LEAST THOUGHT DOBBIN, THE GREENGROCEK'S ASSISTANT, WHEN THE LADY FLORILINE FITZ-FLEUDELYS GLASSED HIM WILDLY BY THE NECK, AND FOLDED HIM IN HER WARM EMBRACE.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.



RIENDS with you,
my dear *Punch*,
must be legion.
Has any of them
sent you a Christ-
mas hamper yet?
I see them plen-
tifully adver-
tised, prices from
one guinea, up-
wards. Hampers of
good cheer they are
no doubt, and cer-
tainly not hampers
upon social enjoy-
ment. But alas!

these other hampers, which nobody
need advertise, are pretty sure to
find their way to you, and me, and
most of us. Who can hope to get
through Christmas without being
sorely hampered by such evils as the fol-
lowing?—

School bills.
Doctors' ditto.
Butchers', bakers',
and candlestick-
makers' ditto,
ditto.

Christmas boxers.
Family parties.
Roast beef dinners.
Festive doings.
Deep potations.
Mornings after.

I leave you to continue this imperfect list of real Christmas hampers. My boys are just
come home, and are dancing wildly round my study table. What more can I do than sign
myself

Holly House, near Puddingborough.

Yours plaintively,

A CHRISTMAS MARTYR.

"HEARTS OF OAK."

(New Version.)

COME cheer up, my lads,
Never mind where you steer :
You've to add something more
To this wonderful year.
To perils we send you
Of fogs and of flukes,
Serapis chain-cables,
And rams like the *Duke's*!

Iron-clads are our ships,
Stoke- and Poke-rs our men ;
We always are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!—
To ram and to run-down
Again and again!

We ne'er see our friends
Till they're well in the way ;
And, if they see us,
They can't wear, steer, or stay.
Through fogs we steam headlong,
Hang shoal or lee-shore :
If we go to the bottom,
JOHN BULL will build more!

Iron-clads are our ships, &c.

The papers abuse us,—
We trust in "My Lords."
Confidential inquiries
Are better for Boards.
A Court Martial's finding
Aside may be thrust.
To our kind friends above
The decision we trust.

Iron-clads are our ships, &c.

"IN TOTO CÆLO."

AN Indian Correspondent speaks of
"Cheetahs" being "hoodwinked." In
England, this operation is usually per-
formed not upon the "cheaters" but the
"cheated."

TENDER AND TRUE.

THE Lords of the Admiralty have issued an advertisement, in-
viting Tenders for the raising of the *Vanguard*. Amongst the
thousands of letters upon the subject received hourly at Whitehall,
the following seem to be the most promising:—

23½ b, Pipemakers' Buildings, St. Giles's Alley, W.C.,
MY LORDS, December, 1875.

In answer to your advertisement about the raising of the
Vanguard, I beg to say that I am perfectly prepared to undertake
the task on the most reasonable terms. In reply to your condition
"that all parties tendering shall furnish evidence of their financial
ability to undertake the work," I beg to say that I have large con-
cessions in South America, and am a personal friend of His Excel-
lency the BARON MUNCHAUSEN. On receipt of five pounds and six
postage-stamps my tender shall be forwarded to you forthwith.

I am, my Lords, your obedient Servant,
JEREMY DIDDLEE,
Knight Commander of the Golden
Fleece of Costa-Rica.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

MY LORDS,

I SHALL be very pleased to undertake the raising of the
Vanguard. I see that you insist that "the scheme of proposed
operations shall be submitted with the tender." This regulation
seems to me a little harsh; but as I believe I am dealing with
honourable men, I feel no hesitation in sending you my recipe.
Take half-a-pound of common salt, a little salad oil, and a few
ounces of gunpowder, and mix them well together over a slow fire,
being careful to remove the scum as it rises to the surface. Now
get your steam-engine and balloon, and proceed as in ordinary cases
of hair-cutting by machinery. You will now find you have an
enormous lever-power at your command, and the heaviest weights
may be lifted with ease, and even impunity.

The Retreat, Harwich,
December, 1875.

Trusting to your well-known courtesy and love of fair play to
keep this secret,—a wonder known only to a few, and shielded from
the curiosity of fools, knaves, and the knife-grinding and brush
manufacturing confraternity generally,

I remain, My Lords, your obedient servant,

LUNAR FISK,
Companion of the Cold Bath, and only genuine
Pope of Rome.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

MY LORDS,

WITHOUT hesitation I accept your terms for the raising of
the *Vanguard* on behalf of my immediately-to-be-launched
company, "The British and Foreign Fleets Salvage Association,
Limited." You wish me to name a "lump sum" for the job.
Well, say four millions and a half, or, accepting a reduction for
short term—i.e., if cash can be banked before noon to-morrow—
£10,000. Also to give dates "for proposed commencement and pro-
bable end of operations." I intend to commence at once, and shall
very likely get the matter satisfactorily settled by the 1st of April,
1876. Warning you against any slanderous reports you may hear
about me in connection with my recent negotiations with the Court
of Bankruptcy,

I remain, my Lords, your obedient Servant,

A. SHARP,
Ex-Secretary of Seventy-Six Public Companies.
The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

MY LORDS,

New York, U. S. A., December, 1875.

YOUR advertisement has been cabled to me, and I accept it
right off the reel. Wire back lowest terms and I accept them,
knowing that you will be "businesslike," when I tell you that I
shall be happy to allow you all round a regular big commission.
You must sweeten down one of your conditions though. You say
"the ship must be raised and delivered whole, and not in pieces."
This don't suit my book, as I should blow the silly old boat into

small potatoes. If I get you all the pieces that should satisfy you. You might give the lot to the young 'uns home for the holidays to put together. It would make a nice wholesome puzzle for them, and keep 'em out of mischief.

My Lords, yours faithfully,
The Admiralty Lords, SAMUEL SLICK,
Whitehall, England, Europe. *Man of Business, U.S.A.*

The Great Removing Repository, Bloomsbury.
 December, 1875.

MY LORDS,
 IN answer to your esteemed advertisement, I beg to say that I shall be happy to undertake the removal of the *Vanguard* from the bottom of the sea to any of Her Majesty's Docks.

I notice that you wish the ship to be delivered "in such a state that she may be docked." May I ask whether you will have any objection to her being packed in one of my large and commodious vans, in which I am accustomed to remove families on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice possible?

Awaiting your esteemed reply,

I am, my Lords, your humble obedient servant,

JOHN SNOOKS,
Manager and Proprietor of the
Great Removing Repository, Bloomsbury.
The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

MY LORDS, 85, Fleet Street, E.C., December, 1875.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that I shall be delighted to undertake the raising of the *Vanguard* on the following condition. I propose to descend to the bottom of the sea (where I shall remain half an hour) and I shall expect all of you to accompany me. I shall wear a diver's dress, and you can appear in full official costume. As the result of our little expedition will most probably result in a change in the government of the Admiralty, I am sure the scheme I propose will meet with the enthusiastic approbation of the British Public.

I have the honour to be, My Lords,

With all the respect you deserve to receive,

Your Lordships' to command,

The Lords of the Admiralty.

PUNCH.

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."



Good cheer being the rule of Mis-rule, and Mis-rule the rule of Christmas-tide, the operation of roasting the Baron of Beef for the Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle will be conducted with the usual ceremonies on Christmas Eve, by the Yeomen of the Guard (the

Beef-eaters), in the presence of Garter King-at-Arms, the junior Bishop of the House of Lords, the Warden of the Standards, the Barons of the Exchequer (the New Judicature Act expressly reserves their right to the dripping), and the Hydrographer to the

Admiralty. Each of these distinguished personages will, in turn, baste the Baron appropriately (decorated with the Union Jack,) while the choir of St. George's sing "O! the Roast Beef of Old England!" newly set by PROFESSOR LIVELY, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

The papers to be read at the Society of Arts between Christmas and Easter, will most probably be on Mobilisation, Vingt-et-un, the Advantages of Early Rising, Rinks and Rinking, Double Acrostics (the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs to preside at the distribution of prizes), Night Lights, Hair Dyes (with practical illustrations), Mineral Waters, Second-hand Clothes, Pickles and Preserves, and Torpedoes (with experiments), and Bicycling.

A great revolution is about to take place in the curriculum of studies at Eton. After the vacation, instruction in Field Sports, Horsemanship, Practical Land Surveying, Painting in Oil and Water Colours, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Road-making, Civil Engineering (including boring, blasting and tunnelling), Natural History (with frequent country excursions), and Pyrotechny, will be given to any boy who shall signify his desire (in writing), to the Head Master to substitute these branches of useful learning for the study of the ancient Greek and Roman authors, and Mathematics.

A report is prevalent that the Albert Hall is to be converted into a grand Skating Rink.

It is in contemplation to give a series of popular Lectures, amusing Readings, and Musical Entertainments (including an exhibition of the Magic Lantern) during the holidays, in which the Dean and Chapter and the entire Cathedral staff will take part, in aid of the project for supplying St. Paul's with a peal of bells.

A rumour is afloat that the Lords of the Admiralty intend to take a cruise in the *Iron Duke* to the Scilly Islands and Isle of Mull—to start on the 24th of this month.

It is said to be the intention of the PRIME MINISTER to appoint either a retired Cabinet Minister or an ex-Colonial Governor to the Secretaryship to the Local Government Board, vacant by the resignation of MR. READ, M.P. The place of Secretary to the Civil Service Commission will most probably be filled by a former Lord of the Admiralty.

A Company is in process of formation for the construction of an Underground Railway to connect the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces.

A gigantic Christmas-Tree will be on view in Westminster Hall on Boxing-Night. The proceeds will be added to the fund which is being raised to assist the Vestries and other public bodies in keeping the streets of London passable on the occurrence of another snow-storm.

Great News! No more School-rates for London! The City Companies have unanimously resolved to unite in bearing the entire expenses of all the Schools now under the control of the School-Board.

The Government are understood to be in negotiation with His Highness the Khedive for the purchase and transfer of the Great Pyramid to Lincoln's Inn Fields—an area which it has always been calculated this stupendous monument of antiquity would exactly fill. Should the bargain be completed, the Sphinx, it is said, will be thrown in, and placed in front of the official residence of the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY in Downing Street.

It is gratifying to learn that the Works to be expressly composed for the New Opera House on the Thames Embankment are all on national themes. HERR WAGNER is engaged night and day on a romantic opera which deals with the eventful annals of the Tower of London. GOUNOD has selected for his subject the Insurrection of WAT TYLER; and OFFENBACH's sprightly powers will have full scope for display in the story of *Robinson Crusoe*. VERDI may also contribute. If so, his libretto will be founded on the Spanish Armada. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has chosen the history of Boadicea.

Try it!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM about to write to my creditors to inform them that I cannot conveniently pay their bills for some little time.

Would it be a correct image if I were to suggest to them that I am, in fact, "up a Christmas-tree"?

Yours faithfully,

Dec. 20th.

MICAWBER.

TO OUR OWN CREDIPUSES.

PUNCH congratulates his Readers and Correspondents who have cracked his first double (acrostic) nut—and found M. P. and P. M. inscribed on its brace of Kernels.

No FEAR!—A rude Boy says that his Uncle, MR. SCREWER, is so careful of his balance, that there is not the least fear of his over-tipping on Boxing-Day.

LIFE AND DEATH INSURANCE.

In a highly interesting lecture on "Unhealthy Occupations," delivered the other evening at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, by DR. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.:—

"The lecturer said that, according to the certified returns, out of sixty-nine recognisable occupations in this country those of barristers and clergymen stood prominently forward as the healthiest."

Considering how many briefless barristers there are, and how many curates with nothing but their stipends to subsist on, one wonders that the essential healthiness of their occupations, as such, is not more than counterbalanced by deaths from famine. Many poor lawyers and parsons would seem to be obliged to live considerably within the bounds of healthful moderation. Yet they do live. Behold, my son, with how little sustenance life may be prolonged.

The occupations "found to be most conducive to shortness of life," according to DR. RICHARDSON, are "those of cabmen and coachmen (not domestic servants), and of earthenware manufacturers."

As to cabmen and coachmen, in respect of mortality, both the rule and the exception are intelligible. The potter is apt to be turned prematurely to clay by causes which affect him "during the stages of drying and turning the ware" with all the diseases incidental to all the various occupations injurious to the lungs and the skin. This will be new to most people; but they will be still more surprised by what follows. DR. RICHARDSON stated that:—

"The modern system of hair-brushing by machinery was most injurious to the operators, and several cases had occurred in which the hairdresser had been compelled to leave his business owing to a complaint produced by inhalation during the process of particles of fine dust and fragments of hair."

This alarming information may suggest a case of conscience for every man not one of those unconcerned with it—that is, bald. Ought he, having had his hair cut, to allow it to be "brushed with machinery?" This question may perhaps be answered by the suggestion that the artist by whom the machinery is manipulated might easily protect his respiratory organs with a muslin respirator, add to

which, that, if required to brush hair by any but the usual method, he would probably demand an extra fee.

It is too clear that artisans engaged in unhealthy employments, and having wives and children, should by all means if possible insure their lives; the rather that the money saved for that purpose, instead of being spent in drink, would really effect the insurance of a comparatively prolonged existence. The Insurance Companies, however, would perhaps rather wish to have life insurance more generally practised by the long-lived gentlemen of the surplice and the long robe.



YOUNG, BUT SMART.

Aunt Mary. "NOW, DON'T QUARREL, CHILDREN! RECOLLECT THAT 'BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE!'"

Ethel. "WELL, IT WOULDN'T DO FOR THEM TO 'FALL OUT'—ANYHOW, NOT BEFORE THEY COULD FLY. WOULD IT, AUNT MARY?"

LONDON ARRIVALS.

It is odd that, while people who go to swell places like Brighton and Scarborough have their names printed in all the newspapers, important London arrivals are unnoticed, even by that polite print the *Morning Post*. Mr. Punch proposes to show his contemporaries how the thing should be done.

MY LORDS MAMMON and BELIAL have just arrived to stay with an eminent Member of the Stock Exchange, at his magnificent Surrey mansion.

GUY FAWKES, ESQ., is the Christmas guest of the Chairman of the Coal Exchange.

EDIPUS REX will shortly come over on the pressing invitation of the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISRAELI. He will bring with him a choice collection of insoluble riddles. The PREMIER will, on that occasion, change his motto, *Forti nihil difficile*, to *Fortissimo nihil impossibile*.

HOMER, Saint Peter, and the Woodman who could not be induced by Music's charms to "spare that tree," will be the guests of MR. GLADSTONE.

CHARLES FOX will visit EARL RUSSELL at Pembroke Lodge.

CAPTAIN LEMUEL

GULLIVER has accepted an invitation to dine at the Travellers' Club, to meet CAPTAIN LAWSON, the distinguished Author of *Adventures in New Guinea* (reviewed in the current Number of the *Edinburgh*).

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE and a select party of friends, among whom are MR. BEN JONSON, MR. HERRICK, MR. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, MESSRS. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER (*not limited*), are going to pass Christmas with Mr. Punch.



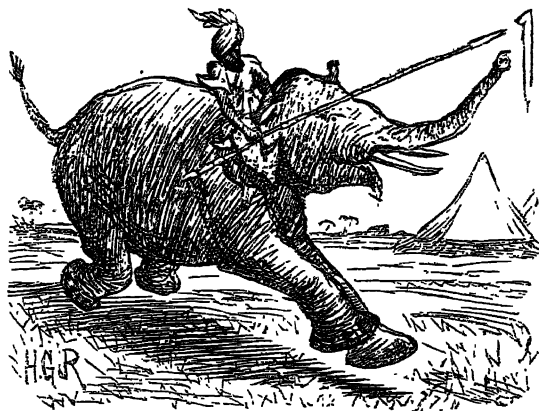
CHRISTMAS À LA MODE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "CONCRETE AND WHEEL-SKATES! THAT I SHOULD EVER COME TO THIS! HE! HE!
REALLY, THOUGH, I RATHER LIKE IT!!"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Gaiety going on. Five l'amour, cigars, and cognac.)

MY DEAR OLD CHOWPATTEE,



T was lucky the MAHARANA OF OUDUDDO left us yesterday. We were not sorry to get rid of him. His pigtail was always in some-body's way, getting shut into a door, or pulled, by mistake, for a ball-ropes. He was a very

quick-tempered man, but, as I said, "If he's quick, I know a Quickwar." (This is a real Indian joke, and depends upon the correct pronunciation of the word "Quickwar." It's all right with the right audience.)

The rank and file is thinning. They can't keep it up. We cleaned out the THAKORE OF KISHUGUR, who had come with his pockets full to buy sweets and toys at the Bazaar for his ladies at home. Won't they give it him when he goes back! and won't he be unable to give it them! He hasn't got more than would pay his fare back to his own Station, and his family circle was expecting him to return with waggon-loads of dolls and bales of sweets. The MAHARAJAS OF MYSORE and YOURSORE are very nice fellows, but they do not understand *écarté*, though at the same time there was an unpleasant scandal about the SIRDAR OF NOWATYERAT, which was hushed up on his consenting to quit the place at once, and return to his native home; but I did see an ace, a king, a queen, and one or two other good and useful cards tumble out of his ample sleeve. However, one mustn't speak ill of the departed—and he's gone.

We had a really beautiful ball, and my Illustrious Friend was all that Fancy could paint him. I had fortunately brought out my concertina with me, and had been able to give him private lessons every morning after breakfast, so that my Noble Companion has not forgotten any of his steps—nor have I; and we did go it!

All the advice I gave my Esteemed and Royal Companion was, "Be affable. Whatever you do, Sir, be affable."

And he was Affability itself: in fact the Indians have already invented a new title of honour for "The Queen's Boy," and they call him "*Khansamah Bagheecha*," which scarcely has an equivalent in our cold, unpoetical language, but which expresses their immense undying Love and Reverence for my Amiable and Illustrious Companion.*

Well did my Amiable and Distinguished Friend follow out my instructions. He was Affable. He was the Great Affability. He danced with the oldest, flirted with the plainest. At the Grand Tuoulla Ball he led out MRS. MUGGAR, the Aunt of MR. HUGGAR MUGGAR, and kissed Miss FRUMPLY under the mistletoe,† and

* The boy whom we sent out last week to buy a new Dictionary has not yet returned. He had half a sovereign, and all London before him. This only shows how difficult it is to obtain a new Indian Dictionary. We hope to hear from him soon. In the meantime our old Dictionary gives the meaning of the two words above, thus, *Khansamah* "a butler," and *Bagheecha* "a fruit-garden." Now, the Oriental mind may see something very beautiful and deeply poetical in the title of "A Fruit-Garden Butler," or "A Butler Fruit-Garden," but we must honestly confess that we do not see what there is poetical in the idea. The other morning, in order to try by experience whether there really was something poetical in the notion, we sent our own Butler into the fruit-garden, and looked at him over the wall. It struck us as a very commonplace affair. On the other hand, our Correspondent says that it is an Orientalism, and has no English equivalent. The nearest approach in our language to a "Fruit-Garden Butler" would be, perhaps, "a green-grocer;" but still even this, a title expressive of respect and love for our Prince, is not all that could be wished—at least by a European. But we must not be narrow-minded, and are perfectly ready to admit that there is more in India and other places than is dreamt of in our philosophy. When the boy returns we shall know more—and so will he.—Ed.

† Hallo! What's this? Mistletoe? We've not been in India, and yet somehow—however if it was mistletoe—still it has a suspicious flavour of home jollity just about this season of the year. Boy with Dictionary not yet returned. Wonder what keeps him? The half sovereign; perhaps.—Ed.

slapped old RAO SAHEB RUBBARAND ONNERSEEST heartily on the back, and asked him, in excellent native dialect, "*Emag rehtona evahwoy Llionehw?*" The Rao Sahab was enchanted, but he revokes at whilst, and is rather a nuisance.

I walked round the ball-room, and introduced all the notabilities, and, in fact, everybody, to my Royal and Affable Companion.

Among the natives I observed SIR COWJUICE JESUPAHOY, RAO GUSLA, the RAJAH OF HULLABHOY, SIR RABS BERRIJAM, and SIR KUR RANT JELLY BHOY, the RAJAH OF KOLLY WOBBLAR, the CHIEF OF HOOSURE HATTAR, SIR MUCKPICKA DUSTHO, DR. JEE JEE STOOPIDAS, MR. MUCHDHARKAR, MR. SILLJEE BILLJEE, and a lot of other swells, not to mention the great MAHARAJAH OF TATAR OWART, who shook two jewelled fingers at me as he was leaving.

To supper the Prince, who had been dancing a galop with MISS CRAWLEY, after a fast waltz with MISS CREEPER, led in old LADY STUPPER, and helped her to turkey and iced sausages with a jest which will scarcely bear repetition. We kept it up with spirit; and SIR MYNT JULIP SINGH FLATTEEBHOY would insist on standing on the table, and giving us his version of "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*."

We took shots at him with rolls, and, in avoiding one as straight as a die in his left optic, he stumbled back over the barley-sugar elephant, his turban came off, and his stupid old head was hoary with iced cream.

My Illustrious Friend enjoyed it amazingly.

Before my more than Esteemed Companion quitted Ceylon, two aboriginal Veddahs were presented to him.

"If you were a bachelor, Sir," I whispered to him, "you could marry one of these ladies."

"Why," he returned, falling unwittingly into my verbal trap for a *jeu de mot*, "I could not, because they are married."

"No, Sir," I returned, chuckling with the humour of my jest, "They're not married—they're Viddahs!"

You should have heard the shouts at this side-splitter. I implored him, for the sake of his health and buttons, to desist.

"Dash my buttons!" he exclaimed in a perfect explosion of humour. And the guns from the Fort saluted this really good joke.

It will be a long time ere that scene is forgotten in Ceylon. It is now historical.

The telegram about the Ball sent off to Europe, was simply, "The Prince appeared to enjoy the evening very much, and did not leave till after the Tenth dance."

"Pooh-na!" as we say in Ceylon. The Tenth don't dance. We enjoyed ourselves. On Sunday we all went to church, and in the evening I read *Sandford and Merton* to my Illustrious Friend, and played "*Greenland's Icy Mountains*" on our concertinas, arranged as a duett. Weren't we good? I believe you, my JAM-JEE-JELLY-BHOY!

We send the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND home. He wants to get back, look to his fire-engines, and darn his hose.

The *Guzgul* (or Indian Drink-Maker) has just come in to say that my Royal and Illustrious Friend is awaiting my presence for a good story, a glass of *Chokee*, and a calm Trinchinopoli cigar before we turn in. So bye-bye.

Send Chequesy-Bhoys to your own dear Goody-Bhoys, who is now, as ever,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

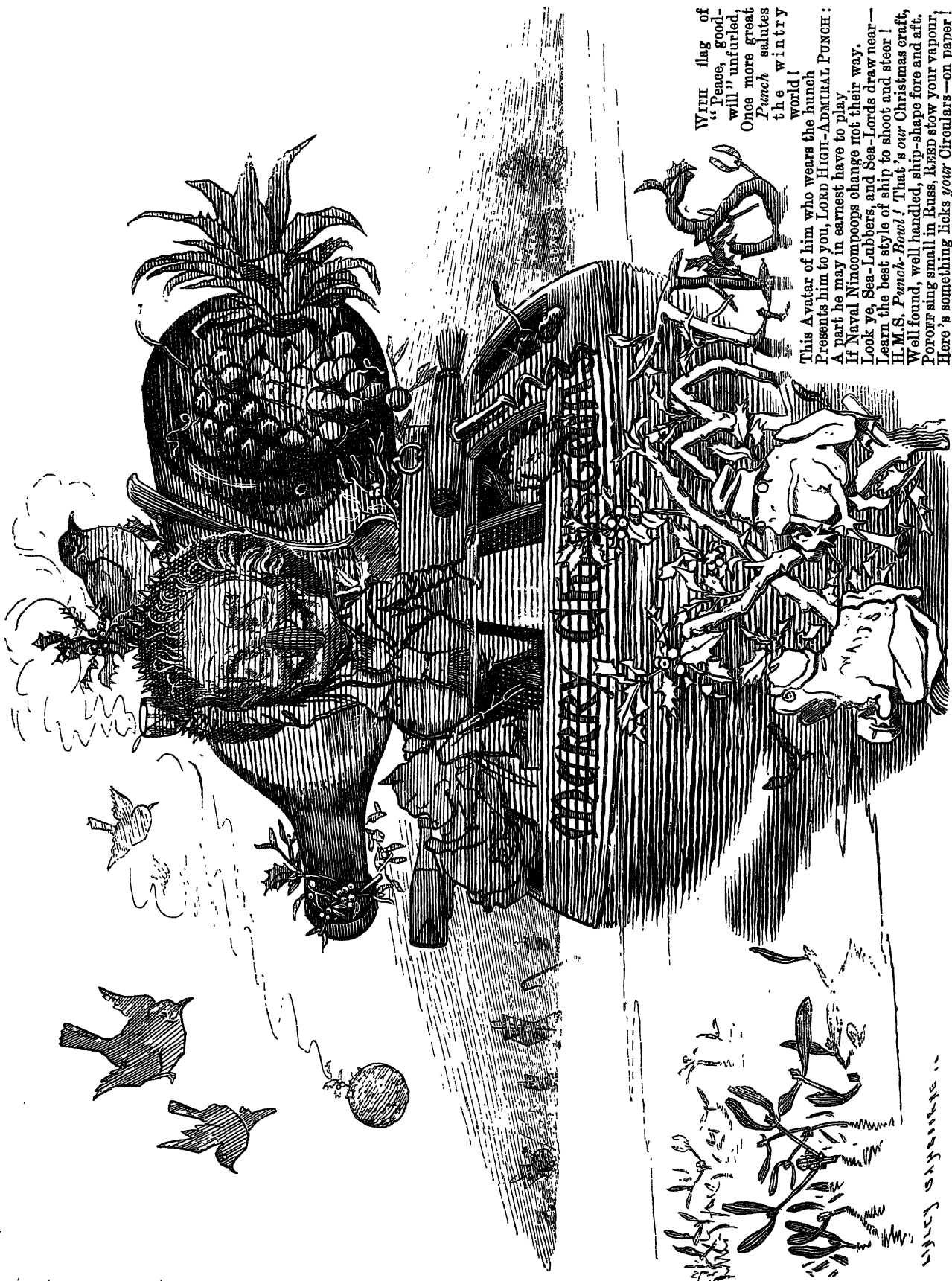
P.S.—We've had a day with the Jugglers. I found out most of their tricks, and made 'em wild. I was, as I said to my Noble Friend, "quite in the Juggler Vein." This was received with screams and shouts. In fact, every joke of mine tells now, since (I may say this in confidence) the D-KE OF S-TH-RL-ND has left us; for his Grace, being such a thorough-going amateur fireman, always went about as a *wet-blanket*. This *mot* was an out-and-out convulser. One more, and I've emptied, for the present, my Indian bag of tricks. The other evening, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM came to dine with us. Before we (His Grace and myself) entered the room, the Duke confided to me that he had recently been photographed, and he presented me with his portrait. I took it, rushed into the room, my Noble Friend blanched for one instant, and the suite (thinking it was tigers) made for the other door. I threw myself into a Kemble attitude, and exclaimed, "My Liege, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is taken!" My Appreciative Friend's memory coming to his aid, he took the cue, and returned, "Off with his head!" "Here it is," said I, presenting the DUKE's likeness, price sixpence plain, and a shilling coloured. I haven't time to describe the bursts of merriment that resounded through the *Kucker** (Indian for dining saloon) after this sally.

Yours ever,

Y. R. I. I.

* *Kucker* in our Dictionary is a "barking deer." This is certainly not a "dining saloon;" but, on the other hand, as we do not believe in the existence of a "barking deer," we are the more ready to rely upon our Correspondent's veracity. That boy has not yet returned. "He will return, we know him well"—he won't, if he knows us well.—Ed.

A SEASONABLE SALUTE.



With flag of
"Peace, good-
will" unfurled,
Once more great
Punch salutes
the wintry
world!

This Avatar of him who wears the hunch
Presents him to you, Lord High-ADMIRAL PUNCH:
A part he may in earnest have to play
If Naval Nincompoops change not their way.
Look ye, Sea-Lubbers, and Sea-Lords draw near—
Learn the best style of ship to shoot and steer!
H.M.S. *Punch-Boat*! That 's our Christmas craft,
Well found, well handled, ship-shape fore and aft,
Porpoise sing small in Russ, keep stow your vapour,
Here 's something lick *your* Circulars—on paper!

WILEY GUNN



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BILK WAS TO BUST!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!"

A fleet of these, with *Punch* as Chief Commander,
Would settle BISMARCK, and sink ALEXANDER!
Bang! goes our *Pop-off*! for round-shot, ne'er rounder
Or richer flew than *Punch's* twenty-pounder!
BULL's mouth, if not bull's-eye, that missile enters,
And with it e'en the worst shots make plumb-centres!
Bellicose world, 'twould better your condition
Would you but try such arms and ammunition.
A Christmas-bowl, when you've drained every drop off,
Is better than a swart smoke-belching *Popoff*.
While for "explosives"—*Toby*, tap the Sillery,
To furnish forth our humanised artillery.
Mad mortals! Would ye drop War's murderous folly,
In act as word Old Christmas might be "jolly."
"Peace and good will?" The motto sounds satiric,
Contrasting the Year's log with Yuletide's lyric.
Still, "Merry Christmas" re'und, to foes and friends!
Let's hope young Seventy-Six may make amends
For foul sins and sad follies left alive
By the fast-failing hands of Seventy-five.
Big guns, and sunk rams, foreign loans, and quarrels,
Avant! here's better markets, ditto morals!
For thundering, blundering Iron-clad three-decker,
To drain both JOHN BULL's patience and exchequer,
H.M.S. *Punch-Bowl* sails, well-manned, well-found,
To track Wit's currents—depths of Sense to sound.
Bang! Fire a full salute! Nor keep your eyes on
The Fleet of Christmas Bills in the horizon.
Blushing at praise for good not done by stealth,
Punch drains a bumper to the General Health—
Here's to the World—our friends far off and near—
"A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year!"

THE RELIGION OF CHRISTMAS.—Mince-piety.

A FYTTE OF HACKNEY DOWNS.

It was open walking where Hackney Downs
Lies green beneath the skies,
From a time whereto man's memory
Runneth not contrariwise.

The Lord of the Manor hath made essaye
To enclose and build thereon;
And a blessing upon the Board of Works,
That to law with him have gone!

He planted postes and sett up rayles,
And hedged hym yn the grounde,
The churl mote have waited at least until
He law on hys side had founde.

For the Lord, the Hackney Commoners said,
To collar our common land,
Never sticking so much as to ask our leave,
Ytt ys more than we wyll stand!

What right hath he that land to cribb?
And a curse upon his crown!
No more to set fences and palings up,
Than we have to pull them down.

Soe busk ye, bowne ye, merry men all,
To Hackney Downs hie we,
And let the proud Lord of the Manor know
We can doe as muche as he.

The Commoners all did wend their way
Unto Hackney Downs eftsoon,
And thereon they met with much folk beside,
On a Saturday afternoon.

Then DE MORGAN up, and bespake the throng,
The fences that grieved their sight,
As having been reared against the law,
Colde be razed as of right.

They needed not to abide the suit
Which at that time did pende,
'Twixt the Lord of the Manor and Board of Works,
Howsoever that cause might ende.

The Commoners all had rights of their own,
Apart from either side,
To clear those palings and postes away,
From letting them walke and ride.

So forth to those iron rails they went,
To tear them from the land;
When they were 'ware of thirty stout knaves,
Of Bobbies blue a band!

The Bobbies, they drew their good ash staves,
For to guard the railings fain,
But a word their Superintendent spake,
And they putt them up agayne.

Then went the Commoners to their work,
With many an hundred mo,
They seized the fences on Hackney Downs,
And laid the enclosures low.

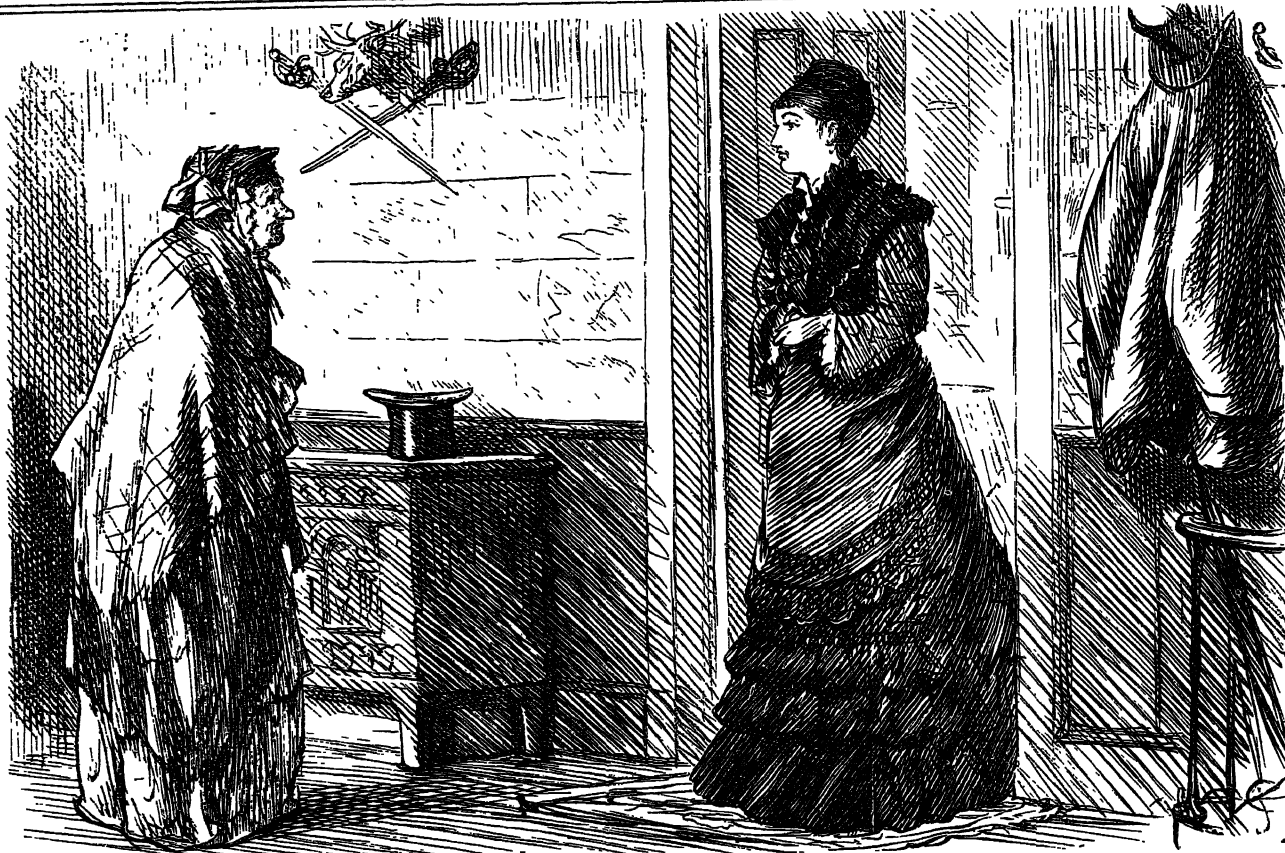
They tore up and twisted the iron railles
Into whatso shape they wolde:
And eke uprooted the postes of oak
That the iron railles did holde.

The posts had been tarred but just that morn,
From seizing their hands to stay,
All the better therefore dyd the bonfire burn,
Which they made of the wood straightway.

In a trice of fences they cleared the ground,
And the people went to and fro,
Passing free over Hackney Downs once more
Whosoe'er them list to go.

May they only have kept within the Law
These Hackney Commoners true!—
Then hooray for their geste upon Hackney Downs,
And their deed of derring-do!

"THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB."—An Alpenstock.



A GOOD JUDGE.

Elderly Party (to Lady Bountiful). "O, IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, MY 'USBAND IS DOWN WITH THE DIP-THEORY; AND PLEASE, 'M, THE DOCTOR SAYS HE MUST 'AVE PORT WINE, AND IT DON'T MATTER 'OW (H)OLD IT IS, MUM—IN FACT THE (H)OLDER THE BETTER!!"

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

Two great and good men meet. They bow courteously to one another. The first calls himself PUNCH, the second signs himself GEORGE. They converse.

Punch. My dear GEORGE, I am glad to give you my opinion—that was a very sensible speech you made in the City a few days ago.

George. Thank you, Sir.

Punch. In the course of your remarks, you alluded to the Uniform Question.

George. No offence, I hope, Sir?

Punch. Certainly not. You said you were proud of your cloth.

George. So I am, Sir.

Punch. That you were not ashamed of appearing in uniform.

George. I am not, Sir.

Punch. And yet you awarded as a punishment to a silly Sub., convicted of practical joking the other day, the compulsory wearing of uniform for a year.

George. My mistake, Sir.

Punch. You admit that the wording of the order was so clumsy that it was calculated to cause misconception?

George. Certainly, Sir.

Punch. I trust the mistake will not occur again, my dear GEORGE.

George. It shall not, Sir.

Punch. Of course you must feel, as a good soldier, that Her Majesty's uniform is an honour to its wearer.

George. Certainly, Sir.

Punch. You cannot be too careful in future, then, to avoid anything that may seem, however remotely, to cast a slur on that uniform. And now we will say no more about it.

George. You are very kind, Sir.

Punch. Not at all. I will detain you no longer, as I am sure you must be anxious to return to your Mobilisation Scheme. I have nothing more to say at present.

George. Thank you, Sir.

[Military salute, and exit.]

THE CYNIC'S CAROL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
Happy that twice it cometh not:
For sirloin is uncommon dear,
And dear the pudding in the pot;
And floods are out, and rooms are chill,
And every morning brings a bill.

That plant yeleft the mistletoe.
To me by no means pleasant is:
My daughters underneath it go
To meet a detrimental kiss,
From one who nothing hath a year,
And liveth in the street called Queer.

My parson preacheth straight at me,
My wine merchant sends claret sour,
My stocks are down to thirty-three,
My stockbroker won't wait an hour;
My boys, escaped scholastic swish,
Take from the larder what they wish.

Well, life has consolations still:
Locked in my study, far away
From riots that my household fill,
I pass a calm, if cheerless day—
Thankful, as bed-time draweth near,
That Christmas comes but once a year.

Dog-Days in December.

THE community of Dog-Fanciers express themselves uncommonly gratified with the exhibition of their favourite creatures held last week at the Alexandra Palace. Its local aptitude appears to have tickled the canine "Fancy," from what they say. "Such a natural place for a Dog-Show—Muzzle Hill."

A CHRISTMAS CANARD.



HERE are such things — though Turkey is the bird of the season! In the name of the profit—Figs! also raisins, currants, and candied peel in this Christ-

mas-putting time. These commodities just now are specially profitable to grocers. Nor these alone. Amongst other good things your Grocer retails you beverages more or less appropriate to Christmas fare; notably that "intoxicating liquor," Gladstone, the variety of Bordeaux for which humble consumers are indebted to the considerate legislation of the ex-PREMIER, besides other wines, of home and foreign make, and even spirituous cordials and compounds of more or less alcoholic strength. Rumour has actually dared to say that an endeavour to arrest the issue of grocers' wine and spirit licences is meditated by a no less respectable and reasonable body than the Church of England Temperance Society. This report is manifestly a *canard* of the wildest kind—doubtless "a thing devised eddy by the enemy;" perhaps a calumny concocted by certain of the less scrupulous of our Dissenting brethren. Moderation is the peculiar merit of the Church of England. The moderation of her Clergy is known to all men, especially those who ask them to dine, or are privileged to be their fellow-guests. In drink as well as doctrine she professes the *via media*—holds an even course between *Mynheer van Dunk* and ARCHBISHOP MANNING. To represent the Church of England Temperance Society as outwitting the United Kingdom Alliance, would be to discredit the Church as to her most cherished virtue, were the base attempt successful. But the slander is too absurd.

Nevertheless it has been as positively as shamelessly asserted that the Temperance Society of the distinctively moderate Church has already drafted a Bill for the suspension of the further issue of Grocers' licences for the sale of "intoxicants," and the suspension, likewise, of any further issue of public and beerhouse licences until the limit shall have been reached of one in five hundred of the population. The names, even, of the Members destined to have charge of this Bill for weaning the naughty People from their drinking ways, are mentioned—SIR HARCOURT JOHNSTONE and MR. HUGH BIRLEY. If these preposterous announcements were true, what lots of petitions would be got up by short-sighted grocers and publicans on behalf of a Bill the chief effect of which, if enacted, would be that of temporarily enriching themselves by a fat monopoly! In the meanwhile, to be sure, the debates on the Bill in the House of Commons on Orotchet Day (of course) Wednesday, Wilfrid's-day, could possibly do no harm. The two Honourable Members above-named, indeed, would make fools of themselves too, though in talking to no purpose only, and not at the same time amusing the House; but still their project of a sumptuary law would afford some diversion to SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S Permissive Bill.

It is remarkable, though, how extremes meet. Restrictive liquor-laws are followed, according to their promoters declaiming on the

teetotal platform, by increasing drunkenness. Therefore fanatics shriek for further legislation in the same spirit of "democratic despotism." They roar, as it were, for the drunkard's restorative, "a hair of the dog that bit you"; their cry, so to speak, is "Pick-me-up!"

The Church of England Temperance Society, at any rate, needs not to be told that the licensed grocer's shop is a counter-attraction to the public-house bar, and that in the former at least no one can get drunk on the premises, so that it is an utterly false joke to say that grocers' licences only facilitate a grosser kind of intoxication.

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FOR 1876.

THERE will be a great many births, unaccompanied by any very large amount of rejoicing.

There will be several deaths, which will not cause too extravagant grief.

A great many people will marry in haste, and proceed to enjoy the delightful sensation known as "repenting at leisure."

A few will marry at leisure and repent in haste.

Being Leap Year, more young people than usual of both sexes will be plunged into that state of semi-idiotic bliss considered inseparable to an engagement.

Many young Ladies will be kissed under the Mistletoe, and will say they don't like it.

Many young (-old) Ladies will say they don't like being kissed under the Mistletoe, and won't be.

There will be several Railway accidents.

Many ships will come into collision.

Some explosions (domestic and otherwise) may be looked for.

Many children will receive the name of JOHN.

Lots of young men will have difficulties with their latchkeys at about two A.M.

Other young men will announce their intention to give up business and go on the Stage.

More young men will declare their determination to live on their pens.

Various Parents and Guardians will view the above proceedings with marked displeasure.

Several casualties (such as broken hearts, loss of false teeth, separation from chignons, &c.) will occur on Skating Rinks.

CAPTAIN HAWK will take little PIGEON to a first-rate place for a quiet game of billiards or *écarté*.

Much money will be lost over the Derby.

Several Dramatic Authors will be led to think of their future state by the reception awarded to their plays by a kind and discerning public.

There will be some changes of Government in France.

Things will be made unpleasant for the First Lord of the Admiralty soon after the assembling of Parliament.

There will be a panic on the Stock Exchange.

There will be several sensational Trials, to report the details of which the Daily Press will exclude from their columns all literary, artistic, scientific, and dramatic news.

Some Wives will run away from their Husbands.

Some Husbands will run away from their Wives.

There will be numerous Comic Songs produced.

No mirth will be caused by the above.

A lot of people will write bad Novels.

A lot more people will be intensely bored by reading the same.

The Farmers will grumble at the harvest.

The Butchers won't reduce the price of meat.

Much tobacco will be consumed; also cabbage leaves.

Many people will send contributions to *Punch*, which will be rejected.

Many people will therefore hate, abuse, and loathe *Punch* for the remainder of their lives.

Last and best. *Punch*, the Good and the Great, will, during the course of 1876, appear exactly fifty-three times to delight and gladden the Nations.

A Revival.

FATHER of History! In thy pleasant page

We read recorded now, in bygone age,

A bull was on the banks of Nile adored: *

If sound be the *Gazette* of Moscow's view,

Nile doth again the bovine rite renew,

For now JOHN BULL is Egypt's sovereign lord.

* HERODOTUS, Books II, III.

ADVICE TO COAL-MINERS.—You can be safe if you please. You may take your Davy.

MARY ANNER ON MODES AND MISSISES.



UNCH read, only last week,
that—

"Attempts are being made to revive a Society started some time ago with the object of inducing women of all ranks to discard such fashions as are injurious to health, ungraceful, and untrue. It is now proposed to re-organise the Society upon a broader basis, and to set to work in earnest. The prevailing love of finery evinced by female domestic servants is to be taken in hand, and awards in money are to be offered as encouragement to servant-girls to dress more suitably to their stations in life."—*Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 21st, 1875.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

You've heard, no doubt, of this Association. For making people dress themselves according to their station; Which what they sez they're aiming at is putting of a stopper On fashions as is 'stravagant, or hurtful or improper. Well, I'm agreeable, I'm sure—that is,—to quote them lawyers,—

"Purwided always" 'tain't no trick of Fashion's she-top-sawyers, To keep *hus* down! I know their ways: themselves they will bedizen, But seeing servants smart and trim's a thing they hates like pizen! That's why I seem to smell a rat, dear SUE, in this Society, As these "awards in money" is, I fear, a neat variety Of "trap;" which toasted cheese is nice, and cash, no doubt, is nicer, But we're too sharp, I reckon, to be caught by such a 'tiger. Encourage Servant-Girls to dress as suits their situation? O yes, I dessay! Very fine! I've heard that observation A goodish many times before, from lips of lots of Missises As though nice toggery weren't for all, the same as food and kisses is! Which service ain't no 'eritage at best, but plague upon it If a girl can't have a sweetheart, or a Sunday-best smart bonnet. It's all their nasty jealousy! There's Missis and her darters,

A plainer lot you never see, red-nosed, and reglar Tartars!—
But dress, O my! just don't they! Which Miss HARABELLA—drat her!—
Would give her little finger for a shape—but there, no matter;
Though that absurd JOHN TOMMAS do declare as my *contooer*, Compared with HARABELLA'S, is as Venus to a brewer;
And CAPTEN BROOK, as she 'opes to hook with eyes as ain't a pair,
Sez, as he tipped me handsome—well, that's neither here nor there.
But O the shindies I've gone through, the dodges, SUE, the fibbings,
Along of trumpery trifles in the way of caps and ribbings!
Which nothing short of charity rig, mob-caps and straight-down skirts,
Will satisfy some Missises. Which they flings, and flaunts, and flirts
Like peacocks or them Flaming Goes as you've seen, dear, at the Zoo,—
Which gaudy ain't tae word, as must be well-be-known to you,—
While *we* must go to see the play, or ramble in the Parks,
Like dowlies out of workusses or children's Noah's-Arks!
Just wearing my new *fishyou* t'other evening in the garden
(The sweetest thing you ever see at four-and-tence farden!)
So aggravated our Miss JANE (as hers might be its fellar,
Though dearer), her complexion, I swear, went blue and yellow.
Sez she, "Take off that thing, I beg!"
Sez I, "Make no mistake, Miss, Taint one o' yourn, though simmylar, I own, in style and make, Miss.
I'd not demean—" I'm sure a Queen could not have cut me shorter.
And I've my serious doubts if I remains beyond the quarter.
I calls this right down tyranny; and this, my dearest SUE,
Is why I takes my pen in hand to write these lines to you.
This here new move, you mark my word, 's a mask for something artful;
But they won't tempt *me* to play the Nun with prizes by the cartfull.
To put us into uniform's their game; dear SUE, don't heed 'em,
But let us Servants all unite, and stick up for our freedom.
If Missises hates "finery," they've only got to drop it,
But bribing Servant-girls they'll find is not the way to stop it.
If they'd have us laugh at Fashion, let 'em set us the example,
Before they frowns at our fal-lals, and on our feelin's trample.
No! "Sunday Best for Ever!" is the motto for our banner,
Down with Mob-caps and Missises!

Yours truly,
MARY ANNER.

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

WE hear that stringent orders have been issued by the Admiralty that no Mistletoe is to be allowed among the Christmas decorations of the ships now in the Solent.

SEASONABLE HINT.

THE person likely to feel warmest at this time of year is the man who is not thoroughly wrapped up in himself.



PLEASANT!

SCENE—A bleak Scottish Moor. TIME—New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.

Excited Passenger. "NOW, THEN, GUARD, WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?"

Philosophical Guard. "FACT IS, THE WATTER'S GANE AFF THE BILE. HOOEVER, IT'S JIST POSSIBLE TH' EXPRESS BEHIN'LL BE LATE."

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE PREMIER waits to hear what Parliament will say of his Suez Canal purchase.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY waits for the wiggings which is due to him.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION waits for more power to be added to his elbow, ere he makes a party onslaught on the Government.

THE BRITISH ARMY waits to see what good will come of the Mobilising project.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC waits to see its Pictures placed in a building worthy of them, and where they will be visible.

LONDONERS in general, and West-Enders in particular, wait for somebody or other to adopt some sweeping measures to clean their filthy streets for them.

PRINCE BISMARCK waits for some excuse to pass an Act of Parliament to declare himself infallible.

THE BONDHOLDERS OF TURKEY wait for an answer to the Eastern Question, "Who will pay her Debts for her?"

MASTER GEORGE ADOLPHUS waits for the advent of next Christmas, when he hopes he may leave School, and be entrusted with a latch-key.

MISS MARTHA MOUSER (ætat. thirty-seven) waits for the Coming Man who will have the courage to make captive of her underneath the mistletoe.

MRS. GREYMARE waits to make her husband a pretty Christmas present of a small piece of her mind, whenever he returns from a too convivial evening.

Lastly, *Mr. Punch* waits upon the world at large with his usual Christmas presents of the *Pocket-Book* and *Almanack*.

A SWEEPING REFORM.

SOME dissatisfaction having been expressed with regard to the efficiency of our Street-sweepers, the Metropolitan Vestries have determined upon instituting Competitive Examinations, in which the following questions will be put, among others:—

1. Can you lean on a broom or a shovel?
2. Can you look up and down a street?
3. Can you chew tobacco?
4. Can you converse fluently with other sweepers on the topics of the day?
5. Would you feel capable, during your moments of leisure from the above-named occupations, of sweeping the mud in the street out of the way of horses and carriages, and into the way of foot-passengers, and to such a depth and width as would preclude ladies and children from crossing the street?
6. Do you think you could remember to construct the largest and most deceptive mud-pies and puddings midway between the gas-lamps, so that, in the semi-darkness, persons might plunge both feet in them before knowing where they are going?

These questions being satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, an old broom (not a new one—the latter being proverbial for sweeping clean) will be presented to the candidate, and on the first fine dry, windy day he will be set to work to sweep dust into the eyes of a suffering public.

"Lord, gi'e us a guid Conceit o' Oursels!"

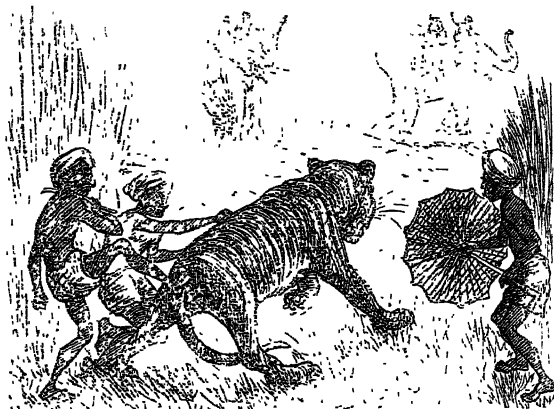
(A Scotch Prayer adopted and adapted by an Indignant Harwicher.)

OUR loyalty and our humanity, too,
'Tis a back-biting Press that disparages;
To their mottoes were all other boroughs as true!
"Vivant Wrecks et Regina!" is Harwich's!

DARING ACT (at present prices).—To beard a single Native in its shell, much less a whole barrel of them!

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

In view of Christmas-Day—Jocialities—Festivities—Minutiae—Specialities—"All there!"



SIR,—I write in haste, so that you may have the first news of our most recent doings. I have no doubt but that there will be various accounts of our proceedings, but believe me that mine is the only genuine one. "CODLIN's the man—not SHORT."

You should hear my new Songs. One commences thus:—

"Merrily, merrily do we live now
Under the mango that hangs on the bough."

The copyright is still for sale: early application necessary, as I have already refused twenty laes (or lakhs) of rupees from SIR RAG BERRI JAM JEE JELLYBHOY, and thirty from MIRZA KUM FOOLZLAH, the latter of whom prides himself on his tenor voice; but, bless you, he "cannot sing the old songs" any more than his rivals, the Grate VANZEJEE, the LYUN-KOMMEKKEE, or SIR JOLLEJE NASHBHOY.*

My latest Conundrum is going the round of all the Indian circles, and the natives are in fits. It is, "When may rupees be considered as 'loose cash'?" My Illustrious Companion made twenty-five guesses, and then offered me a Baronetcy and the Star of India if I would tell him privately. But I wouldn't. "Rupees," I answered, before an admiring crowd of Ram-jams, Rajahs, and such like, "Rupees may be considered as 'loose cash' when they are looked upon as *Lax*." Whereupon I bowed, and retired. Delirious laughter, and shouts of delight. I returned, and again bowed.

You may not be aware that my Illustrious Companion invariably goes about with a Gold Umbrella. It was found necessary to distinguish him in this manner, as it was so awkward for me always to be explaining who *he* was, and who *I* wasn't. The Rajahs, the Nizams, the Mahranas, and so forth, used invariably to come up to me first, and insist upon presenting me with diamonds, yataghans, zem-zems, and richly-caparisoned elephants, which, out of courtesy, I felt obliged to give up, saying, jocosely (in Hindostanee, of course) "No, no, my dear Maharajah" (or Rajah, or whoever it might be), "it's not me—it's t'other boy." My Noble and Disinterested Friend and myself arrange the shares afterwards; and so I shall have a magnificent Collection ready for exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, with a panorama, some songs, and, altogether, a first-rate entertainment, for next Easter. I make *you* the first offer. I'll take a hundred a week, and twenty-five per cent. of the profits. Eh?

I had—I mean my Illustrious co-Shooter and myself had—some fine sport the other day. There is a curious ornithological specimen here. It is rare, but not absolutely uncommon. It emigrates to India from Ireland at certain seasons, and is called the "Paddy Bird." It possesses few notes; and as it belongs to the species "Mocking-Bird" of the genus "Parrot," no doubt it has picked up and brought to this country many of the words peculiar to its own native land. Its cry is generally plaintive, and it may be heard any morning early, uttering such sounds as "Ochone! Worra, worra! Bedad!" and so forth. When challenging another cock-bird, it sings out, clearly and distinctly, "Will ye tread on the tail of my feathers?" And, on being mortally wounded, it falls with a wild shriek of "Whoop! Ould Oireland for iver!"

* The question with us at this moment is, are these real Indian names of real genuine Indian magnates, or are they not? A young friend very much about town just now, wishes to insinuate that, under a thin veil of Indian terminology he recognises the names of well-known London vocalists. Any light that can be thrown by our well-informed readers on this subject, will be taken as a great service rendered to the public and to ourselves. Our boy has not yet returned with the new Indian Dictionary. It must be a difficult thing to find, as he has been absent from our office for nearly three weeks.—ED.

We managed to shoot three of these Paddy Birds, and I am only astonished that, with these remarkable characteristics, we have not heard more of them from English ornithologists.

It is wonderful how coming abroad expands the mind. Merely going to the Zoological Gardens three times during the London Season is, comparatively, of very little use.

Last Sunday afternoon, to amuse my Estimable and Appreciative, but by now somewhat *blasé*, Companion, I engaged in single combat with an elephant, a rhinoceros, two rams, and a buffalo. Of course I soon settled them all—one down, t'other come on; so I will not enter into details, which would be scarcely interesting to my fair readers.

We visited, the other day, the little city of Mukkipoor, the streets of which, after a heavy rain, were in a dreadful state. The Governor, COLONEL THE HON. RETCHIDWETHER, MAJOR SLUSHINGTON, MIRZA MUDDIZA (the eminent banker), and SIR SLOSHREE DHYR-TRYBHOY entertained our party at the Downpore Club. We had a wet evening of it, I warrant you; and it was with great difficulty that we managed to collect our hats and umbrellas in the hall. COLONEL RETCHIDWETHER tried to see my Distinguished Friend and myself to the hall-door; but in consequence of his seeing *two* Distinguished Friends and two Myselfs, he somehow managed to conduct the wrong party, cannoned against a swing-door, and disappeared head first—his boots in the air, and an apology in his mouth. Being unhurt, and the carpet soft, he remained there till, I believe, next day. Long before this, SIR SLOSHREE and MUDDI-PIZA had disappeared under the table. I regret to say that we were compelled to put up the following notice in the hall:—"Any gentleman having taken, by mistake for his own, the Gold Umbrella belonging to H.R.H., is hereby requested to return it to the hall-porter without delay."

In the meantime I've lent my Noble Companion my own, just to go on with, but not to go off with. This interchange of more than brotherly amenities binds us by a still closer tie. I am loyal to the back-bone; and, *à propos* of my umbrella, to the whalebone.

Did I give you an account of our going to see the Guikwar? Here it is—in brief. He was gorgeously attired, his proboscis was fantastically massive, rings encircled his legs, and his ears were stained of a pale yellowish colour. His head was coloured saffron, his tusks were sawn off and blunted, and his attendants were dressed to match.*

The usual way of getting on to an elephant's back is to be lifted up by small Native Hoisters. I, as an old hand, discard all assistance, and, taking a short run at the brute's head, leap on to his tusk, and with another bound I am on his back. Of course this requires practice, and my Royal and otherwise Accomplished Friend has not had the time to acquire my skill and efficiency. The consequence is, that he rather worries a mettlesome elephant in getting on to his back; and, as he is invariably in uniform, *with spurs on*, the consequences are in some instances likely to be fraught with some danger. "Thgit dloh!" cried the Natives, as, on feeling the tickling of the spurs on his sensitive hide, the high-couraged Guikwar gave such a heave of his back, and such a lash out with his hind legs, as caught SIR PHORTYSTUN JELLYBHOY just as he was in a salaaming position, with his back to the elephant, and his turban towards myself, and sent him flying over my head as if he had been discharged from his office by a catapult of sixty-four horse-power. Poor old JELLYBHOY! He is no longer a young man, and this sudden surprise must have taken ten years off his life. My Illustrious Friend kept his seat wonderfully, and away we cantered, he on the Guikwar, and myself on a white elephant (which really required riding), while the *Nizzars* brayed, the drums beat, the cymbals clanged: and so we rode to dinner. After the banquet, one of the native *Butties* ran in from Mukkipoor (thirteen miles off), to say that he had brought the Prince's umbrella, and asked for two thousand *kutwāls* (a kind of fourpenny bit), and fifty *Maungees* (amounting to about three shillings and two-pence and three-eighths) as a reward for his trouble and honesty.† My Generous and Royal Companion at once turned to me, and said, "Give it him." I laughed, and replied, in Hindostanee, "Ton rof hpesoj!" for I am not a *millionnaire*, and it's these small sums that break the camel's back.‡ C-R-N-E-T-N had to fork out; he has always got what the Indians term "Sparecashee" about him, and so we went out

* Surely, surely, there must be some mistake here. The Guikwar, as everyone knows, is a little Indian princely boy—not an elephant, as our Correspondent seems to infer. Either this is carelessness, or—or—Yet if our Correspondent be on the spot, he must have means of knowing what a Guikwar *really* is, which we in this country do not possess. We are unwilling to judge harshly or hastily: *auds alteram partem* is our motto.—ED.

† In the continued absence of the boy with the Dictionary, we can only ascertain, from our former source of information, that *Kutwāl* is a "police-man," not "a kind of fourpenny bit;" and that *Maungee* means "a boat-swain." Odd!—ED.

‡ "Ton rof hpesoj!" A sharp young friend suggests that this supposed Indian dialect is "Not for JOSEPH!" spelt backwards. Impossible! It must be a curious example of an undesigned coincidence.—ED.

a handsome present to the honest *Butlee* by ADMIRAL MCHAGGIS, who presently returned, and, in a violent rage, produced an *old broken gingham*, which the rascal (after having collared the money, and bolted) had left tied up in a large parcel in the hall.

No one laughed more heartily than the Illustrious Visitor, and no one enjoyed the joke less than C-R-N-G-N. As for old MCHAGGIS, his sides shook and his cheeks nearly cracked with merriment.

We are preparing to keep Christmas in true English fashion, and twelve native Swells are invited to help us. As I write this, the HON. MAHOMED ROGEY POGEY is chopping up the mince for the pies, SIR GREEN GAGEE JAMJEE is holding the pudding-cloth, while LAWESA MIRZA KAMFOOZLAH (covered with diamonds) is stirring the pudding in the big earthenware basin held by the dark brown hands of the MAHARANEE WUNKATTIM on one side, and the PRINCESS IMANIZE ITTYGAL on the other. SIR GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG is at a table making out a first-rate *menu*, which he can do, when he likes, and no one better: and MR. NURSERRI RYMJEE is singing "Little Jack Horner" in order to keep young PRINCE NANABY NORTYBHOY quiet, who would otherwise be all over the place, upsetting everything and everybody. The little wretch is only eight, and a regular Indian Pickle. Being of Royal descent, he can't be whipped; but, thank goodness, he will overeat himself at Christmas, and then, the next day, in will come DOCTOR JALAPJEE BLACKJEE DOSABHOY, and little NANABY will wish (as we often do now) that he'd never been born.

I must leave off now. Our Christmas-Day will be quiet enough in the morning. Sunday hats and go-to-meeting coats, half-an-hour of *Guddee-Guddee* (a kind of native sermon) by the REV. PARSEE PREECHEEBHOY, after which a calm, digestive *Dhoodeen** (an Indian tobacco-pipe), till two, when the festivities will commence, and the *Punjabbers* (or native professional jesters), will arrive, and then hey! for the plum-pudding of Poonah!

We are to have another pig-sticking day at Goalongo. A friend of mine has been sketching here, and will have ready for next year's Academy "*View of Mysore, drawn by A. BLISTER.*"

All the compliments from

YOUR OWN INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

* Odd! We find the same word in Ireland. Also, as our readers may have already noticed in the course of their hermeneutical and etymological studies, *Ireland* and *India* both begin with the same letter. By the way, *Guddee* in our Dictionary is "a Hindoo throne." And yet there is something about "*Guddee-Guddee*" which *does* sound like a sermon, and is, too, quite in keeping with expressive Orientalisms. If the boy would only return with the Dictionary!—Ed.

BONAPARTE!

"When, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of Men the meanest too,
Raised up to sway the World! . . ."

WORDSWORTH, 1803.

Marforio. E vero, PASQUINO, che tutti i Francesi sono ladri?
Pasquino. Tutti, no, ma buona parte!

PASQUIN, 1810.

"The First NAPOLEON has been the worst enemy of modern France. . . . Another Sedan will always be possible so long as the chief exemplar of the nation is the peculiar kind of CÆSAR who is commemorated by the Vendôme Column."—*Times*, Dec. 22, 1875.

How long it takes the truth to learn!

Late lesson! Own we nought absurd
Than blood to shed and cities burn,
And glory seek in wholesale murder.

Yet such a halo of romance

Circled about the eagle standard,
NAPOLEON won the heart of France,
And men who called him vile were slandered.

That maddest, meanest man of men—
Of half the world the quondam master:—
Was sudden stricken down, and then
Whimpered about his own disaster.

He left the nation, wild with rage,
His body in an ocean prison;
From her Imperial heritage,
What good to France has yet arisen?

The French are a forgiving race:
They're ready now, with aspect solemn,
Their brazen hero to replace
Upon his tall Parisian Column.

Recast, rehoist the effigy,
That e'en the Commune's hands found brittle;
Set up his statue ne'er so high,
The Little Corporal still is little!

INUNDATIONS.

PUBLIC characters complain severely of having been inundated by requests for autographs.

Householders complain of their letter-boxes being inundated by trade circulars.

Governors of Charitable Institutions say that they are inundated by applications on behalf of all sorts of impracticable cases.

Theatrical Managers complain of being daily inundated by requests for free admissions from people who haven't the slightest claim to them.

Editors of Papers complain of being



The complaints of the Editor of *P—h* are bitter. His time is taken up in attempts to decipher ill-written MSS. which are worthless when deciphered, and his *sanctum* is inundated by a flood of old jokes and stale witticisms.

Last week everybody worth anything to anybody was inundated by calls for Christmas-boxes. These Inundations have been accompanied by a tremendous Inundation of Christmas bills, which is likely, we fear, to spread itself all over the country. Those whom Providence has not blessed with affluence, would find Boulogne a pleasant place of resort during these terrible Christmas Inundations at home.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

SORR—MISTHER PUNCH.

SEE here now what LORD DERBY said the other day in Edinburgh:—

"It is easy to point to the estimates of forty years ago, and to draw invidious contrasts. But forty years ago an able-bodied Irishman thought himself liberally paid at a shilling a day; and no wonder then that you could get soldiers and sailors cheap."

Chape, is it? Yes, bedad. To go a sodgerin' or a sailerin', and run the risk of being say-sick, or mayhap of being shot at, for only a shillin' a day, bedad it's making human flesh and blood as chape as cat's-meat. Ye see, forty year ago PAT was a pore divil, and emigration—blessings on it!—worst invited. Besides, provisions thin were chape, and so was food for powdther. But, thanks to 'Merriky and Melbourne, PADDY knows the value of his able body now-a-days, and won't let it go a sodgerin' for a'most next to nothin'. Ye see, when butcher's mate is asy sellin' at a shillin' a pound, a boy ud be a goose to let himself be bought for on'y a shillin' a day, with the chance of being shot at or transfigured by a baynit. Forty year ago, PAT could live like a fighting-cock upon no bether pay than that, becuse thin butcher's mate was chape—anny way he niver tasted it. But, in the present march of intelleck, a sodger couldn't think of living on pitaties.

Yours humbly to command,

PHIL. FOGGARTY,

Ex-Corporal of the Fighting Onety-Oneth.

Men in their Places.

* AN opinion is gaining ground that the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, to be efficiently discharged, requires to be filled by a Naval Officer possessing the professional knowledge necessary for its due performance. It may be hoped that the change thus suggested will not be made without some endeavour to ascertain whether the practice which it is proposed to depart from does not, in fact, work as well as possible. Suppose we try the converse of it to test the point. When the next opportunity presents itself, let us select a distinguished Admiral, not to preside over naval affairs, but to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.



THE DOG-SHOW AT THE DAGMAR PALACE.

Brown, Owner of "Chimborazo" (smarting under defeat). "HANG IT ALL! TO THINK OF THOSE TWO OLD WOMEN GIVING THE FIRST PRIZE TO POPOCATOPETL, AND BARELY COMMENDING CHIMBORAZO! DO YOU CALL THAT JUDGING?"

Jones, Owner of "Popocatopetl" (generous under victory). "IT'S ALL FAIR ENOUGH, MY DEAR SIR. IF YOU RECOLLECT, AT THE DERBY DOG-SHOW LAST WEEK, THE VERY SAME TWO GENTLEMEN WHO JUDGED TO-DAY, GAVE THE FIRST PRIZE TO CHIMBORAZO, AND TOOK NO MORE NOTICE OF POOR POPOCATOPETL THAN IF HE'D BEEN A TOM-CAT!"

1876.

Look alive!
Dead is Eighteen-Seventy-Five!
Who got us into many a fix!
Room for Eighteen-Seventy-Six!
Up he comes—an infant gay—
Though an "Eastern Question" bars his way,
Whose dark perils to pass through
Needs wary walking. Leap Year, too!—
Year of rashness as of right,
For making love or breeding fight:
When Ladies may make free to speak
Thoughts that flush or pale the cheek:—
Schrecklich Jahr
For Love or War!

Swallows wing!
Here's the Year's first daughter, Spring.
Dear delicious morning hours,
White hands wet with April flowers;
Not a thought for dolt or zealot,
Valentine the ruling prelate:

Spring, with myriad odours shed—
Of bud from burgeon, flower from bed!
Lo, the air with perfume fills
Of hyacinths and daffodils.
Now 's the day
For love and play.

Thrush's song!
Nightingales the woods among—
Perfect blue at happy noon,
When the Summer seems to swoon;
Sunsets when the colour rushes
Into many million blushes;
Night so still that love's own star
From our dull earth seems not far;
Sunrises divinely yellow—
Prithes stop, poetic fellow,
Whom day's peep
Finds still asleep.

Leaves float down:
Autumn wears her wondrous crown.
Gay the trample o'er the heather,
Gay the time we spend together,

Friends, who let life's troubles go
For a merry month or so.
Autumn brings the "happy thought,"
From decaying radiance caught,
That there is for toilers here
Summer in a wider sphere.
Leaves float slow!
Love doth not go.

Snow and ice!
Take wise HORACE's advice.
Let the mighty Yule-log glow,
On holly and on mistletoe,
Under whose benignant cluster,
Christmas pairs for kisses muster!
So the year is round again,
Peace and war, and sun and rain,
Love and marriage, death and birth,
Fun and fancy, tears and mirth,—
Heaven knows what—but may we be,
Coming-year, by aid of thee,
Nearer Heaven
In Seventy-Seven!

Our Fast Friend in Egypt.

OUR friend the KHEDIVÉ seems rather in a hurry to spend the \$4,000,000 which we are to give him for his Suez Canal shares. At once he invades Abyssinia, and encroaches upon Zanzibar. Does ISMAIL PASHA want to demonstrate how fitly, with a little difference of spelling, he has been named after the Arabs' first ancestor? Is His Highness going to have his hand against every man, and the hand of every man against him? Shall the hand of ISMAIL be as the hand of ISHMAEL?

Past and Future.

THE Money Article of a Contemporary informs us that—
"The Erimus Iron Company (Limited) is to be wound up by the High Court of Justice."

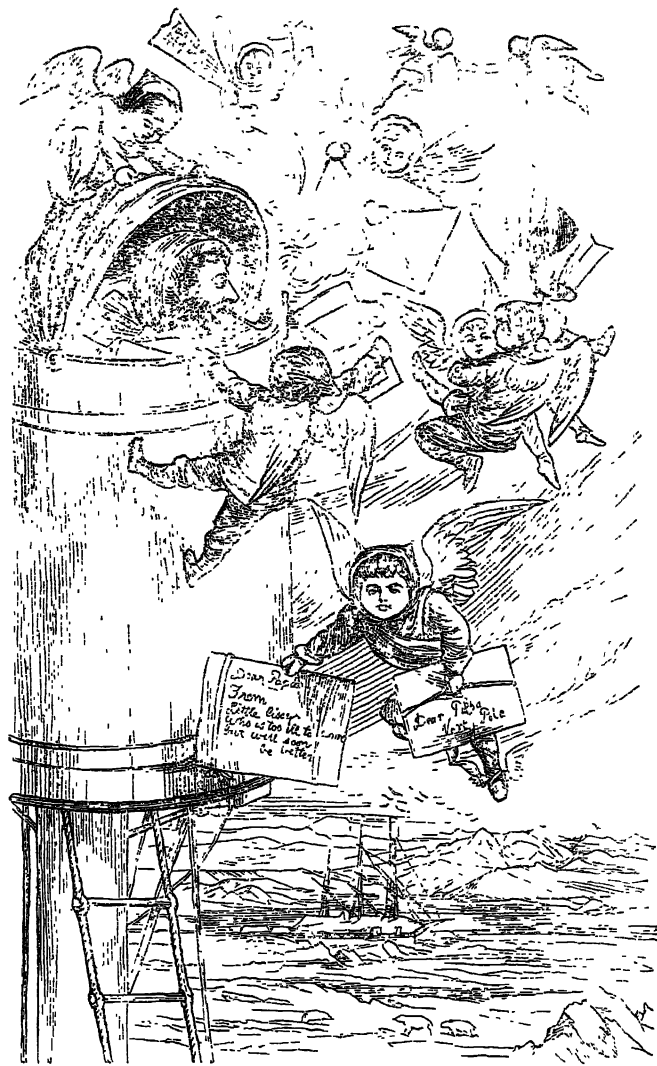
Shouldn't the *Erimus* Iron Company (that was) now be the *Futimus*?

REMEDY FOR RINK-RISKS.—Castor oil.



THE NEW YEAR'S LOOK-OUT.

FATHER TIME (to EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-SIX). "MIND HOW YOU GO, MY LITTLE MAN!"



CHRISTMAS IN THE CROW'S-NEST.

(Affectionately dedicated by Mr. Punch to all Friends in the Arctic Regions.)

THE COST OF CIVILITY.

SCENE—The Stores at Christmas time. Civil Servants and others purchasing goods of not-particularly—Civil Servants. Great confusion everywhere. Reckless display of goods.

Enter Timid Customer. He looks about him hopelessly, and undergoes a good deal of preliminary pushing. By degrees he finds himself being carried towards an office desk.

Timid Customer (to Official behind the desk). Can you kindly tell me—?

Official (to some one else). Number, please!

Timid Customer subsides, and waits until attention has been paid to some one else.

Timid Customer. Can you kindly tell me—?

Excited Lady (rushing up to the desk). I am sure you will forgive me—I have to catch a train.

[Pushes in front of Timid Customer, and engages Official in an animated conversation.

Timid Customer (after the Excited Lady has disappeared—presumably—to catch her train). Can you tell me—?

Official. Now, Sir, where's your bill?

Timid Customer. O, I have no bill—I only want to know—

Official (cutting him short). Can't attend to you without a bill. (To other Customers.) Now then, please!

[Other Customers rush up and invade desk.

Timid Customer. Really, it is very annoying.

Good-Natured Customer. What do you want, Sir?

Timid Customer. O, I only wished to ask where I could get some note-paper.

Good-Natured Customer. I think you had better address yourself to some one else. You see, he (pointing to the Official) only takes the money. It's not his department, you know, and I really don't think you will get anything out of him.

Timid Customer. Thank you very much.

[Makes his way through a long shop, full of pushing Customers, Shopmen, and Porters. After five minutes' crush, he approaches a Man counting apples.

Man. Eighteen, twenty.

Timid Customer (when the Man pauses, thinking the counting over). Can you tell me, please—?

Man (recommencing his counting with renewed energy). Twenty-two, twenty-four!

[Timid Customer is pushed by less timid Customers against a counter.

Timid Customer (addressing a Shopman, who appears to be disengaged). Can you tell me, please—?

[Shopman hurries away.

Angry Customer. I tell you I will have it. The parcel was to have been ready yesterday.

Shopman. It wasn't me who attended upon you—it was another gentleman!

Angry Customer. Gentleman! (Explodes.) Do you know who I am, fellow? If you don't, you shall soon learn! But just give me my parcel.

[The package is promptly produced.

Timid Customer (encouraged by the success of the Angry Customer). Can you tell me, please, where I can get some note-paper?

Shopman (with temper ruffled at the doubt thrown upon his gentility). Not this department.

[Goes off.

Timid Customer. Really, this is very annoying.

Clerical Customer. Can I assist you at all, Sir?

Timid Customer. I only wanted to know where I could get some note-paper.

Clerical Customer. O, it's at the other end of the building. You had better go up that staircase and turn to the right, then go down the passage you will find to the left, and then, &c., &c.

[Gives rather an elaborate description of the way to get to the Stationery Department.

Timid Customer (perplexed, but grateful). Thank you very much.

Clerical Customer (genially). Not at all. If we did not help one another a little, we should never get served.

Timid Customer. So it seems. Still, thank you very much.

[Ascends staircase, and, after several mistakes, at last finds himself in the Stationery Department.

Familiar Shopman (to a crowd of Ladies, Clergymen, and other respectable people). Now, then, one at a time! I can't attend to all of yer at once—now can I?

Timid Customer (addressing Shopboy, who is vaguely watching a Customer as he leisurely makes his selection of something or other on the counter). Could you, please, give me some note-paper?

Shopboy (sharply). Can't attend to more than one at a time.

Timid Customer (annoyed at the Shopboy's tone). But I have been here some time; and really I think, while that gentleman is making a selection, you might—

Shopboy (to Shopman). Can I attend to him—MR. SOME-NAME-OR-OTHER?

Shopman. Certainly not! Take one person at a time.

Timid Customer (at last losing his temper). "Person!" Here—you—give me your name at once!

Shopman (coolly producing a small leathern case). Certainly. Here is my card.

[Gives Timid Customer a visiting card!

Timid Customer (hurrying from the Stores). Really, it is too bad! I had better buy my note-paper at a shop.

[Does so comfortably and expeditiously, and loses very nearly a penny by the transaction, for things are so much cheaper at the Stores—with the exception of Civility!

A GOOD SOUL.

A HANDSOME Christmas-Box, in the shape of £1,200 raised by friendly subscription, has been presented to MR. JOSEPH SOUL. MR. SOUL, who is not well, and has a Wife and Daughter to maintain, "is well known as having acted as the Secretary of more than one Charitable Institution in the Metropolis." Chiefly by the exertions of MR. SOUL, the sum of £20,000 had, it was mentioned by the Gentleman who handed him the merited testimonial, "been procured on behalf of one particular Charity. He might also be said to be the founder of the Alexandra Orphanage for infants and the Convalescent Home at Margate." This SOUL appears to have been the life as well as soul of many charitable institutions. He has well earned his Christmas-Box of £1,200; but that, though a handsome one, is, it may be remembered, with three SOULS to support, money enough to go some way only towards keeping body and soul together.



A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

Toddleton (meeting Coddleton in the Fog, startled by an Explosion at his Feet). "HULL—LO! WHAT—THE DOOSE IS THAT?"

Coddleton. "FOG SIGNAL, DEAR BOY!—FOG SIGNAL! WHEN I SEE A LAMP-POST, OR ANYBODY ELSE, COMING AGAINST MY NOSE, 'THROW DOWN FOG SIGNAL'—REMINDS ME TO GET OUT O' THE WAY, YOU KNOW. 'SEE THE IDEA?!!'"

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS.

THE designs for Christmas Cards, preserved in the Ambrosial Library at Milan, by the Old Masters, particularly those by CORPO DI BAGCO, DOLCE FAR NIENTE, PIETRO PUNCHINELLO, FRA SGRATITO, and VILLEGGIATURA, show no indications of plum-pudding, holly, or turkey, and only in one or two (by POCO CURANTE) are there any signs of snow and icicles.

It is both interesting and instructive (especially for those young persons home for the holidays who may be detained in-doors through stress of weather) to trace back to the fountain-head one or two of the phrases which are everywhere current at this festive season. "Christmas comes but once a year" is claimed for several writers of antiquity by their respective partisans; but it is hardly worth while to discuss the question, for the Author, whoever he was, must have been a man of singularly contracted views, not to see that his aphorism has no special reference to Christmas, but applies equally to Lent, Michaelmas, the Battle of Marengo, *Mr. Punch's* birthday, and all other great anniversaries. The cheery good wish, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," has been ascribed to BONIFACE and also to HILARY, but it is older than either or both of them. Uttered from time immemorial between the twenty-fifth of December and the sixth of January, it may be traced back in illuminated MSS. and palimpsests, in venerable scrolls and papyri, through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance to the Invention of Learning and the Revival of Printing, till it is finally lost in the darkness which preceded the dawn of Gothic Architecture in the Byzantine Empire. "What seasonable weather!" That distinguished philologist, VON SPRACHERZUNGE, gives a list of seventy-six languages, and one hundred-and-eleven dialects, in which this well-known formula occurs, extending from 196° 28' N. to 47° 195' S.

The Christmas-Tree was first introduced into this country from the Black Forest by a German Band. Some harmless superstitions hide themselves amongst its branches. It should be dug up with a silver (certainly with an electro-plated) spade, by a distant relation, between the hours of 8 P.M. and 8 A.M., and removed, carefully

wrapped in silver paper, in a cylindrical pot of vermillion hue, by four of the best girls in the next charity-school, wearing duffle bonnets trimmed with green ribbon, long yellow mittens, short red petticoats, and blue worsted stockings. If possible, a deputation from the nearest School Board, with their Beadles, should be invited to the exhibition of the Tree, and little appropriate gifts handed to them by anyone present who has passed the Oxford (or Cambridge) Local Examination. The Lady, having an establishment of her own, who receives the last present from a Christmas-Tree, may confidently look forward to one of three things happening in the course of the New Year—either the roasting-jack will get out of order, or the housemaid will give warning, or there will be a fracture of crockery in the kitchen.

On New Year's Eve it is considered very lucky if you dream that you are at a Fancy Dress Ball at the Bank of England.

On New Year's Day, if the post arrives before you are down to breakfast, you will receive during the year a list of prices from a wine-merchant, patterns from a tailor, and the announcement of the purchase of a bankrupt draper's stock and its unreserved sale at 55 per cent. below cost price. If, on the other hand, you are seated at the breakfast-table when the letters are delivered, twelve months will not elapse without your receiving a pressing solicitation to subscribe to the Grand National State Lottery of Boshnia, a card with the prices (up to the latest possible moment) of the best Wallsend, Silkstone, and Derby Brights, and a cordial invitation to dine (at your own expense) with the Patrons, Stewards, and Supporters of the Hospital for the Relief and Cure of Diseases of the Midriff, supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Never make your Will on Old Christmas Day (Twelfth Day). There are reasons for this, which you can learn (after filling up the necessary forms, and paying the necessary fees) at the Registry, Court of Probate, Somerset House, W.C.

ARMY MOBILISATION SCHEME (according to EARL GREY).—Reckoning without your Host.



WHY NOT?

Cook (come after Situation). "BY THE BYE, MA'AM, IS THERE A RINK IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD? FOR I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GIVE UP MY SKATING!"

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

ONE of those evils which work their own cure will, it is to be hoped, prove to be the present barbarous fashion of wearing 'little birds or portions of them as trimmings of bonnets. In "Fashions for December" *Le Follet* announces that:—

"The birds and wings are getting very common, and are superseded in the bonnets made by fashionable modistes by long plumes and curled feathers. As many of these can be supplied from one victim, the small ornithological species must be very grateful for this new decree of Fashion."

By "getting common," *Le Follet* means that cockrobins, goldfinches, and tom-tits, have commenced appearing in the head-dresses adopted by the wives and daughters of small tradesmen, and by servant girls, whence again they will disappear in due time after they have been "superseded in the bonnets made by fashionable modistes" for the superior classes. Thus all orders of the sex will, in succession, figure as feather-headed, but, in succession, we trust, to return to less objectionable trimmings and humaner head-gear.

In the meantime *Punch* grieves to learn that, so far from this being the case as yet, the Chairman of the Avon and Stour Farmers' Club has lately brought under the notice of the Club a new cruelty springing from the same source—viz., the plucking out the wings and feathers of birds while still alive, the offenders in their defence averring that the feathers were more valuable when so plucked, as longer retaining their natural hue.

BARONESS BURDETT-COURTS has been on the *qui vive*, as usual, in defence of her poor little feathered friends, and writes to the Secretary of the Club a letter which *Punch* is glad to reprint in extenso:—

"SIR, "Heron Court, Dec. 19th.

"PLEASE convey to the members of your excellent society the sense of pleasure it gave me to learn that there was an unanimous desire on their part

TERENCE AT WESTMINSTER.

ON a night not long ere Christmas Day,
DOCTOR PUNCH, who is *sapiens et raser*,
Takes the book of the very first play
Of PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER:
He looks at the Westminster boys,
Judges, big-wigs, and ladies in satin,
Then, ere fact all illusion destroys,
He buries his nose in the Latin.

Good stuff, O TERENTI! Although
It is not a critical slander
To say, that We very well know,
That you borrowed your plot from
MENANDER.

But are *we* not borrowers too?
Why the critics are raving in chorus
That nought now-a-days can be new,
Since the Ancients were authors before
us.

Be it so. Let our wine and our wit
Be famed, if you will, for antiquity:
But why should that lessen a whit
Our enjoyment of *Davus*' iniquity?
Not, though, while the best fun's astir,
Our neighbour, SIR MARK MEGATHE-
RIUM,
Says, "The play has no heroine, Sir!
Where the deuce have they hidden
Glycerium?"

"Play without 'leading lady'—too bad!"
Verdant Greens in loud protest may
mutter,

Who for stage-sirens go to the bad,
On the shoal where short petticoats
flutter.

For their sake *Mr. Punch* must declare
That our stage would be often less
quizzible,

If the heroine, foolish as fair,
Could all through the play be invisible.

The Actress her "h's" who drops,
The Actress who shrieks in her passion,
The Actress who won't mind her stops,
The Actress who will set the fashion;
Just think of them, playwright of *nous*,
And say is 't not very much safer
To shut the sweet thing in her house,
As did PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER?

to put down the cruelty which has been extensively practised in this and other districts, in wantonly killing, and (as I learn from the Christchurch paper of the 1st inst.) actually torturing small birds. That three men should be charged with plucking the wings and feathers of these most harmless of all God's creatures while still alive seems incredible at this period of the nineteenth century; but as it appears that these feathers are intended for the adornment of Ladies' attire, it is time that the sense of Englishwomen should be quickened to the enormity of the crime which they are virtually encouraging. I have already communicated with many of the leaders of fashion in this country on the subject, but, in a truly sympathetic letter I received from MADAME LOUISE I am grieved to learn that, repugnant to womanly feeling as this kind of decoration should be, there is still an increasing demand for it. English Ladies will incur a serious responsibility, and gain an unenviable reputation, unless they discard a practice attended with so much pain and cruelty as this is now shown to be.

"BURDETT-COURTS."

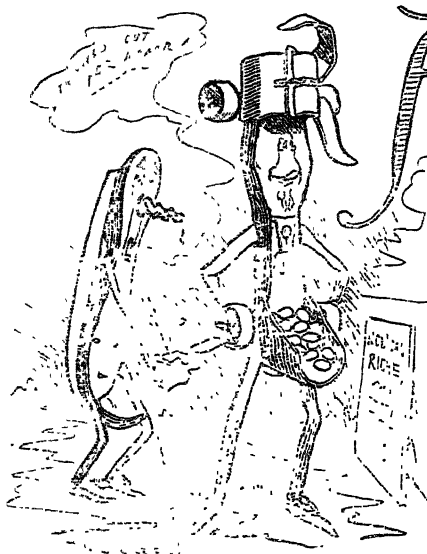
JUSTICE TO A HEAD-MASTER.

ON "Speech Day" at Highbury College the usual festivities were observed in Highbury New Park in the presence of some two hundred Ladies and Gentlemen.

"BISHOP CLAUGHTON took the chair, and proceeded to the presentation of the prizes, making some excellent remarks commendatory of Dr. KIMMO and his staff of masters, who had, during the past twenty years, imparted so sound an education to so many pupils."

Here, now, was just the right man in the right place, saying just the right thing. No one, perhaps, is better qualified to appreciate the services of a Head-Master who has creditably conducted a Public School for the last twenty years, than BISHOP CLAUGHTON. Recently published correspondence and remarks have probably impressed him with a sense of such services, which, had he been endowed with it a little sooner, would have enabled him to do justice to the Head-Master of Felstead School, MR. GRIGNON.

PUNCH'S ALMANACKS.



A *S. Mr. Punch* has of late been compelled to undergo the perusal of many Almanacks (in the preparation of his own incomparable one), he has been painfully struck by the amount of stupidity shown in their Calendars (excluding, of course, his own incomparable one). The average almanack reads like the following:—

M Sun rises 3h. 51m.
 Tu J. Smith b. 1807
 W Joseph Miller d. 1701
 Th Dividends due
 F Jamaica discovrd. 1494
 S Wm. Bloggins d. 1683

Now who wants to know when the sun rises, or who, if he does know it, will get up to see it? Does not every schoolboy know that JOHN SMITH was born in 1807? Is anyone so disgracefully ignorant as not to be aware when JOSEPH (familiarly called JOE) MILLER departed this life? If anyone has got any dividends, trust him for knowing when they are due; and if he hasn't got any, what is the use of tantalising him? Does any one require to be informed when Jamaica was discovered, and is there any one so lost to all sense of decency and shame that he does not know that WILLIAM BLOGGINS died in 1683?

Mr. Punch, true to his one great instinct of benefiting mankind in every possible manner, has devised and patented a new series of Almanacks, which will meet everybody's wants. He subjoins a few specimens, leaving the years blank till he has time to consult his HAYDN'S (*Times and Seasons*).

Husbands.

M First Club started in London
 Tu Chubb invented latch-keys
 W Smith murdered his mother-
 Th Mrs. Caudle died [in-law
 F Mrs. Naggleton born
 S Divorce Court opened

Young Men.

M W. Cognac met Mlle. Soda
 Tu Pick-me-ups perfected
 W Derby first run [invented
 Th Billiards and "Van John"
 F Tobacco brought into Eng-
 land.
 S Loo became unlimited

Artists.

M Some King picked up some-
 body's brush *
 Tu Manchester discovered
 W Pot-boilers first painted
 Th Vicar of Wakefield written
 F An art critic hung (*Pour
 encourager les autres.*)
 S Brown got £8000 for a picture

Wives.

M Pin-mon. instituted [his wife
 Tu Brown got 7 years for beating
 W New dresses wanted [able
 Th Broughams found indispens-
 F Most people go out of Town
 S Divorce Court opened

Young Women.

M Invention of Winking: spread
 like Winking.
 Tu Manola Waltz written
 W Jouvin born
 Th Language of Flowers discovd.
 F Valentines first sent
 S Strauss born

Authors.

M Three publishers burnt alive
 at Leipzig Fair.
 Tu Nap. III. sent six editors to
 Cayenne.
 W "Over-work" invented
 Th Fielding got drunk
 F Smollett got drunk
 S Steele got drunk.

The Planetary lore of the Almanacks for 1876 suggests some Happy Thoughts. Thus:—

January.—Venus is an evening star now. *Mr. Punch* generally finds Venus an evening star.

Mars is in the constellation Pisces. Can that mean a naval engagement? Hooray for Old England!

February.—Venus still an evening star. Of course, dear creature!

Mars still in Pisces. Another sea-fight. More Nelsons wanted. Neptune in Aries. That means "rams." May they run down, not their friends, but their enemies!

* Accuracy in historic details cannot be expected from Artists.

Ladies fair! There are five Tuesdays in February. Be sure to propose before the last, which is Shrove Tuesday.

March.—Venus, lovely being, still an evening star.

Mars and Neptune both in Aries. Look out for squalls.

April.—Can it be, or are we the fools of flower-giving April—
 anemone of months? Venus still an evening star.

Never mind: Mars has got out of Aries, though Neptune sticks there still.

May.—Really, pretty lustrous Venus,

There must be something wrong between us,

That when old Phoebus leaves his car,

You still remain an evening star.

June.—Jupiter is in Libra. The supreme Divinity is about to weigh the year in his celestial scales.

July.—Cygnus, Aquila, and Sagittarius will be on the meridian near midnight. What will happen to the Swan and the Eagle if the Archer knows his trade?

August.—Venus morning star, at last; comes down in cool summer dress, and pours out the coffee with the whitest hand in the world.

September.—Pegasus will be on the meridian at midnight. Expect poetasters. Off with your coat, O Saturday Reviewer!

October.—The Moon occults the Pleiades. Doubtless, the Queen of the Sky cuts those six sisters because the seventh was "lost."

November.—Mars is in Virgo. Several gallant officers will become Benedicks.

December.—Taurus will be on the meridian at midnight. Dish we the Christmas sirloin!

NAVAL NURSERY RHYMES.

A RECENT public speaker is reported to have said that the way in which the Navy is now managed is "positively childish." If this be true, our Sailors may in some sort be looked upon as children, and scarce out of the nursery; and, this being so, they may perhaps find some amusement in such nursery rhymes as these:—

I.

Hushaby, Admiral, sleep like a top;
 When the wind blows, safe ashore you should stop:
 Ere you awake there'll perhaps come a squall,
 And down may go Iron-clads, sailors and all.

II.

Bah, bah, black sheep, let me see your hull:
 Ah, yes, precisely so, of leaking valves 'tis full.
 Here's one near the engine-room, another by the stern,
 And what on earth they're wanted for no fellow well can learn.

III.

Rashery, dashery, smash!
 Into each other ships crash:
 And it strikes more than one,
 That JOHN BULL is done,
 For repairs when he forks out the cash.

IV.

Iron-clad, Iron-clad, get up your steam,
 And see that your whistles are ready to scream.
 For fear of a leak your fog-signals prepare,
 But don't start till the weather-glass stands at Set Fair.

V.

There was a little man
 That in a big ship ran
 On a perfectly calm morning from Spithead, head, head:
 And steered her on a rock,
 And sank her by the shock,
 For he'd quite forgot the heaving of the lead, lead, lead.

VI.

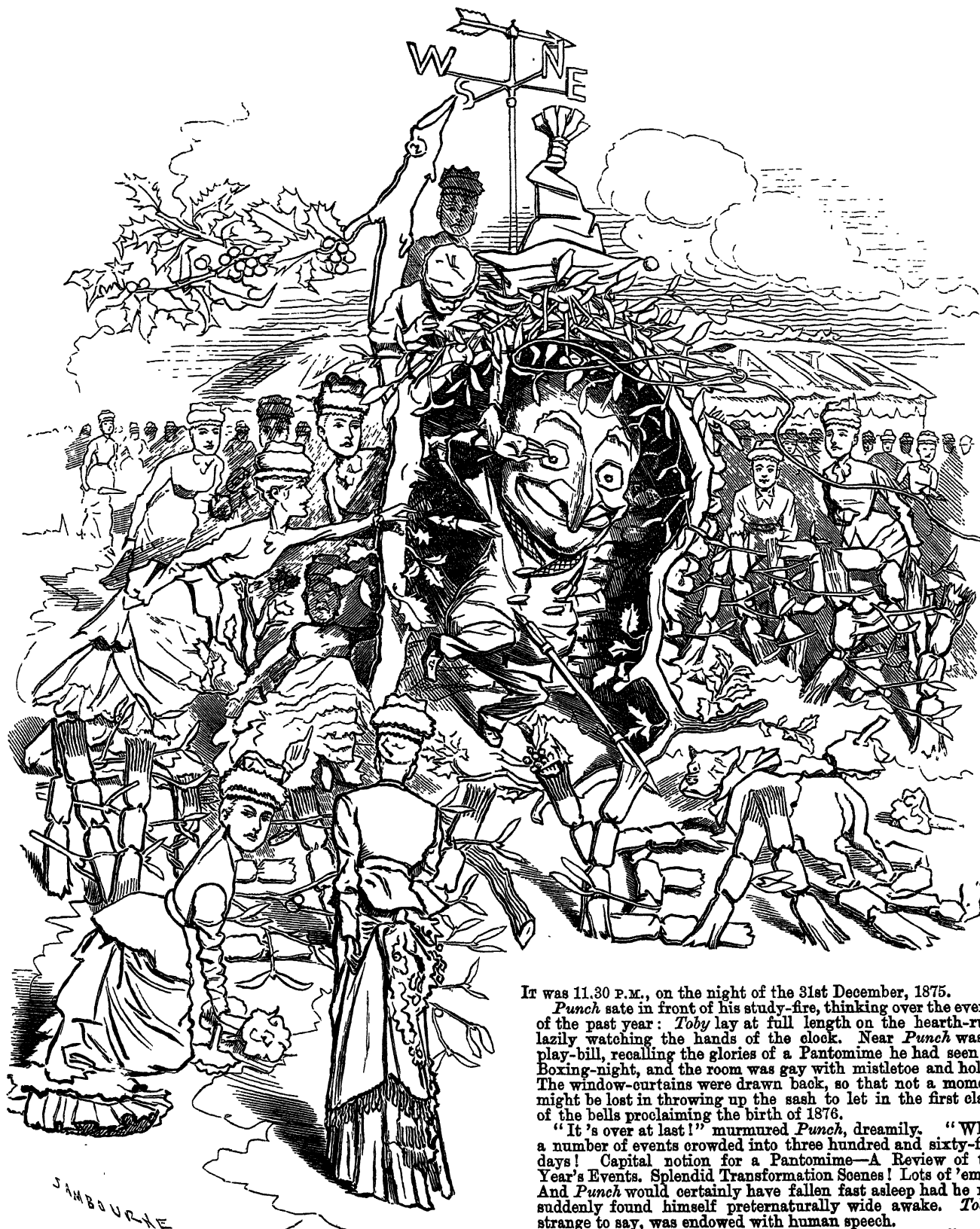
Sing a song for Sailors,
 Pipe your weather eye:
 With more than twenty big ships,
 On none can we rely.
 When Parliament is opened,
 How precious small they'll sing,
 Those Admiralty lubbers,
 Whom Diz overboard must fling!

VII.

Half-mast hoist your buntin,
 If Dizzy keeps WARD-HUNT in:
Punch would not be in his skin,
 When the Session shall begin!

MOTTO FOR THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL COMMISSIONER.—
Caveat Emptor.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



It was 11.30 P.M., on the night of the 31st December, 1875.

Punch sat in front of his study-fire, thinking over the events of the past year: *Toby* lay at full length on the hearth-rug, lazily watching the hands of the clock. Near *Punch* was a play-bill, recalling the glories of a Pantomime he had seen on Boxing-night, and the room was gay with mistletoe and holly. The window-curtains were drawn back, so that not a moment might be lost in throwing up the sash to let in the first clash of the bells proclaiming the birth of 1876.

"It's over at last!" murmured *Punch*, dreamily. "What a number of events crowded into three hundred and sixty-five days! Capital notion for a Pantomime—A Review of the Year's Events. Splendid Transformation Scenes! Lots of 'em!" And *Punch* would certainly have fallen fast asleep had he not suddenly found himself preternaturally wide awake. *Toby*, strange to say, was endowed with human speech.

"You must see them, Master," said the Dog of Dogs; "many of them have come a long way to pay their respects to you; and some of them I have ordered round to receive from you the rating they deserve."



"WHERE COOK HAS TREATED, CAT SHOULD BE CARESSED!"

(Sketch in a London Square, Christmas-Day, 1875.)

Here *Toby* suddenly began singing with great feeling, "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*," as a young Gentleman, of gracious and prepossessing manners and appearance, walked up to his Master.

"Don't rise, I beg," said the young Gentleman, with a pleasant smile; "I hate ceremony. I came to tell you that I like India very much; and, upon my honour, I begin to think India likes me."

"Can you doubt it, Sir?" exclaimed *Punch*, bowing with his most courtly air. "Every day brings us news of the good impression you are making upon the subjects of your gracious Mamma, the EMPRESS OF HINDOSTAN."

"O, yes. They are not half bad fellows; though sport might be better. *PROBYN* has rather let me in on that point. But what need to talk to you?" and H.R.H. laughed heartily. "Have you not a Special Correspondent attached to my suite, who tells you everything in the way of sport, that occurs to him, or to me?"

"Yes, Sir, I have," replied *Punch*, smiling; "and his contributions, if you will permit me to say so, are infinitely better fun than the regular thing in the morning papers. I trust we shall soon see your Royal Highness at home again?"

"I hope to be back in March," said H.R.H. "In the meantime allow me to wish you the compliments of the season, in my popular character of the Traveller of the Year."

He was gone, and suddenly his place was taken by a Gentleman whose face was as a book, where men might read strange matters.

"Got through the year without losing my seat on the Treasury Bench, you see," said the new-comer, with a smile full of sarcastic, though serious, meaning.

"You have been very lucky," replied *Punch*, drily; "for the Session was mismanaged from beginning to end."

"*Finis coronat opus!* Who thinks of the Merchant Shipping Bill, or of all poor *WARD HUNT*'s Admiralty messes, with the Suez Canal Purchase fresh in his recollection? May I bow to you in the character of the Success of the Year?"

But before *Punch* could frame an answer, the RIGHT HONOURABLE *BENJAMIN*'s place was occupied by a sham Sailor. *Toby* growled savagely, and the outwardly sea-faring man seemed to yaw and shift uneasily under the steady gaze of *Punch*.

"Who are you?" asked the Sage.

"I hail from the Admiralty," growled the young Salt. "Off with you!" cried *Punch*, angrily; "the sooner we forget the Blunders and Mishaps of the Year the better." Straight the place of that anything but Ancient Mariner was filled by two Sailors of a very different stamp. The first was a stalwart man, his suit of rough fear-nought stiff with ice and heavy with snow; the second a lad, on whose clothes and hair had passed the scathing blast of fire. The man had come all the way from the North Pole, the lad only a few miles, from the burnt and blackened skeleton of the *Goliath* Training Ship.

"Not a word, my friends; not a word!" cried *Punch*, enthusiastically; "the Heroes of the Year require no introduction."

Then two more Seafaring Men appeared. One wore a strange waterproof dress stuck over with advertisements; the other stood modestly forth, a man every inch of him, *in puris naturalibus*.

"CAPTAIN WEBB, your hearty admirer!" said *Punch*. "CAPTAIN BOXTON, your obedient servant! In what character do I see you here?"

"The Sensations of the Year," whispered *Toby*.

"But with a difference," added *Mr. Punch*, *sotto voce*, as the swimmers passed on.

And now two Ladies appeared, the first leaning on crutches, the second chiefly remarkable for her fine clothes, her bird-plumed *toque*, and a savage expression disfiguring a countenance naturally refined.

"I am sorry to see you in this condition," said *Punch* to his disabled Lady-visitor.

"A victim to the Skating Rink," sighed the interesting cripple.

"The Rage of the Year," commented *Toby*.

"And you, Madam," continued *Punch*, turning to the second Lady, "to what do I owe the honour of your visit?"

"I want your influence, my dear *Mr. Punch*. I have the run of the Old Bailey when there is anything very interesting at the Central Criminal. If you would only take me to see a private execution, my happiness would be complete. I see you are looking at the plume in my hat. Beautiful— isn't it? So bright! Picked from the live bird, you know!—a great discovery!"

"I know," said *Punch* with a shudder; "you are the Horror of the Year." And as the two Ladies disappeared, he added, "That graceful ghoul has given me a turn. I will see no more."

"O, but Master," expostulated the Dog of Dogs, "there is still a crowd of persons who declare they *must* see you. They say they have sent you a mass of letters, which have never been used, or even acknowledged. They insist upon acknowledgments, at least!"

"My would-be contributors!" exclaimed *Punch* with a piteous face of remonstrance. "The Nuisances of the Year!"

"Then there are three Foreigners in diplomatic uniform who wish to submit to you some prospectuses of new loans."

"The Scandal of the Year! Come, come, this is quite enough. The *levée* grows depressing; I will see no more."

Toby would have expostulated further, when suddenly there came a pattering of fairy feet, and the sound of joyous laughter.

Punch was attacked on all sides by a bevy of beautiful girls. He could not escape from them. They took him prisoner. They shook hands with him, they kissed, they cuddled, they hugged. In their bright presence ill-nature and cynicism passed from his mind, as if by magic, and good temper ruled supreme.

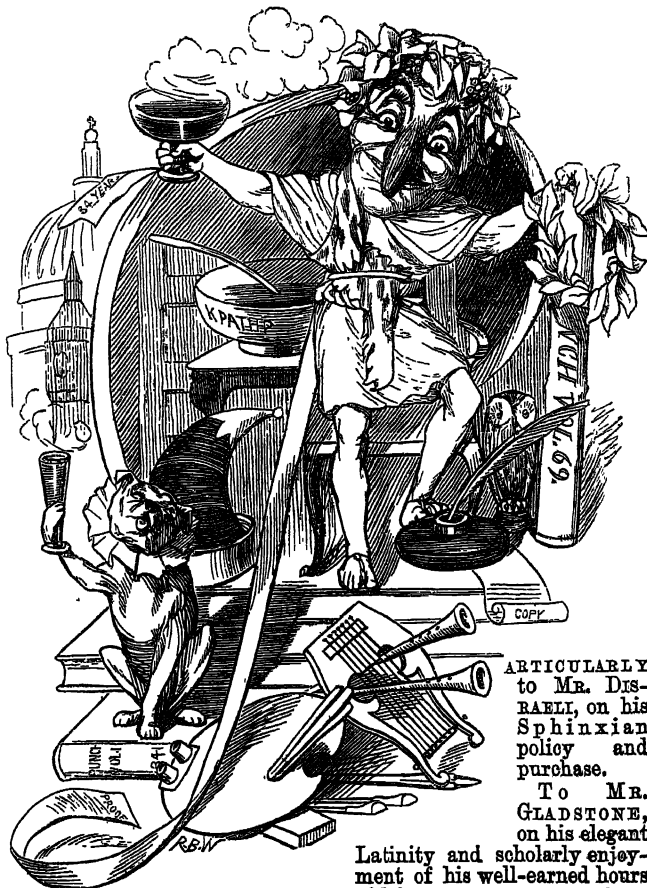
"The Penalty of Leap Year," they laughed out in the intervals of their kisses: "1875 has given place to 1876!"

At this moment *Toby* began to bark so loud that *Punch* suddenly awoke. He rubbed his eyes, and looked up at the clock. The hands were on the stroke of twelve.

Toby rushed to the window. *Punch* followed leisurely; and as the cool night air poured into the room, and the bells of the City clashed the solemn hour of midnight, there came a joyous burst of far-off music.

"Enough of 1875," said *Punch*. "I wish all the world a Happy New Year in 1876!"

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.



ARTICULARLY
to MR. DIS-
RAELI, on his
Sphinxian
policy and
purchase.

To MR.
GLADSTONE,
on his elegant

Latinity and scholarly enjoy-
ment of his well-earned hours
of leisure.

To LORD HARTINGTON, on his increasing ability to lead the Liberal party.

To MR. WHALLEY, on his growing incapacity to represent the views of any sensible constituency.

To MR. WARD HUNT, on his approaching retirement from Mis-
managing the Navy.

To the British Soldier, on his approaching relief from murderous and needless night sentry duty.

To the lion-maned KENEALY, on his decreasing popularity with the Magna-Chartists.

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, on the festive occasion which he enjoyed at Oxford of cutting up, and serving out with his own sauce, the "suet-pudding"-headed Government.

To the Cardinal Archbishop, on his beautiful red hat, this being the first Christmas on which he has been seen in it.

And, finally, to *Mr. Punch*, on the completion of his Sixty-Ninth Volume.

ZANGA; OR, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

A Modern Nautical Drama.

SCENE I.—Off the coast of Zanzibar. British ship discovered lying at anchor. Fierce shouts heard on shore, accompanied by the cracking of whips. ZANGA, the Fugitive Slave, seen flying for his life; he reaches the edge of the cliff, his pursuers are gaining on him; he catches sight of the British flag, and, raising his hands to Heaven in gratitude for his delivery, plunges into the sea.

SCENE II.—Same coast. The British ship lying at anchor. ZANGA, Fugitive Slave, nearly exhausted, has reached the side of the vessel, and is imploring to be taken on board. Cautious British Captain, Officers, and British Sailors appear above, with telescopes, and a book of the Admiralty Orders.

Fugitive Slave (nearly sinking). For the love of Heaven, throw—me—a rope!!

Cautious British Captain (to Officers). Gentlemen, we must be careful. Where's the Admiralty Circular Catechism? (First Mate brings it forward.) Good! Now—let's see—Where is he?

Fugitive Slave (scarcely able to keep himself from sinking). For—the—love—of Heaven—for—the honour of your flag—

Cautious British Captain (after examining the book, looks over the side, and addresses the sinking Slave). You "profess to be a Fugitive Slave"?

Fugitive Slave (despairingly). I am! I am!!

Cautious British Captain. The first question is, are you "beyond the limit of territorial waters"? Now, as, with every wish to help you, it is my duty to ascertain this exactly, perhaps the best way would be for the First Officer to go on shore, and make the necessary inquiries. Pipe all hands to man the Captain's Gig!

Fugitive Slave (his voice becoming more and more feeble). For pity's sake—a rope—a—

Cautious British Captain (from above, addressing him). You must, my good creature, bear in mind, that, while the Government under which I serve "desires to mitigate the horrors of slavery," yet "Her Majesty's ships are not intended for the reception of persons other than their officers and crew," and here we are. Her Majesty's ships, in fact, resemble omnibuses or cabs, or any other public conveyance, being licensed to carry so many, and no more. Therefore, you will, I am sure, see the necessity of my satisfying myself that there is sufficient ground for taking you on board, before I can accommodate you with a rope.

Fugitive Slave. For mercy's sake—ah!—ah!—help me!—help!—

Cautious British Captain (a little annoyed). My dear friend, you are unreasonable. I would help you if I could; but you must see that you have not yet satisfied me as to whether, even if you are what you profess to be, i.e., a Fugitive Slave, you have been "detained in a state of slavery contrary to existing treaties." You should recollect that, as representing the British Government, I am "bound by the Comity of Nations" to—

Fugitive Slave. Ah!— [Disappears under the waves.

Cautious British Captain (after a pause). The gig will not be required. If the person could only have waited, or have answered my questions satisfactorily, we might have taken him on board until we had communicated with the Consular Authority. Gentlemen, England expects that every man shall do his duty.

All. Hurrah!

Cautious British Captain. Remember, our motto is, "Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves!" and from what you've seen of slaves, and the way they're treated, I am sure you will join with me in hearty approval of the sentiment. Gentlemen and messmates. Belay! Avast!

[Bo'sen's whistle. Grog served out all round. Exit Captain to his cabin to study the Admiralty Orders.

The Spelling Bee.

(Versicle by a Gentleman who didn't win.)

Howe duth the littel Spellin Bee
Improve each shyning our,
And gather hunny on the day
From evry pritty flour.

FASHIONABLE EXTREMES.—High heels and low foreheads.



A DISCLAIMER.—(REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE FROST.)

Chorus. "PUT ON YER SKATES, MISS?"

[Lucy Brabazon, who has the prettiest little Tootsies in the World, thinks it necessary to explain that the Skates are not hers, but belong to her Papa, for whom she is waiting (and who is a Gentleman of colossal proportions).]

THE BURNING OF THE GOLIATH.

(As told by an old Gravesend Salt to a Messmate in Greenwich Hospital.)

A DIRTY, foggy morning 'twas—
Grays loomed large, close a-lee:
The watch was holy-stoning decks
As white as decks could be:
There were five hundred workhouse lads
A training for the sea.

Goliath was a giant-hulk
Built in the days of yore:
And more than one small DAVID
Upon her books she bore.
No iron in her: knees of oak,
And oak-heart at the core.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,
As broke the winter's day—
All through the ship 'twas dousing glims
And stowing them away.
Darn that new-fangled paraffine!—
Whale-ile's the stuff, I say!

Young LOEBER had the lamps in charge—
A steady boy I'm told—
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till
He couldn't keep his hold:
Down fell the lamp; along the decks
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire!" "Beat to quarters!" "Man
the pumps!"—
I could cry like a fool
To read how them lads mustered all,
As if for morning school.
Not for their Christmas sky-larks
Could they ha' been more cool!

I've heerd of Balaclava—
But those were bearded men,
And these were little fellows,
Most part 'twixt twelve and ten.
Some calls 'em gutter-children—
God bless our gutters, then!

The Capt'n he was at his post,
A smile upon his face;
Not one there, officer or lad,
But knew and kept his place.
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,
The fire must win the race.

For now the pumps no longer sucked,
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board:
"The ship's lost! we can't lower the
boats!"
The Captain gave the word,
"Down by the ports: swim, them as can;
The rest, trust in the Lord!

Most of the little chaps could swim;
No whimpering they made;
But toed the line as regular
As soldiers on parade.
BOUCHIER had wife and girls aboard—
But by them lads he stayed.

One little chap hung round his neck
A blubb'ring, "Burnt you'll be.
Jump over first—and then *we'll* jump."
"No, no, my boy," says he.
"The Skipper's last to leave the ship—
That is our way at sea."

So young and old their duty did,
Like sailors, and like men:
There was HALL, and there was NORRIS,
And GUNTON, TYE, and FENN—
Who swore he'd save the women,
And did it, there and then.

The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet—
Needs must when Vulcan drives—
Hand over hand—in sailor style—
His daughters saved their lives;—
Brave girls you see, and well brought up,
The stuff for sailors' wives!

On the tank-barge some twenty boys
Had climbed dear life to save;
The flames burnt fierce, the pitched top-
sides
Yawned like a fiery grave;
And some set up the cry, "Shove off!"—
Lads will like lads behave.

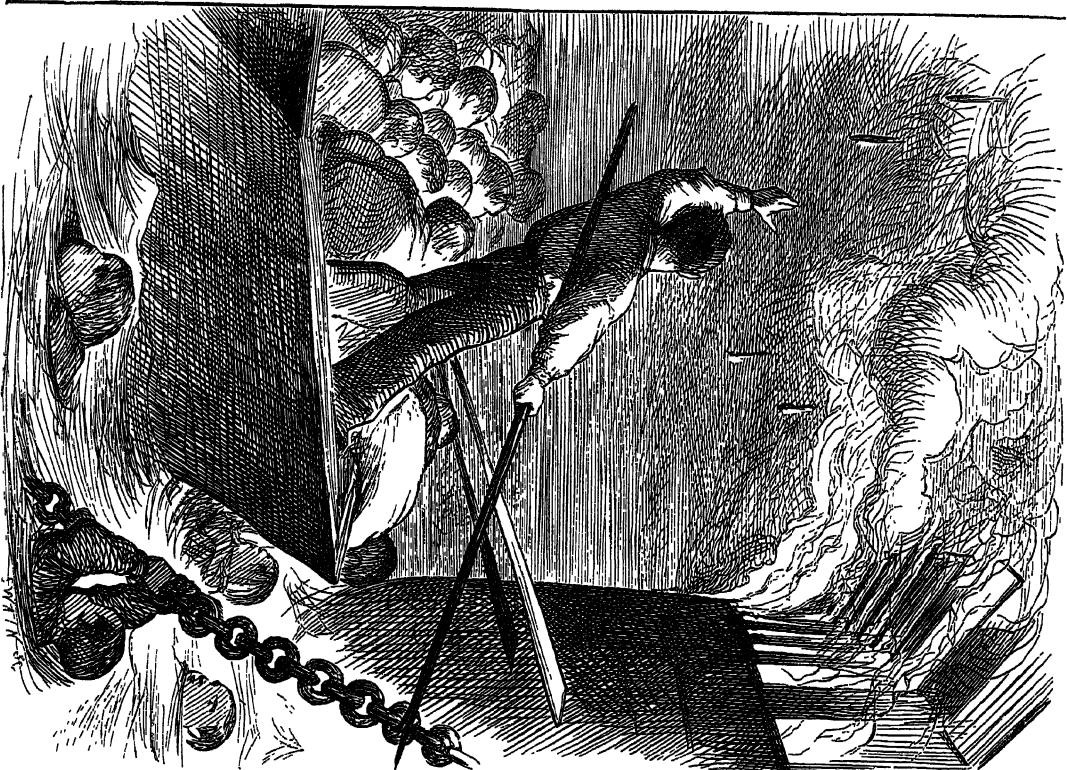
But BILLY BOLTON's boyish voice
Was heard—"I'm mate in charge:
There's room enough for plenty more;
Hold on there with the barge."
That BILLY BOLTON may run small,
The heart in him looms large.



THE "RAW MATERIAL."

A USEFUL MANUFACTURE.

"WORKED UP."



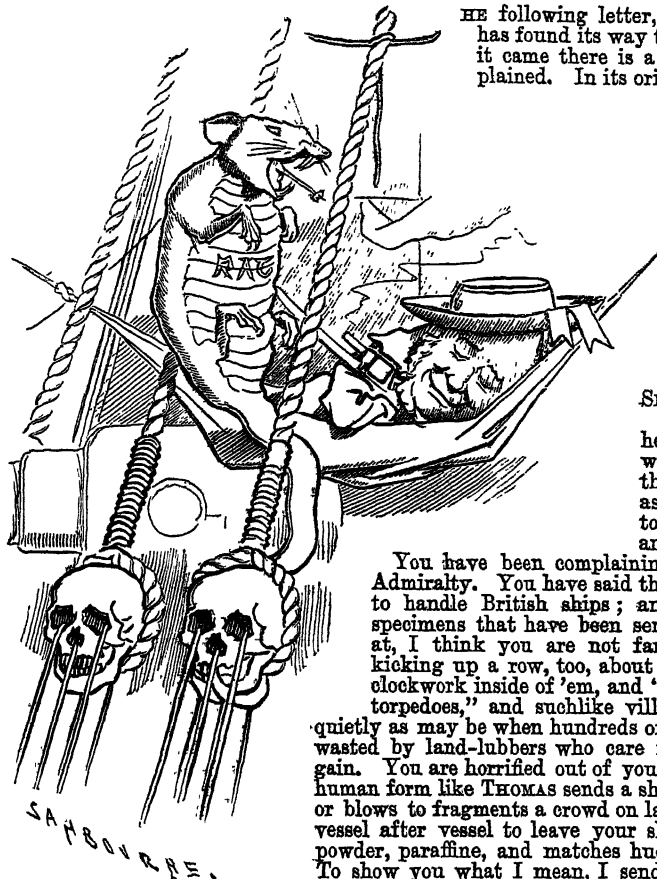
["Goliath" Training Ship burnt December 22nd, 1875.

But I can't tell you half the tale—
How, when they got ashore,
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,
And stript the clothes they wore,
To wrap the boys, as mothers will—
Or what is mothers for?

There was a little soldier lad
His shipmates come to see,
He's gone, and some half-dozen more,
And MASTER WHEELER, he
Is with them little lads in Heaven—
All rated there A.B.

As long as English workhouse lads
Work up to such good stuff,
BRITANNIA still will rule the seas—
Though here and there a muff
At Whitehall, or afloat, may make
Old JOHN BULL cut up rough!

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA!



THE following letter, covered with sea-weed, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. How it came there is a mystery not easily explained. In its original state it contained

some strong expressions of indignation, which have been omitted; and the salt-water slang in which it first abounded has been toned down. With these exceptions, the letter is printed as written:—

The Bed of the Ocean, New Year's Day, 1876.

SHIP AHOY, JOHN BULL!

You will be surprised to hear from me, Shipmate, I will be bound; but when things come to be as bad as they are now, it is time to speak out pretty plainly, and so here goes.

You have been complaining a long time of your Admiralty. You have said that they don't know how to handle British ships; and, certainly, from the specimens that have been sent below for me to look at, I think you are not far out. You have been kicking up a row, too, about infernal machines with clockwork inside of 'em, and "water rats" and "coal torpedoes," and suchlike villains' tools, but you sit quietly as may be when hundreds of sailors' lives are being wasted by land-lubbers who care for nothing but greedy gain. You are horrified out of your senses when a devil in human form like THOMAS sends a ship to the bottom at sea or blows to fragments a crowd on land, and yet you permit vessel after vessel to leave your shores loaded with gunpowder, paraffine, and matches huddled together anyhow. To show you what I mean, I send you a cutting from a paper I found upon the body of a dead sailor. And if it don't make you blush, JACK, up to the very roots of

your hair, why, hang me, it ought!—

"The danger to which vessels are exposed by the careless storing of gunpowder has been brought under the notice of the Underwriters' Associations in the different Colonies by CAPTAIN HARVEY, of the ship *Altcar*. He thus describes the mode of stowage in his own vessel:—'The stowage consists in dropping the various packages into any opening or crevice that presents itself. The powder in my vessel consisted of 400 barrels and 24 cases, and was placed in the main hatchway and on both sides of the same, among a general cargo, consisting of wines, spirits, oils, paint, matches, rod and bar iron, &c. The hatches were then secured, and nothing more was seen until arrival. We had the usual amount of heavy weather during the voyage. Upon opening the hatches in presence of surveyor, we found the powder adrift, and some eight barrels and three cases smashed. In consequence, daily during our discharge we have been sweeping and packing up powder from amid the iron, &c., it—the loose powder—having reached down even to the skin of the ship. Now, any practical man will perceive we have been momentarily exposed to explosion, more especially from the friction of the iron, and have been most mercifully spared from an imminent and deadly peril. In carrying powder for the Government it is placed in a magazine specially prepared, into which not a particle of iron is allowed to enter. I begged for one in London, but was not listened to by the charterers. While I am writing we all regret the non-appearance of the *Strathmore*, a new vessel, with some 90 souls on board. Being informed that she carried 30 tons of powder, and judging from my experience, I—and I shall rejoice to find I am wrong—never expect to see her again.'"

There now, what do you say to that? How do you expect to get sailors, if you treat them like that, eh?

I tell you what it is, my friend JACK, if you don't clear the decks for action, and that, too, pretty sharply, you will find me giving you up in disgust, and where would you be then?

I don't pretend to know much about lawyer's lingo (I hate landsharks), but in the time of my sons DRAKE, and ST. VINCENT, and NELSON, "carelessness" used to be spelt "crime." You are getting rid of your masts as fast as you can with your iron-clads and steam-power, but surely you ought to be able to find a yardarm and a rope somewhere. And when you have found a rope and a yardarm somewhere, why you take my advice—use 'em!

Yours, almost speechless with indignation,

NEPTUNE.

To JOHN BULL, care of BRITANNIA, Mistress of the Seas.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1876.

THE POPE has resolved to invite the KING of ITALY to spend a few days with him in the Vatican.

THE SULTAN has resolved on energy, economy, and reform.

THE RULER of EGYPT has resolved to take England as his model.

THE Spaniards have resolved to give over fighting amongst themselves.

THE Irish have resolved to desist from agitation.

THE Ultramontanes have resolved to cease troubling the world.

THE Clergy of the Established Church have resolved to forget their differences, (and the Burials Bill), and to unite in grappling with vice, ignorance, misery, and crime.

MR. GLADSTONE has resolved to return to political life.

MR. DISRAELI has resolved to reform the administration of the Navy; and to be most careful, for the future, in his selections for Chief Commissionerships and other important appointments.

THE FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY has resolved to join a Man-of-War, for a course of instruction in practical navigation; and afterwards to enter one of the Dockyards to acquire some knowledge of shipbuilding.

The new Peers have resolved to show their gratitude by the most assiduous devotion to their legislative duties—attending every sitting of the House of Lords, and remaining to the close of the proceedings, even though they should be protracted to so late a period in the evening as twenty minutes to seven.

The Government have resolved to increase the salaries of the Civil Service.

The Leaders of Fashion have resolved to set the example of dressing with more taste and less extravagance.

The Responsible Authorities have resolved to keep the streets clean.

The Railways have resolved to be punctual and accommodating.

The Trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery have resolved to throw those splendid Institutions open to the Public six days in the week.

The Members of the Royal Academy have resolved not to give good places to their own productions, unless they deserve them.

Certain Newspapers have resolved not to devote so much space and attention to sensational crime.

Our Domestic Servants have resolved to stay at least six months in their "situations."

Our butchers, bakers, dustmen, fishmongers, greengrocers, lamp-lighters, milkmen, oilmen, turncocks, &c., have resolved to discontinue asking for Christmas Boxes.

BEE NATURAL.

THE new rival of the ancient fable of the Singing Mouse, the Industrious Flea, the Whistling Oyster, and the Learned Pig, is, evidently, the Spelling Bee.

THE LORD MAYOR'S "CALICO BALL."—Clearly a Ball of Cotton.



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

The German Nurse. "IS IT A CHERMAN OR AN ENGLISH PAPY?"

The Mamma. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE SHE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND, BUT MY HUSBAND IS GERMAN."

The German Nurse. "ACH, SÖH! ZEN VE VILL WAIT TO SEE VAT LENKVETCH SHE VILL SCHBEAK, AND ZEN VE VILL KNOW!"

THE R'S AND THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE friends of National Education continue quarrelling about the need or the propriety of adding to its elements, the Three R's, a fourth elementary R, Religion. Unfortunately there are several rival Fourth R's, Old English, Italic, and other. Dissenters and Secularists want instead of the Fourth R to substitute O, standing for nought, the symbol of "the propagandism of negation." Of course R the fourth is superadded to all the R's of the Ragged Schools, inclusive of their own initial. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, under whose auspices those schools have been hitherto so usefully conducted, would take care of that. But now another R steps in to supersede the Ragged Schools with all their R's. They appear to be officially threatened with extinction by SIR CHARLES REED, considered as the representative and Chairman of the London School-Board. He boasts of the superior education received by from 12,000 to 15,000 children who have been transferred from the Ragged Schools to the School Board's. But, according to LORD SHAFTESBURY, as many as 30,000 children had been getting educated in Ragged Schools, now broken up, of whom from 15,000 to 18,000 seem to be nowhere. Can SIR CHARLES REED lay his right hand on his left waistcoat pocket, and say he has not been injuriously poaching on the Shaftesbury preserves? Not to dwell too much on initial R's, it may be allowable to suggest that the systematic promoters of popular instruction would do wisely to make quite sure that as regards the education of London "gutter children," they do not lean too completely on a broken reed.

FOXHUNTER'S DEFINITION OF A MAIL-TRAIN.—A Post and Rails.

LINES ON LEAP YEAR.

HARK I hear a sound of croaking;
Frogs, in one attempt at joking
Joining all their voices, say,
"This is Leap Year. Jump away!"

"Leap, ye various deer and stags,
Chamois, on Helvetian crags,
Leap, ye goats, upon Welsh mountains,
Leap, ye cataracts and fountains.

"Leap, all monkeys and baboons
Squirrels, 'possums, and racoons,
Antelopes, gazelles, and gnus,
Catamounts and kangaroos.

"Leopards, leap all you like fun,
Lions, tigers, every one;
Panthers, pumas, and jaguars,
Leap—if but against your bars.

"Horses, carrying men to hounds,
Leap all intervening bounds,
Fences, hedges, brooks, and dykes,
Gates, and palings crowned with spikes.

"Steed careering in the race
O'er the flat or steeple chase,
Leap, without a baulk or check,
Lest thy rider risk his neck.

"Leap, ye salmon, and ye trout,
From the purling streams leap out;
Leap, ye grasshoppers and fleas:
Hop and skip, ye mites in cheese.

"Yah, ye toads and tritons all,
Newts and slow-worms, creep and crawl;
Slug and snail and spider too—
Leap-Year's not the year for you!"

Honorarium to the Porte.

THE financial difficulties of the KHEDIVE are said to be in great part owing to the necessity he is under of giving the SULTAN and chief Ministers of Turkey "backsheesh." The word "backsheesh" has a peculiarly suggestive sound. Instead of the largesse, so denominated, the beggars who demand it deserve to get "backswish" in the shape of a handsome whipping.

THE KHEDIVE'S PHILANTHROPY.—One of those things that no "fella" can understand.

PUNCH'S GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To the PRINCE OF WALES (on the arrival of H.R.H. from India).—A Hearty Welcome.

To the PRINCESSES OF WALES (on the arrival of H.R.H. from Denmark).—A Bouquet of Heart's-ease, and a little Lecture upon the unkindness of going away.

To the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—A Map of Asia, with the British Boundaries plainly marked.

To the EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—A View of England, with the British Arms and the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit."

To PRINCE VON BISMARCK.—An Easy Chair.

To MARSHAL MACMAHON.—A New History of Egypt.

To the SULTAN.—The Independence of the KHEDIVE.

To the KHEDIVE.—The Protection of England.

To the KING OF SPAIN.—An Illuminated Copy of DR. WATTS' Hymn, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

To the Lords of the Admiralty.—A Little Retirement.

To SIR JOHN KARS LAKE.—A well-merited Peerage.

To the Representatives of certain American Republics.—Apartments next door to an "unhappy nobleman."

To the Corporation of Harwich.—A Life-Boat, and the will to use it.

To the Trustees of Felstead School.—The Sack.

To Mr. Toby.—The Compliments of the Season.

And to the Rest of the World.—A New Volume of Punch.

MOBILISATION.—Advocates for Conscription for the Infantry plead that "the Line must be drawn somewhere."



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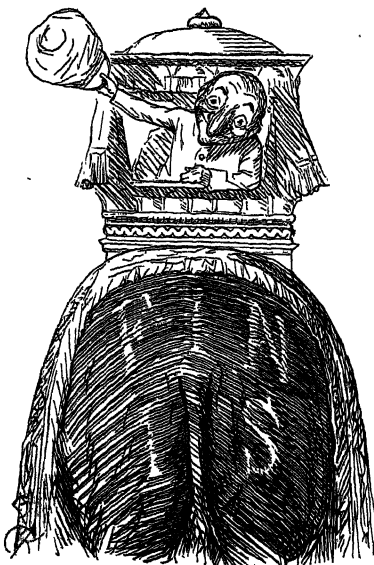
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"TO MEMORY DEAR."

Enthusiastic Cricketer. "AH, LAST SEASON WAS A GOOD ONE! I'D BOTH EYES BLACKED IN ONE MATCH, AND TWO FINGERS SMASHED IN THE RETURN MATCH THE SAME WEEK! BUT GIVE ME 1870 OVER AGAIN. I GOT THE BALL ON MY FOREHEAD AT 'SHORT LEG,' AND WAS SENSELESS FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!" [? And ever since.

ACADEMY EXAMINATION PAPER.

The time allowed for this Paper will be shortly announced from Greenwich Observatory.

The maximum number of marks is 10,000; the minimum, 0.

The Candidate who obtains the maximum number of marks will be invited to the Academy Dinner in 1875. If a lady, she will be seated at the President's right hand, and be asked to reply to the toast of "The Ladies."

The Candidate next in order of merit will be presented with a free admission to the Exhibition on Bank Holidays, the anniversary of the arrival of the Elgin Marbles, and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS's birthday.

The Candidate who passes the third best examination will have the exclusive privilege of carrying his or her umbrella or parasol into the Galleries.

1. Where are the following places—Oxwich, Cowdray, The Boar's Head Tavern, The Butter Tower, Battersea Rise, Poultry Chambers, The Chops of the Bristol Channel, Cookham, Caldron Linn, Llyn Dinas, The Swallow Falls, Mount Sorrel, Dogger Bank, Mousehold Heath, Maresfield, The Yare, The Kanagawa, The Grudie, The Coalties, The Peaks of the Cobbler, Shooter's Hill, Killin, Dryburgh, The Wetterhorn, Scheveningen, and the Kyles of Bute?

2. Give biographical sketches of William and Mary, Panthea and Abradates, Don Quixote, Sir but a barrowson, Undine, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Friar Lawrence, Lord Admiral Tarleton, Corporal Trim, Cardinal Wolsey, Gathorich talk of Iriappa, Mesmer, Eily O'Connor, Richard Baxter, Jenny Caxon, rst, pro and con. Morley, Cinderella, M. Thiers, Christabel, Fedalma, Sir V then about Irish, Dr. Slop, Queen Anne, and the Goodwins.

3. Explain PERSON (Glasgow), Apse, Bent Gatherers, Campanile, A Spoil Bank, A Danhubbed, being a n, Saithe Fishing, The Hill Bank, Jetsam and Flotsam, Bull Irish vote. The Nutbrown Maid, A Norfolk Broad, A Murcian Lady that bit of the ill, Reredos, Utilitarianism, *Æn. VI.*; *Georg. IV.*, and *Xenias* moighty refr

4. Translating one of the votes, Rouge et Noir, La Soubrette, Une Jeune Demoiselle, he was a finging, Le Rendezvous, Sub Fegmine fagi, à la Russe, Le words as "animal," di Violino, Genius Loci, Mer de Glace, Souvenir de terra- anda than the House, La Leçon de Géographie, Ed io anche son pt ever remembers Irish Vcotta.

5. What happened in 1457, 1658, 1793, 1795, 1873, and the Sixteenth Century?

6. How many representations of (1) Ophelia, (2) Juliet, and (3) Leander does the Exhibition contain?

7. Spell according to their proper pronunciation, Llugwy, Maesllwch, Porth Mendwy, Machynlleth, and Rhayadr-y-Wennol.

8. What is the time of Chaucer, and The Dinner Hour, Wigan?

PRINCELY COTTAGES.

"The PRINCE OF WALES began, immediately after his marriage, by building the Alexandra Cottages, a row of twelve dwellings, built of Carr stone found on the estate, faced by white stone, and each entered through a pretty porch, with gardens in front and rear. For these a rent of £4 per year is paid by the tenant. The cost of the erection of each was £195. The Louise Cottages, built on the West Newton portion of the estate, are only inferior to the Alexandra Cottages in outward appearance; but they are also inferior in rent, and even their outside is attractive enough. They cost less than the Alexandra Cottages, the money laid out for the erection of each being only £140. For these the tenants pay a yearly rental of £3 10s. each. On the whole, the Sandringham Cottages produce only about one and a half per cent. on the capital invested."—*The Hour, May 12.*

"The Cottage-homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!"
(So once FELICIA HEMANS sang,
Throughout the lovely land!
By many a shining river-side
These happy homes are seen,
And clustering round the commons wide,
And 'neath the woodlands green.

The Cottage-homes of England—
Alas, how strong they smell!
There's fever in the cesspool,
And sewage in the well.
With ruddy cheeks and flaxen curls,
Though their tots shout and play,
The health of those gay boys and girls
Too soon will pass away.

The Cottage-homes of England!
Where each crammed sleeping-place
Foul air distils whose poison kills
Health, modesty and grace.
Who stables horse, or houseth kine,
As these poor peasants lie,
More thickly in their straw than swine
Are herded in a sty?

The Cottage-homes of England!—
But may they not be made
What Poetess FELICIA
In graceful verse portrayed?
With chambers where a purer air
The sleepers' lungs may bless,
And pretty porches, gardens fair?
The PRINCE OF WALES says, "Yes."

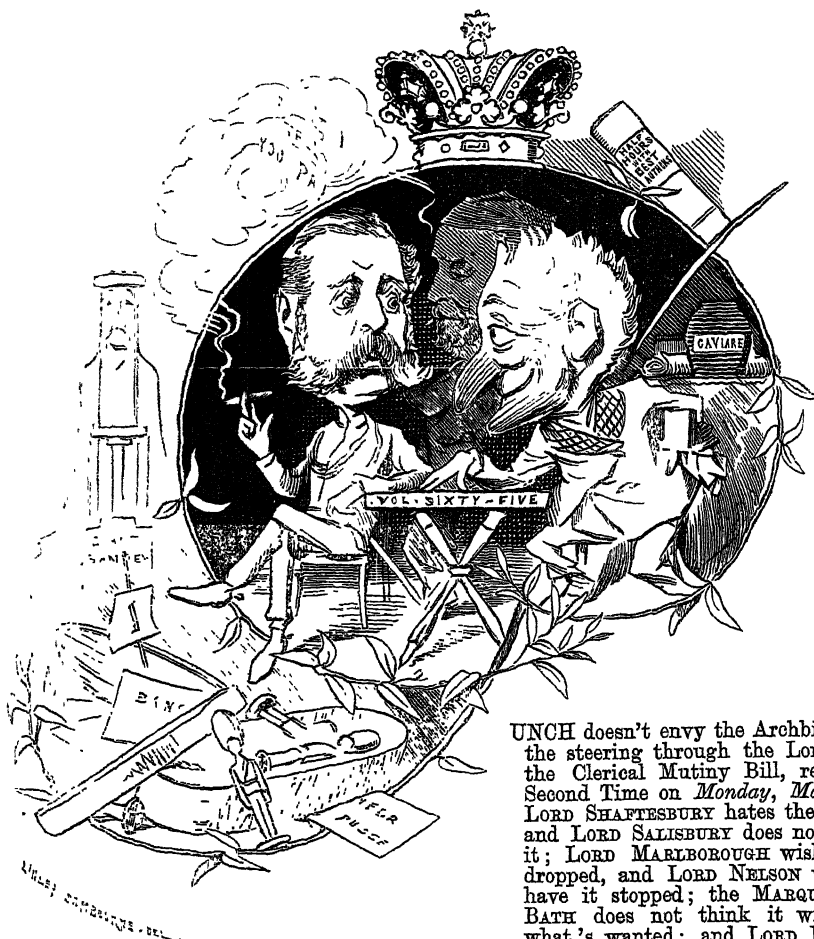
The Cottage-homes of England,
Whose aspect makes men wince,
May turn to happy dwellings yet,
With landlords like the Prince:
Then quicker brain and readier arm,
And more strength better spent,
May add an economic charm
To less than two per cent.

The Cottage-homes of England!
The toiler gay and blithe,
Who drinks his ale, and plies his flail,
And swings his sweeping scythe,
His sons and daughters, braced anew
With strength that nothing ails,
Will bless each Prince of landlords who
Does like the PRINCE OF WALES.

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

'Tis well *laudari a laudato*;
Say thy worst freely:
As well *damnari a damnato*,
DOCTOR KENEALY!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH doesn't envy the Archbishops the steering through the Lords of the Clerical Mutiny Bill, read a Second Time on *Monday, May 11*. LORD SHAFTESBURY hates the Bill, and LORD SALISBURY does not like it; LORD MARLBOROUGH wishes it dropped, and LORD NELSON would have it stopped; the MARQUIS OF BATH does not think it will do what's wanted; and LORD LIMERICK does not see that anything wants doing. But the Bishops, who

know best where the shoe pinches, and what it costs in time and money to ease it, declare things can't go on as they are: that the Episcopal Shepherds *must* have a cheaper and stronger crook to pull up the wild Ritualistic sheep, who have a trick of leaping the Anglican fences into the old Roman Road that runs on the other side of them (see *Punch's Cartoon*). HIS GRACE OF PETERBOROUGH, successor to WILBERFORCE's gift of speech, sees, with his keen Irish eye, that it all comes of trying to govern a Live Church by Dead Law. The Bill is an attempt to put life into the Law. The Lawyers naturally think the best of it. It had no friends so hopeful as EX-CHANCELLORS HATHERLEY and LORD SELBORNE. The Low and Broad Church lay-peers (RICHMOND and SHAFTESBURY, HARROWBY and GRAY) insist that something must be done. Even the High Church—except its Intransigentes—can't deny it. So, though nobody liked the Bill, nobody divided against the Second Reading.

So, till the old Law can be overhauled (which is likely to come first, Disestablishment or the Greek Kalends?) its enforcement is to be left to a resultant of the forces of Episcopal discretion and Protestant aggravation. A nice life the poor Bishops are likely to have of it between their Purchases and their Westertons!

While the Peers were handling their Ritualistic hot potatoe, the Commons had in hand their hot-potato-Publican.

On MR. CROSS moving the Second Reading of his Half-hour Bill (a *cross* used, in fancy language, when the fancy had its organs, to mean squaring a fight for corrupt consideration), MESSRS. MELLY and PEASE (*Pease et Melle* reads like an Arcadian dish out of ATHENÆUS) moved an Amendment, that no Public-house Bill can be satisfactory which increases facilities for drinking and deals unequally with the Liquor trade.

SIR SELWYN LEBERTSON spoke well up to his Home Office brief. The principle of the Bill is to do away with Local discretion—to let Public opinion, per Parliament, fix the hour for shutting up the Public. There was confused talking on this, much as in the Lords; and the end was the same, nobody satisfied quite with what was being done, everybody satisfied something must be done, and nobody seeing his way to anything better that could be done; and so the Cross Bill was read a Second Time, to the cry of Watchman-Punch, "Half-after twelve, and a hazy night!"

Tuesday.—In the Lords, a very sensible speech from LORD CAIRNMARVON, setting forth a very sensible scheme for dealing with our White Elephant. Sierra Leone is to have one head, Lagos and Gold Coast (800 miles away), another, who is not to live in that sewage-soaked white-man's grave, called Cape Coast Castle, but in some place where cows, horses, and asses can survive the fever (that seems the measure of salubrity for Colonial Governors),—say at Accrah, with a road to the hills for breathable air in the deadly season. Officers are to

be paid living wages for taking their lives in their hands: the Military Force is to be a native one; of Houssas and other tribes that will fight; and we are to make a friend, if possible, instead of a foe, of KING COFFEE. But Government, it is feared, must have control over the trade in guns, though how, is not so clear. (Couldn't MR. WHITWORTH contrive a revolver that would turn round and shoot naughty Nigger, when naughty Nigger go for shoot White-man?)

LORD GREY approved, on the whole, though he didn't see his way to stopping rum and muskets, and didn't like the notion of Government monopolising the trade in these African luxuries. LORD KIMBERLEY was graciously pleased to lean towards approval, on the whole,—of course, couldn't commit himself—it wasn't to be expected—but really thought, all things considered, poor dear LORD CAIRNMARVON deserved to be patted on the back, and begged him to consider himself patted accordingly.

In the Commons—YORKE found he was not wanted, when he purposed to exempt the Law-Officers ("travelling politicians," he called them, with considerable impertinence, on their way, we presume, to their own ends as contra-distinguished from the country's) from going back to their Constituents on appointment. MR. HARDY thought that, considering how little exercise your hard-working Barrister gets, it would be cruel to stand in the way of his going down to the country whenever he has the chance. The House agreed with him, and put out the sun of YORKE without a division.

Then MR. DILLWYN wanted the Commons to make impertinent inquiries into House of Lords' Salaries, and odious comparisons with those of the House of Commons. (Ask what *we* pay our servants! Hang the fellow!—was ever such impudence!) The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was quite against anything so indelicate; so was the House by 226 to 59—the dirty half-hundred, says my LORD CARABAS, who always smell something nasty when ever "salaries" are in the wind, and insist on stirring it.

MR. BUTT moved for papers in the case of PATRICK CASEY, MARTYR and RIBBON-MAN, who has been shut up for three years under the Irish Life and Property Protection Act. MR. ROEBUCK was horrified to hear of such a thing!

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comm, et vox faucibus hæsit!"

But, after all, the Act was passed to enable the Executive to do such things, when necessary. Was it necessary here? That is the only question. LORD HARTINGTON thought there could be no harm in looking into the case; and MR. DISRAELI, like a sensible man, agreed the papers should be produced.

After which, the inexpressible WHALLEY began moving for a Select Committee on himself and his grievances, and that so movingly he set everybody going, and the House was straightway Counted Out. Whereupon Punch soliloquised,—

Plagues there are that beset life's tearful valley,
Which to elude asks more than mortal nous!

Lo, the House can be counted out from WHALLEY,
But who shall count out WHALLEY from the House?

Wednesday was given to great affairs.

MR. G. TREVELLYAN moved the Second Reading of his Counties Household Franchise Bill. MR. DISRAELI had said that the only way to end heart-burnings between town and country, was to identify town and country suffrage. There were three millions called rural, but really urban, without votes. The country labourers were just as fit to vote as the town labourers. ARCH was an excellent man: but a labourers' vote was the keystone of the Arch. Equal electoral rights was a bait to draw our country mice over-sea. Why not bait our own trap with our own cheese, and catch, and keep 'em, at home?

MR. SALT thought it was too soon to go tinkering the Constitution. The last election had returned a majority pledged (like Trappists) only to "silence and consideration."

MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD, as in delegate-duty bound, supported the Bill. So did MESSRS. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, NOLAN, and NOEL. MESSRS. NEWDEGATE, NEVILLE GRENVILLE, and SIR E. WILMOT opposed it (common-place men, *pro* and *con.*); but only two Tritons rose among all the Minnows that Wednesday, MR. FORSTER for the Bill, and MR. DISRAELI against it. MR. FORSTER drew a distinction between rural labourers identical in crafts intelligence and habits of thought, &c. with town artisans, and agricultural labourers proper. Exclusion could not be maintained in the case of the one. In the case of the other it was a question of practical politics. The agricultural labourers were a new force, and there were special reasons why they should now be admitted to the franchise—(or why they should not—all depends on how you look at it, and, for the present, the country evidently prefers to look at it from the "not" side).

MR. DISRAELI, in reply to the sturdy Member for Bradford, spoke from the same side as the country. Here is no question of abstract Right, but of expediency and sound sense. It may well be that the country labourer is as fitted for the Franchise as the town artisan—or as unfitted (*aside*)—but that is not the point. This is not the moment to awaken an electoral buzz in HONGE's wide-awake. He has been enough in his billy-cock already, thanks to ARCH & Co. But the real reason against the Bill is, that you can't give a vote to the country householder without redistributing the franchise on the equal electoral-district principle—which, on the basis of a Member to 48,000 electors, would extinguish 149 boroughs in England and Wales, 13 in Scotland, and 27 in Ireland. Is the House prepared for *that* change? No, said the House (with the country behind it) by 287 to 173. And so HONGE's claim was shelved in one Wednesday sitting. *Punch* ventures to think, less for the PREMIER's very Parliamentary reasons than, as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, pitifully, if pitilessly, puts it, "because Conservatives have not the courage of those convictions of which the Reform Act of 1867 professes to be an embodiment; and because having already enfranchised a vast mass of ignorance and incapacity, the proposal to add to it another vast mass, of far more profound ignorance, and far more desperate incapacity, is a proposal at which both parties simply stand aghast."

Thursday.—The Bill to enforce Compulsory Registration of Births and Deaths was read a Second Time; and the Juries Bill was forwarded in Committee; but the Palladium is to stand as it is. No less a number than the mystic twelve is to pass between Her Sovereign Majesty the QUEEN and the Prisoner at the Bar, or the parties to a suit and the issue raised on the pleadings.

Friday.—A mad Colonel in Guatemala has flogged an English Vice-Consul. Guatemala has offered an indemnity, and every possible reparation. Guatemala being a small power, with English men-of-war in her waters, knows what to expect if she didn't. If J. B. *would* now and then hit one of his own size, when the big brute is clearly in the wrong!

Complaints are often made that Parliament won't furnish a grant for rare windfalls of Art. In the case of LANDSEER's most interesting portrait of SIR WALTER SCOTT (just sold at CHRISTIE'S), Parliament has furnished such a Grant—BARON ALBERT GRANT, M.P. for Kidderminster, who, having bought the portrait, has presented it to the National Portrait Gallery. Another proof, besides the present of a renovated Leicester Square to London, that the Member for Kidderminster is anything but a barren Grant, as far as gifts to the public are concerned.

There was much talk of Irish matters in Committee of Supply and before it; first, *pro* and *con.* Guarantees given to Railways out of local rates; then about Irish Queen's Plates, the allowance for which MR. ANDERSON (Glasgow) had the assurance to object to, and was smartly snubbed, being a mere puer Glasgow body, for interfering with an Irish vote. The fine ould Irish sporting blood was soon up; and that bit of the night had a Charles-Leverish tone about it that was moighty refreshin'.

In discussing one of the votes for the Medical service of the Irish Prisons, there was a flinging about among the Irish Members of such dirty words as "animal" and "creature," more in the key of the Rotunda than the House of Commons. It seems odd, but *Punch* never remembers Irish Votes, and Irish Rows taking up so

much of the House's time as thus far in this Home-Rule Session,—except, of course, in MR. GLADSTONE'S Upas-tree years.

During the night there was a stupid attempt to interfere with an excellent Government servant's employment of his holidays. The Erie Directors having asked the HON. T. BRUCE (about the best man they could have asked) to recommend them a fit and proper person to report on their line, he recommended CAPTAIN TYLER, one of the Railway Inspectors of the Board of Trade, (about the best man he could have recommended,) who was about to take his holidays, in which he could do the job. The President of his Board raised no objection; and MR. GOLDSMID, it is to be hoped, understands by this time that nobody else had any business to raise any.

The evening's entertainment concluded with a talk about Kasghar, on whose throne is a clever Ameer, whose dominions LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON assures SIR C. DILKE, Russia has no intention of absorbing, and couldn't, if she had, they being defended on all sides by mountains 18,000 feet high.

WHITETHORN WINTER.

(A Carol on the late Cold Weather.)



THROUGH the flowery month
of May
North and east winds
often blow.
Veiled with clouds of iron-
grey,
All the sky looms full of
snow.
Many a bitter frost o'
nights
Orchards of their crop
bereaves;
Nips, sears, pinches,
parches, blights,
Bites and blasts the ten-
der leaves.

Sadly drooping on the
trees
Shrunk and shrivelled
they appear.
Whilst we shudder in the
breeze,
Though the Sun shines
bright and clear.
Thrushes', blackbirds'
throats are dumb,
Finch and warbler
silence hold,

And the nightingale is numb,
And the cuckoo has a cold.

But though winds from north and east
Kill the fruit, and foliage mar,
They have blown some good at least,
Hither since they blew the CZAR.
Russian weather he has had,
Which we may congenial call.
So it has not been so bad,
Altogether, after all.

Pitch on coals; the hearth pile higher;
Crown it with a Christmas log;
Put the kettle on the fire;
Boil the water; mix the grog.
Make it hot and strong enough!
Hunt the slipper you can play,
Boys and girls, or blind-man's-buff,
On an eve in chilly May.

A Fact of Spiritualism.

THERE is, or was lately, in the window of a shop in Southampton Row, Holborn, the portrait of a gentleman said to be a professional Medium. The face is depicted as flushed, and the eyes likewise appear suffused and sleepy. If that picture is the likeness of a real original, it may well be imagined to represent a person under the influence of Spirits.

CREAM OF TARTAR.—The CZAR.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS? HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT?—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK?"

Spokeswoman. "YES, MEM—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(*A May Fair Eclogue.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Aunt (past and past-praising.)

Maud (Anglican and Absolutist.)

Edith (Rationalist and Radical.)

Maud.

WELL, Auntie dear, how do you feel this morning?
To morning service, just think, I've not gone!
"Un foi, un roi,"—but still this is a warning.
I got home quite knocked up, with nothing on!

Edith.

I hope, dear, you had left some relics fragile
Of that delicious *feuille-morte* robe of yours?
I'm glad my dress was tough as I was agile,
So what I wore, like her that wore, endured.

The Aunt.

Ah, in QUEEN CHARLOTTE's days, when I was younger,
And rank was rank, such rude mobs never were.
I thought I should have dropped from downright hunger!
And I was scratched, yes—scratched, girls, with a spur!

Edith.

No wonder, Auntie, you can't eat your breakfast!
P'raps 'twas the same male hoof that tore my train.
And *did* you see the *rivière* round MAUD's neck fast
In JANE MONT-TÊTE's chignon, or rather mane?

Maud.

You're a disloyal goose, dear, though *my* cousin;
No royal road to Loyalty is due:

Just count the friends,—you *may* count by the dozen,—
Who, spite of crush, fag, fasting, envy you!

The Aunt.

'Tis natural, as Democracy increases
The harder Royalty is to be seen.
And Shoddy would be gladly torn to pieces
(Home or U.S.) to curtsy to the QUEEN!

Edith.

But, Auntie, I'm not Shoddy: my opinion
Is, struggle and starvation don't agree:
O how I *did* long for a pullet's pinion,
And one sip of champagne, or even tea!

Maud.

Pray, EDITH, don't shock all one's higher notions:
You're Radical, if not Rational, I declare.
When to the QUEEN one offers one's devotions,
High-bred girls ought to live, and move, on air!

The Aunt.

Dear MAUD, you're sure to make the best of marriages!
EDITH's so rash, she isn't like *my* niece;
But still, they *might* give tea; and then the carriages
Might be got quicker up by the police.

Maud.

Aunt, do remember the French Revolution:
'Tis but a step from Court to guillotine.
Perish my own for England's Constitution;
Sink, *débutante*, but sing "God Save the QUEEN"!

Edith.

I like to see the QUEEN and the Princesses;
I like to look as pretty as I can;
But why should weary waits and damaged dresses
Darken a day that in bright hopes began?



"BLACK SHEEP."

Maud.

EDITH, self-sacrifice is beneficial,
As, if you kept vigils and fasts, you'd know ;
My Drawing-rooms are all self-sacrificial ;
Were they made easy, think you I should go ?

The Aunt.

My dears, enough of rhyme, and as for reason—
Girls can't know, that is, can't say what they mean—
But what we all want is, against next Season,
A larger Drawing-room for the poor dear QUEEN !

A CANTICLE OF THE CZAR.



"H OORAY, O ye inhabitants of Dover,"
A Poet sang:—"Lo, yonder who comes over!
The shouts and cheers of every loyal cove are
Due to the CZAR.

"O all ye ships and batteries, salute him!
With all your guns your loudest welcome shoot him!
O all ye bands, drum, trumpet, fife and flute him!
Play to the CZAR.

"O Officers of State, go forth to meet him!
O all ye Captains and Commanders, greet him!
Say that there's no one in the world to beat him.
So tell the CZAR.

"O all ye Mayors, of various Corporations!

With your Recorders, rush to railway stations,
And read addresses and congratulations
Unto the CZAR.

"O great LORD MAYOR of London, own thy greater!
With turtle serve the Russian Emperor ;
Be thou dubbed Baronet, that thou didst cater
To him, the CZAR.

"Nor let him off thy fireworks, Crystal Palace ;
But blaze away, till, though to splendours callous,
Cheers, crackers, and champagne from a full chalice,
Excite the CZAR.

"And, after Aldershott's mild show of battle,
On his soothed ear let our coiled Armstrongs rattle,
While in the Warren Woolwich infants prattle,
To please the CZAR.

"Let KING COLE's Albert Hall in his inspection
Rejoice ; and, waxen tribute of affection,
MADAME TUSSAUD, add unto thy Collection
The reigning CZAR.

"Ye Lions all and Tigers, in the Gardens
Called 'Zoo ;' and O ye Bears—a thousand pardons !—
No offence meant—thrust paws and snouts thro' barred dens
To greet the CZAR.

"O Elephant, wave all that in thy trunk is !
O Hippopotamus, Rhinoceros, Monkeys,
Your homage, of a better sort than flunkys',
Pay to the CZAR !

"He has released his serfs in bonds from serving ;
In rule has shown beneficence unswerving ;
Of praise, without a joke, he is deserving.
Farewell, sweet CZAR !"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

(Grumbles, but Pays a Visit or Two, and Reports.)

SIR,

SEASONS are altering everywhere. I believe it's all the effect of the Russian Marriage. Summer is winter—winter is summer. Spring comes in autumn, and autumn supplants spring. But Theatrical Seasons are becoming muddled.

The companies whirl about, so that a Theatre-goer has to follow them in cabs, in underground railways, or trams, or in omnibuses, as best he may.

We may soon look for the following:—

"IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Gaiety Company will appear at the Globe on Tuesday and Wednesday while the Globe Company is performing at the Lyceum ; and the Lyceum Company will appear at the Gaiety while the Globe Company are at the Strand (for *Matinées* only), with MR. H. J. MONTAGUE, who, by his own kind permission, will play *Toots*, at the Standard, with MR. PHELPS as *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* (for two evenings only), in consequence of the simultaneous appearance of the Company from the Court Theatre at the Philharmonic, Islington, where the Gaiety Opéra Bouffe Company (which has recently concluded a successful engagement at the Opéra Comique, Strand,) will give their *Matinées* of *Madame Angot*, *Guy Mannering*, and *Cox and Box*, previous to the *rentrée* of MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who will appear in a round of his favourite characters for ten nights, in the absence of MISS NELLIE FARRER and MISS LOSEBY, now concluding their engagement—(by the kind permission of MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Lessee and Manager. No Fees.)—at the Alexandra, on the second of next month, when the Strand Company will appear, for a few nights only, at the Olympic, and the Olympic Company will take a short season at the Royalty, Dean Street, Soho, alternating with the Prince of Wales's Company, which will perform every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday (*Matinées*) at the Princess's (under the personal superintendence of MR. F. B. CHATTERTON), so that the Strand audience may have the opportunity, hitherto withheld from them, of witnessing the performance of a double company from the St. James's and Vaudeville, at Astley's, in some of their old favourite dramas.

"For further particulars, apply to MR. J. L. TOOLE, New York, America, U. S., no fixed address at present, or to MR. H. J. MONTAGUE, somewhere about with some of his Company, or to MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD (at any Theatre in the *Great Metropolis*), and of anybody else who knows anything at all about it.

"In future the Librarians beg to inform their Patrons that though ready to sell Tickets for any of the Theatres, they will not guarantee the performance of any particular piece, or of any particular Company."

This promises to become a trifle complicated.

The Vaudeville Company are still at the Vaudeville, playing *Pride*, out of which more is made than could have been expected, except by the very sanguine, after the first night. There are some good, sharp telling Epigrams, not the effect of word-catching or word-play, but the genuine thing. There is in it much that is really admirable. It often happens that when the wife is charming and the husband odious, the latter is tolerated for the sake of the former. So with *Pride*. Epigrammatic Dialogue is wedded to muddle-headed, uninteresting Plot ; so that ceasing to regard the latter, you can give your undivided attention to the former, and thence draw no small enjoyment.

MR. ALFRED THOMPSON has done something pretty for the Court Theatre called *Calypso* or *the Art of Love*. It is not exactly a little Opéra Bouffe, nor a little Burlesque, nor a little musical Farce, nor a classical Vaudeville, nor in fact anything in particular ; it is an airy nothing put on the stage at 9.30., when late diners can stroll in and be sufficiently amused and pleasantly soothed.

MISS SYLVIA HODSON who, I think, is new to London, is very promising. Pretty, bright, and intelligent, she appears to advantage both in the three-act farce of *Playing with Fire*, and in the after-piece above mentioned.

MR. ALBERRY's *Wig and Gown* (in which MR. LIONEL BROUGH is capital, and MR. ARTHUR CECIL, as the Judge, capital also) was written for T—E. As a piece it is unsatisfactory ; but MR. T—E has drawn good houses. The eminent Low Comedian (who, of course, would be annoyed if I mentioned his name, so I will only repeat T—E) is soon leaving us for America. Alas ! poor England ! Why can't he take us with him ? No matter, MR. J. L. T—E (no names mentioned because this distinguished Drollarian hates publicity : and not torture itself, would drag from him the secret of where he is acting at this moment), if he cannot take us with him, takes our very best wishes, and may be happy in the United States. Farewell T—E !

I remain as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

I.—*The Top of the Morning.*

THE Old Man waited till GUILLAUME had disappeared, then he cocked his hat, so as to be ready for defence, and set out on his course. He took the direction of Hoosin while GUILLAUME went towards Hesout.

Behind him were two dark triangles with his waist for their bases, and a button flapping against each heel for their apexes.

These triangles were his coat-tails.

Seen at a distance they appeared like the last letter but three of the alphabet. They told their own tale. Moreover they suited him down to the ground.

Before him was a post. The word *post* has always signified

Next he cast his eye on the top of an advertisement column. A line caught it. His eye being once fixed, he drew himself up.

Then he sat down, and began to make observations.

Stretching away around him were seven towns and ten villages: the Old Man saw fourteen of one and twenty of the other.

Then he nodded his head to himself. Only those who know themselves can nod to themselves as acquaintances; seldom as friends.

He seemed to murmur to himself with every nod, "Dat's me, George."

Then he smiled. Then he closed his eyes, and for one hour he was tranquil. Even savage natures have their hours of melancholy; after meals. Voices awoke him; voices of children, also the martial sound of trumpets whose price had been one penny, and drums which could not have cost one farthing less.

The words were so near he could catch them. He could not catch the children. A thick hedge was between him and them. He listened.

A woman's voice said:

"Come along, TOMMY."

Another woman's voice said:

"We must run. The children are tired. How are your poor feet? Does it suit your daughter to eat some peaches? You must have some good soup. I have the good wine."

"No, you have not the good wine."

"Yes, I have the good wine, and the cheap wine."

"The children are industrious. The girls are as good (*sage*) as their brothers."

"I have brought some good cherries, some good strawberries, and some good peaches."

"Tell me, TOMMY, have you some sugar?"

A child's voice—that of a girl—answered.

"TOMMY is only at exercise two in OLLENDORF. I am at twenty-six."

"Then you know—"

"That the Italian has the painter's cheese, the neighbour's hay, and a great deal of salt. The peasant has not any rice. He has a great deal of courage, and he has eight good trunks, and the captain's ten hammers."

The voices grew fainter and fainter. Then they died away.

II.—*Through Two Ears.*

THE Old Man remained motionless.

He was thinking hardy. Hardly of several persons. What had not this child's voice said? "The peasant has not any rice"—"the Italian has the painter's cheese, and the neighbour's hay."

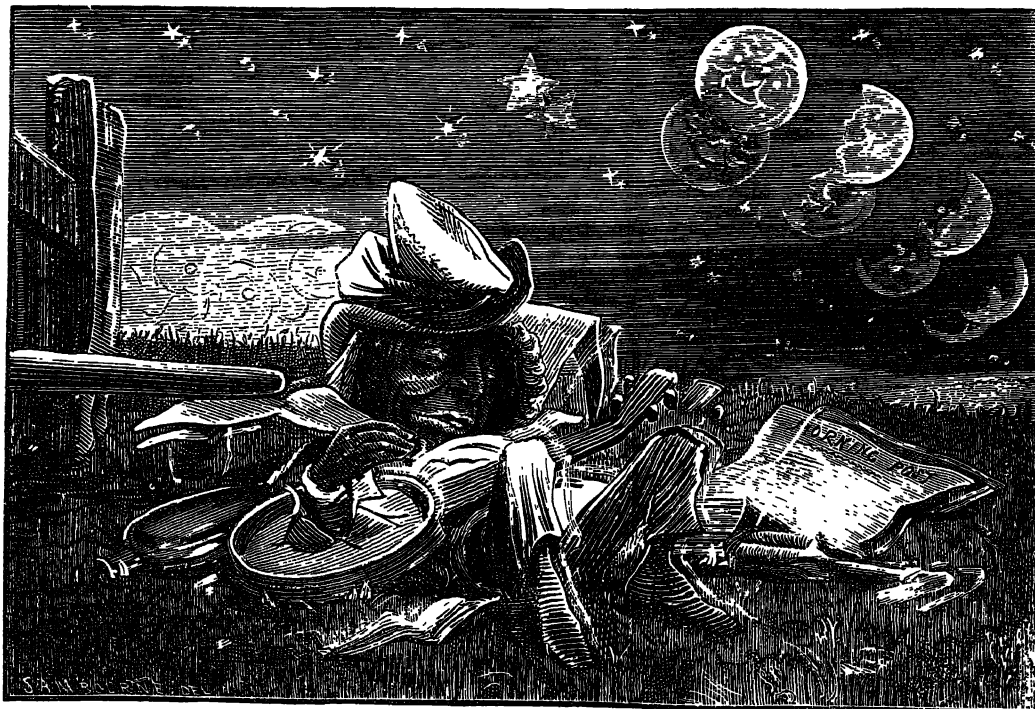
It fell upon the ears of one who could sympathise with the peasant, who detested the Italian, looking upon him as a vocal rival—a mere Singer's machine in creation.

He rose, struck his banjo, and sat on a stile. He was taking two bars rest.

To him it seemed a strange time. He was not sleeping, he was not waking; he was not thinking, he was not meditating; he was not speaking, he was not singing, he was not silent; he was not walking, he was not riding; he was not sitting, he was not standing. Had there been no railing, he would have fallen over the cliff. Was he on his head or his heels? Heels, he thought, for choice; but was uncertain. He drew forth the bottle once more, and held it between his eye and the light. It was empty. This caused him to smile. He shook his head reproachfully. Then he fell backwards over a stone. Two suns seemed to him to be shining in the heavens, and the moons were out for three months ahead. He saw the unlicensed shooting stars and shuddered. Suppose the fiat had gone forth—

"Rubbish may be shot here."

The Old Man felt an indescribable calm. There he lay: no one knew his name. He himself, had he been asked, could not have remembered it. Herein was his chance of safety. He was tranquil, he was happy. A little more and he would have fallen asleep. He had not a little more with him, so he remained awake.



"behind" before. Here, in this country of inversions, its meaning had been changed. This post stood out in the half-light like a Pyramid of Chops in the midst of the Dessert.

It was the last post out that night. And yet this post did not belong to the night, but to the morning. The Morning Post. The Old Man knew this. It was an obstacle in his path. An obstacle to be removed, and to be used.

He had his own way. The barnacles which he had saved from the boat he now placed across his shortened nose. Had this feature not been abridged, there would have been no rest for him. With his eyes thus guarded he performed a great feat. He took up the Post, and went right through it.

It was a gigantic effort, but he had a grand object in view. An inspired man pays no regard to the probabilities of danger. Who dares, escapes; who escapes, wins. Warily he ran his eye up and down the columns, recognising familiar names, signs, and words; then he approached the leaders; there were four of them; two powerful, one uncertain, and the last weak. The Old Man understood this, and went cautiously between the lines.

While thus engaged he picked up, here and there, some scraps of information which might be hereafter useful to him. The outer sheets he saved for night, when he might be without roof or couch. The padding he placed inside his waistcoat.

It was necessary for him to obtain a clear view of his situation. To do this, he must attain a certain altitude. The Old Man drew forth a bottle and drained it. This afforded him the necessary elevation.



A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Host. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELIGHTFUL, DON'T YOU, TOPSAWYER?"

Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YER, MY BOY! WHY, LAST NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFRED SITTING JUST OPPOSITE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF-CROWN SHERRY!"

[Helps himself to another glass.]

Suddenly he started to his feet.

He had become aware that his little toe of the right foot was shooting: shootingly violently. He could not hear it shoot, but he felt it. It had been trained to give the alarm in this fashion on the approach of a change of weather. It shot noiselessly, yet with this one aim: namely, to forewarn its master.

From the height where he was standing his gaze was riveted by an unusual and portentous sight.

His attention had been suddenly awakened.

He looked to the left, to the right.

Objects in the valley below appeared and disappeared: at one time shapes, at another shapeless.

Sometimes what had appeared to be sticks in the hands of men became, as if by magic, mushrooms; then swiftly they changed once more, now being apparently ragged brooms soaring frantically aloft, then descending, and lost to view. Sometimes the men,—if men they were,—who carried these awful weapons, were now covered, now uncovered, alternately black and white. Then they ran, as if pursuing some living object, then they fell, rose, and the object was recovered.

What did it mean? It meant that the wind was blowing hard from the sea. That there was a hurricane ashore.

What had he seen? Doubtless a convulsion of hats and umbrellas.

The wind was blowing, blowing madly.

The Old Man looked and listened. He did not hear the wind—he saw it.

In Brittany the peasants have a saying, "*Ce n'est que les cochons qui voient le vent.*" "It is only pigs that see the wind."

The Old Man was pig-headed. It was a strange sensation this, seeing the wind and being pig-headed.

Against whom was the rage of the wind directed?

Somebody was being blown upon.

Who?

(To be continued.)

DIZZY-DOOMED.

"I am not myself in favour of small close-boroughs; and, as to those young gentlemen who wish to be introduced into public life, there are many ways in which they can be introduced, without being coddled and nursed in hot-houses of that kind."—DISRAELI, in *Wednesday's Debate*.

YE are doomed, snug small boroughs,
The golden means of votes
Secured by soft *susurrus*
Of crisp new fi'-pun notes,
And flow of beer in amber seas,
And votee's pie-crust promises
From out hoarse hustings-throats,
While voter's counter-promise given
In Ballot's night mocks light of Heaven.

YOU are doomed, sucking statesmen,
Fresh from your upper forms,
With scorn of all that weights men,
Who must trim sails to storms:
None now shall coddle ye, dry-nurst
To strength for oratoric burst,
Or business's keen arms:
Cut and dry of one cut must be,
The Equal-District-doled M.P.!

No more than his Due.

A MEETING of Professors and lovers of the Arts, held to determine in what form the memory of OWEN JONES can be most fittingly honoured, has just decided, first, on a mosaic portrait of him, to be offered to the nation, secondly, on a public exhibition of his works. MR. ALFRED MORRISON, SIR M. D. WYATT, MR. H. COLE, MR. WARREN DE LA RUE, and MR. PETER GRAHAM, are the Executive Committee. They may take for their motto, "*Honos Honore digno*;" or, in English, "Owed to OWEN."

"Sure to be well hung then."

IN consequence of the controversy between certain members of the Hanging Committee and the landscape painters, it has been decided that, in future, CALGRAFT shall hang all the pictures, both of figure-painters and landscapists, in the presence of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs.

SOOT AND SACRED EDIFICE.

SOME enterprising Manchester Churchmen have united in a project for building a Cathedral worthy of that great City and centre of industry and commerce. They are reminded by the *Times* that Manchester and Salford burn annually some 3,000,000 tons of coal, and discharge about 1000 tons of sulphurous acid into the atmosphere; also that Manchester is an extremely rainy place—circumstances which should be considered in the choice of building material subject to them. Suppose, accordingly, that the new Manchester Cathedral shall be built of anthracite. Is not that a substance which could never become the worse for soot, and would utterly defy sulphuric acid? There is novelty in the idea of a black Minster; but how much better and more suitable to the Metropolis of Calico a Cathedral would be were it constructed of white marble, as no doubt it might be if Manchester, whose munificence is equal to any expenditure, could only contrive to consume all its own smoke.

Ignorance is Not Bliss.

OUR last Nine Days' Wonder, the CZAR, in his spare moments (if he has any) will probably make some inquiry into our Institutions. What will he think of the progress and civilisation of England, when he finds that in the British Army there are 12,000 Soldiers who can neither read nor write! Certainly these do not compose the "Intelligence Department" of the Army.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

It is whispered that the big Brewers are going to brew XXXX, the extra X being in honour of the new Home Secretary.



OVERSTOCKED.

Cabby (to inquiring Fare, whose Friend is making a call). "OH, BUSINESS IS WERRY BAD, SIR. 'FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MANY CABS A'READY; AND THEY KEEPS ON A LICENSING OF US AS IF WE WAS SO MANY GIN-PALACES!"

COURT AND MEDICAL.

(From the Court Circular of the Future.)

HER MAJESTY held a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday last.

The recently formed Body Guard of the Surgeons of the Guard was on duty, under the command of SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, the Captain.

With the exception of His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, who carried a hamper of provisions and a small hand camp-stool, and was accompanied by his Medical Adviser, the whole of the Diplomatic Circle, owing to the various injuries they sustained in their encounter at the previous Drawing-room, were unavoidably absent.

The General Circle was attended, as usual, by the Physicians in Ordinary, the Physicians Extraordinary, the Serjeant Surgeons, and the Apothecaries in Ordinary to HER MAJESTY and the Household. The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen of the Ambulance were in attendance, with their bandages, in the State Saloons.

The Presentations to HER MAJESTY (about 5,000 in number) were made with a rush, in the ordinary manner. The struggle, we need hardly remark, was terrific, but owing to its unusually severe nature, it has been impossible as yet to ascertain the names of those engaged.

The list is, however, supposed to have comprised most of the survivors of the earlier State ceremonials of the season; and, with a view to allaying the apprehensions of anxious relatives and friends, an official statement of the casualties will be published in next Saturday's *Gazette*.

Capricorn in the Ascendant.

JACK CRABTREE says that since the 23rd came home from Coomassie, and got that new goat from HER MAJESTY at the Windsor Review, they have become so he-goat-istical, there is no standing them.

INTERVIEWED.

SCENE—A Sea Port. *Friend of Humanity (Mr. P*** h) meeting Seafaring Person.*

Friend of Humanity (loq.)—

STRANGER, why so deeply blushing?
Why your hat, your temples crushing?
Why strange oaths so freely gushing?
Why inclined to so much lushing?
Why your way so madly pushing?
And from haunts of seamen rushing,
Through wet streets insanely slushing,
Fretting, fuming, "tish"-ing, "tush"-ing?

Seafaring Person.

'Cos it's me as run the Russian
Emperor aground at Flushing!

[They weep together.]

A REFLECTION THE MORNING AFTER THE "TWO THOUSAND."

Who bets, loses;
Who loses, pays;
Who pays, muses;
Who muses, stays.

A SPLIT ON THE BENCH.

WE are sorry to hear of a serious difference between the BISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH. The one sets his face against the Purchase of Livings, the other against the Living of Purchases.

"WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?"—JOHN BROWN'S Opinion of the CZAR'S Pilot—"Gude for (K)nout."



AN INNOCENT HINT.

Auntie. "WHAT IS NELLIE'S NOSE FOR?" Nellie (doubtfully). "TO SMELL WITH."
 Auntie. "AND WHAT IS NELLIE'S MOUTH FOR?" Nellie (cautiously). "TO EAT WITH."
 Auntie. "AND WHAT ARE NELLIE'S EARS FOR?" Nellie (confidently). "EAR-RINGS?"

CONSERVATIVE RESTRICTION.

CHEER UP, GLADSTONE. Of course you are aware that, as the *Post* announces:—

"The new refreshment and dining-hall at the Zoological Gardens are in future to be closed on Sunday afternoons from three to six o'clock, in conformity with the provisions of the Licensing Act of 1872. A representation has been made to the Home Office with the view of obtaining an exemption on the ground that the gardens are private property, but MR. SECRETARY CROSS does not think they can be placed in the same category with the West-End Clubs."

And so he places them in the same category with the Public-houses. Perhaps he thinks by this identification of sance for goose and for gander to make the Publicans some little amends for the scant relaxation of the Licensing Act, which he will leave them to obtain if they can from the House of Commons. He might have at least equally compensated them by putting the Public-houses in his Licensing Act Amendment Bill on the same footing, as to hours on Sunday, with the Refreshment Rooms at the Zoological Gardens. Rejoice, WILLIAM, that he has done the other thing, and, whilst mocking BUNG with an empty ostent of even justice, has offended all who value personal freedom by an encroachment in the shape of additional Sabbatarian restriction. He will fail to gratify the Publicans, whilst he annoys the Public. People do not go to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday to get drunk. Debarring them from refreshment there is Sabbatarianism pure and simple. Who are *bonâ fide* travellers, if they are not? The Conservative Government appears to meditate a mighty pleasant Sunday for excursionists. If they go on in this way, Conservative restriction will soon create Liberal reaction; and then Mr. Punch will in a short time have the pleasure of representing you, WILLIAM, in his Cartoon again at the head of affairs.

RATHER HARD.

PATERFAMILIAS (who believes in the employment of Women) writes to ask why *young* women should be kept out of the Pulpit while there are so many *old* ones let in?

NEW TRANSLATION.—*Rus(s) in Urbe*—The CZAR in the City.

THE CHARGE OF THE COURT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a yard—half a yard—
 Half a yard onward,
 Through the first crush-room
 Pressed the Four Hundred.
 Forward—the Fair Brigade!
 On to the Throne, they said:
 On to the Presence Room
 Crushed the Four Hundred.

II.

Forward, the Fair Brigade!
 Was there a girl dismayed?
 E'en though the chaperons knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make complaint,
 Theirs not to sink or faint,
 Theirs—but words cannot paint
 Half the discomfiture
 Of the Four Hundred.

III.

Crowds on the right of them,
 Crowds on the left of them,
 Crowds all in front of them,
 Stumbled and blundered:
 On through the courtier-lined
 Rooms—most tremendous grind—
 Into the Presence-Room,
 Leaving their friends behind,
 Passed the Four Hundred.

IV.

Flushed all their faces fair,
 Flashed all their jewels rare,
 Scratched all their shoulders bare,
 Thrusting each other—while
 Outsiders wondered:
 Into the Presence-Room,
 Taking their turn, they come,—
 Some looking very glum
 O'er trains sore-sundered:—
 Kiss hand, and outwards back,
 Fagged, the Four Hundred!

V.

Crowds to the right of them,
 Crowds on the left of them,
 Crowds all in front of them,
 Stumbled and blundered—
 Back through more courtier-lined
 Rooms—O, tremendous grind!—
Débutantes thirsty pined
 For ice or cup o' tea:
 No sofas horsehair-lined,
 Not a chair or settee,
 Poor dear Four Hundred!

VI.

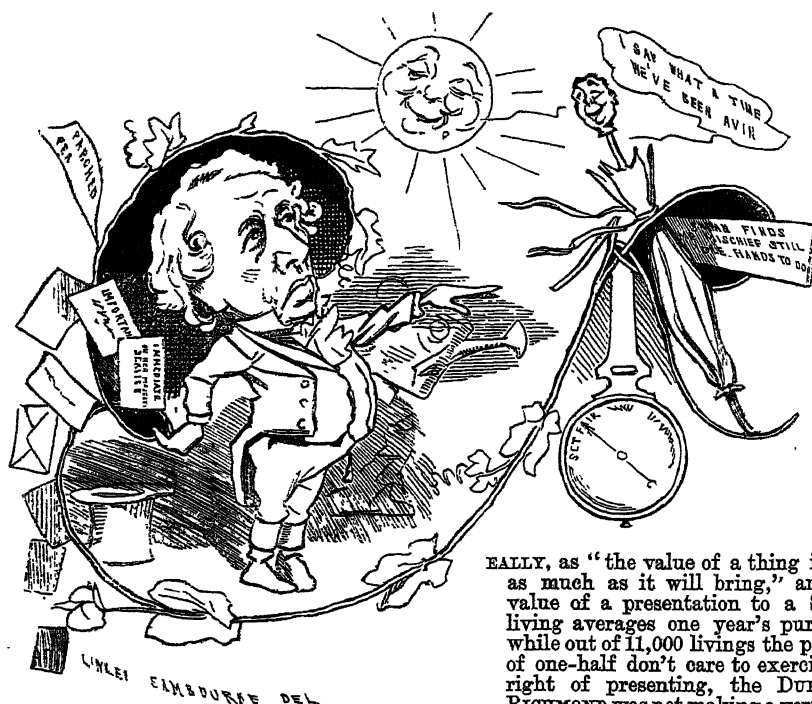
Mothers to rage gave vent,
 Husbands for broughams sent,
 While at mismanagement
 Both sorely wondered.
 Not till the sun had set,
 Not till the lamps were lit,
 Home from the Drawing Room
 Got the Four Hundred.

VII.

Some, I heard, in despair
 Of getting stool or chair,
 Took to the floor, and there
 Sat down and wondered.
 Now, my Lord Chamberlain,
 Take my advice. Again
 When there's a Drawing-room,
 Shut doors, and don't let in
 More than Two Hundred.

A BAD PRE-EMINENCE.—What is there
 beats a good Wife? A bad Husband.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EALLY, as "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," and the value of a presentation to a Scotch living averages one year's purchase, while out of 11,000 livings the patrons of one-half don't care to exercise the right of presenting, the DUKE OF RICHMOND was not making a very desperate move, on Monday May 18,

in doing away with Patronage in the Scotch Church, giving one year's stipend to patrons who care to take it, and vesting the right of electing their "meenister" in male communicants. But, though he may not be robbing Scotch patrons of much in money, he is robbing our "brither Scots" of their biggest Church grievance. Patronage is the only ground of difference between the Establishment and Relief, Secession, Free-Kirk, and the Lord knows how many Scottish sects besides. The Duke is bound to find a compensating grievance for the one he takes away. The right of electing a meenister will do something, if only the Duke will extend it to every male in the parochial pale. Scotland will then be safe to have that pale boiling over, as it ought, with the "*perfidium ingenium Scotorum*" and "*odium theologicum*" both alight under it, and life in a Scotch parish may still be worth living. LORD DALHOUSIE promised something like such a blaze, and we may live in hope that the Duke is not going to kill Kirk quarrels north o' Tweed, or even scotch them, as he seems to fear he may. Let him take comfort, remembering the old couple who, having gradually exhausted the whole cycle of sects, were sublimated, at last, into a "two-handed Kirk" of their own: as to which, however, the gude wife, being questioned, admitted she "didna feel just that sure o' JOHN."

In the Commons, COLONEL EGERTON LEIGH moved to let the cat loose on the Wife-beating Ruffians who not only dissemble their love for their better halves, but kick them down-stairs, black their eyes, and "purr," and dance upon them in big boots—kill them, in fact, sometimes by inches, sometimes by ells. There seems too natural an association between "purring"—a north-country endearment, otherwise known as "putting the boots into her"—and the cat, to keep them longer separate. That *Punch* has never taken the stick to *Judy* it may be too much to assert in face of the show. But when he does, it is in a strictly Parliamentary sense, out of pure playfulness and before the public. At home he "loves, honours, and obeys," and does not punch, *Mrs. P.* And he would go all lengths, even to the ninth tail of the cat, with COLONEL LEIGH, in punishing, brute fashion, the brutes who do. They can't be degraded, and they can be restrained, by fear of the bodily pain they are too cowardly to endure, though not too cowardly to inflict.

MR. DISRAELI, for once, was not up to the occasion—but, like MR. TENNYSON'S Lord Chamberlain in the *Day Dream*,

"Dallied with his golden chain,
And smiling put the question by."

Now the question is not one to be put by smilingly.

Punch has told, through his Cartoon, how he fears the Purrer will read the PREMIER on wife-beating.

For the rest of the night the House was on Ships, and who says "on ships" says "at sea," and "at loggerheads."

SIR E. WATKIN pitched into MR. REED, under cover of the *Captain*; and MR. REED countered heavily on SIR E. WATKIN, and told him (politely, of course,—"*arundine dulci*,") he knew nothing of what he was talking about.

Then ADMIRAL ELIOT steered gallantly into the *mêlée*—*Punch* can only say of these naval heroes of our Parliamentary free-fights on ships and shipping as NELSON said of COLLINGWOOD, "Look how the gallant old fellows take their ships into action!"—and MR. BENTINCK rammed everything that flew the Admiralty flag,—past, present, and to come,—and, of course, MR. GOSCHEN and MR. CHILDERS exchanged broadsides with MR. WARD-HUNT, and "All went merry as a marriage-bell," as it is sure to do when ships are of the order of the day.

MR. CHILDERS tried to get a rise out of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *à propos* of the Supplementary Estimate for the Navy, and revenue prospects, but SIR STAFFORD is not uneasy about his prospects, and MR. CHILDERS took nothing by his Motion.

Tuesday.—LORD REDESDALE was quite pathetic in his prayers to the Lords, to keep the old name for the Court of Final Appeal. It is true it was *not* the House of Lords that decided, but the Law-Lords, and the Court of Last Appeal will be the Law-Lords still: but it won't be called the House of Lords, and "what's *not* in a name," to my LORD REDESDALE?

LORD SALISBURY smoothed down the feathers of some respectable Indian officials which he had inadvertently ruffled by his admission that there had been blundering in transport arrangements at the beginning of the Famine. *Punch* is quite ready to believe everybody has done, and is doing, his best, and mistakes or miscalculations should not be too sharply scanned in such an emergency.

MR. P. TAYLOR moved the opening of Museums, Libraries, and similar institutions on Sundays. MR. ALLEN, his brother Member for Leicester, moved that they should not be opened. The *pro* and *con.* of Leicester, on this question, would probably be echoed all over England.

Punch is all for everything that makes against the Public-house, now the sole indoor Sunday recreation-place of working men and their families. The question with him, as with most, is whether innocent Sunday play is likely to draw on mischievous Sunday work. On this point the working-classes, to say nothing of the non-working, seem as yet hopelessly divided. Till they are of one mind, whatever *Mr. Punch* may think or wish personally, publicly he must give his vote in favour of things remaining as they are.

Wednesday was given to SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER and Sir John Barleycorn. SIR ROBERT, by one part of his Bill, proposes to put Sir John under restraint—limiting licences to one to 700 of the population, and prohibiting grocers from selling less than a quart of whiskey. But, besides this, he had clauses for introducing the Gothenburg system into any Scotch town that liked to try it. This would make Town Councils the licensers and virtual landlords of the public-houses.

But this was thought too strong, and MR. CROSS only consented to Second Reading "if all the Gothenburg clauses were struck out." So SIR ROBERT is to be allowed partially to muzzle Sir John Barleycorn, but not to turn the Provost and Bailies of Kennaguhair into Licensed Wittlers.

A curious question was raised during the Debate. Is Scotland the "druckenest" or the soberest quarter of the United Kingdom? Figures were quoted to prove both conclusions. "After facts," said the wise man, "nothing is so fallacious as figures."

MR. P. J. SMYTH made another of the pre-concerted Irish Motions of the Session, to repeal the Thirtieth of GEORGE THE THIRD (1793), described by MR. SMYTH as an Act for prohibiting public meetings, but more accurately, by the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as "an Act for prohibiting assemblies claiming or exercising authority to represent the nation"—such an assembly, in fact, as the Home-Rulers would be glad to get together on College Green.

MR. BUTT said the Bill was an answer to the *Times'* challenge to Irish Members for practical measures to redress Irish griev-

ances. "No man in Ireland," said Mr. BUTT, "was mad enough to think of setting up a body to usurp the functions of Parliament."

[Bedad, Councillor darlint, but isn't that just what you and your backers have been all this while telling the boys is the thing to set Ould Ireland on her legs again entirely? No, no, av coorse, you're not mad enough to believe it yourself,—but sure, the boys like to hear it, and why wouldn't you be afther plasin' 'em, the crathurs!]

The worst thing that could happen to Mr. BUTT—if he wishes, as every Butt must, still to stand on a bottom of his own—would be to give Mr. SMYTH his Bill, and let him have a Parliament of Home-Rulers to face on College Green. Sorra the stave would be left in COUNCILLOR BUTT after the first shindy! The Bill was defeated by 216 to 84. Another slap in the face for Ould Ireland; and another text for blarney and blatherumskite secured by the Councillor.

Thursday.—Both Lords and Commons, we regret to say, were highly personal. Their Lordships' personal explanations related to SIR HENRY ORD, late Governor of the Straits Settlements, attacked by LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY for various high-handed doings, such as seizing municipal bricks and mortar, meant for drains and waterworks, to build his own official house, and threatening to abolish the municipality when they complained, taking presents from native Rajahs, &c. It turned out, first, that the presents were trifling, and then, that the Governor was under no rule forbidding him to receive them. As to the high-handednesses: the Governor was come home, let bye-gones be bye-gones is a safe rule.

VISCOUNT MONCK gave an elaborate account—bristling with big figures—of what the Irish Church Temporalities' Commission has done to wind up the accounts of that large establishment. In seventeen years, it seems, there will be some five millions to the fore: meantime, the Commission is in debt between eight and nine millions to the National Debt Commissioners.

The Commons' personality was more serious than the Lords'.

MR. ANDERSON brought forward a very disagreeable squabble between the War Office (under the late Government) and LORD SANDHURST, who accepted the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, after fifteen years of distinguished Indian service, and whom the War Office called upon to refund between £800 and £900 for pay and allowances received by him while off duty from sickness.

Mr. PUNCH cannot agree with MR. HORSMAN that the compelling LORD SANDHURST to refund this money was "about the shabbiest, the dirtiest act ever committed by any public department." There was hardly a department of the late Administration, in which acts just as shabby and with less justification from the letter of the law, were not committed. In this case the War Office had the letter of the Royal Warrant, at least, on its side.

MR. ANDERSON having moved that LORD SANDHURST's conduct involved dereliction of duty deserving of stronger censure than the return of the money received for pay during his absences without leave, LORD SANDHURST, conceiving and contending that he was by his position entitled to claim such pay and allowances, the House, after hearing MR. HARDY, MR. HORSMAN, and MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, very properly refused to permit the Motion to be withdrawn, and negatived it without a division.

The question whether LORD SANDHURST or the War Office is right in its reading of the Royal Warrant should be settled beyond dispute, and no doubt will be, after this disagreeable *éclaircissement*.

Friday.—Education has so lately become a matter of Government concern that our rulers cannot yet conceive its wanting a whole head to look after it. For the present they hold two half heads better than one whole one, and prefer to leave the three R's in charge of the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council. The DUKE OF RICHMOND is an active and able official, and doesn't relish the prospect of being reduced to a first-class veterinary surgeon. So the "no practical inconvenience" argument, so dear to JOHN BULL in his fits of least change, prevailed; and LORD HAMPTON's Motion for a Minister was negatived without a division. His Lordship has only stirred the straw. It remains for DR. PLAYFAIR and the House of Commons to shake it up thoroughly, and then we may find a Head of Education (Britain's *Caput Tota*) at the bottom, for all Friday night's talk.

In the Commons MR. HOPE ("non tam Marte quam Mercurio") pleaded hard with the House to rescind last year's decision to make Oxford a Military centre.

The priest of Isis, (MR. MOWBRAY), supported "CAMUS, Reverend Sire" (MR. HOPE.)

MR. HARDY, rather awkwardly, a *cheval* on his double dignities of Member for Oxford University, and Minister of War, which don't quite keep step in this matter, protested against disturbing accomplished facts. Town was against Gown as usual; MR. HALL (maiden speech decidedly promising—much cheered) and SIR W. HARCOURT (poking very good fun at the notion of a hundred and ten red coats lowering the tone of a town of 40,000 Dons, Undergraduates, College tradesmen and College servants), were more than a match for HOPE and MOWBRAY, and the Motion was negatived by 170 to 77. The House adjourned for the Whitsuntide recess.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT IN THE CITY.



COULD there be a more gallant and graceful compliment than the LORD MAYOR paid on Monday, when the CZAR lunched in Guildhall, and his Lordship proposed the health of the Royal Family?—

"Of the PRINCESS OF WALES and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH he could not say more than that they were sweetness and light personified."

Which nobody can deny. Said not the Civic Monarch well, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD? Who but a Philistine as big as GOLIATH can be capable of asking which of the two

Royal Ladies is Sweetness and which is Light? Of course the LORD MAYOR meant to say that each of them was Sweetness and Light personified in her own person. So the PRINCESS OF WALES is Sweetness, and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH is Light; and the PRINCESS OF WALES is Light, and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH is Sweetness, and each, by herself, is Sweetness and Light and Light and Sweetness; therefore, they twain are Sweetness and Light jointly and severally, separately and both together. It is as though, to compare fair dames with "darkies," CÆSAR and POMPEY were not only "berry much" but exactly, in every particular, like one another, with no excess of similitude attributable either to POMPEY or to CÆSAR.

The foregoing comparison is, perhaps, an undue concession to the incredulity of the freethinker, who may have the presumptuous audacity to question a declaration made *ex cathedra* (though on his legs) by the LORD MAYOR. In relation with Sweetness and Light, let the LORD MAYOR be considered to represent Culture.

THE LOGIC OF ICONOCLASM.

AT the dinner subsequent to a Visitation, held on Monday last at Barnstaple, by the Archdeacon of that ilk, he, ARCHDEACON WOOLCOMBE, who is one of the Exeter Cathedral body, received from the assembled Clergy an expression of sympathy "in the trying circumstances of the Reredos case at Exeter Cathedral." In his reply, the Archdeacon remarked on the obvious difference between illegal images and lawful sculpture, apparently confounded in the judgment of MR. JUSTICE KEATING. Query:—If that judgment is confirmed by the Supreme Court, will it not be necessary to remove all monumental effigies from all the Churches, and, therefore, to take down and cart away every one of the statues in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? In that case there would be no making any distinction between works of Art, which deserve to remain where they are, and those which everybody would like to see transferred, as soon as possible, to more suitable positions in the New Road.

ANY SENSIBLE PARENT TO ANY TERRIBLE CHILD.

Terrible Child. WHAT is matter?

Sensible Parent. Never mind.

Terrible Child. What is mind?

Sensible Parent. No matter.

HEAVEN FORBID!

The *British Medical Journal* says the Tichborne Claimant is employed in his prison as a Tailor. Let us hope he is not engaged on a New Suit.

A CHAIR OF GASTRONOMY.

It is whispered that, in the new National School for Cookery, a munificent Nobleman intends to found a (DR.) KITCHENER Professorship.



DISILLUSION;
OR, THE SKETCHING SEASON.

Artist (cleaning his Palette). "UNCOMMONLY OBLIGING PERSON—YOUR MASTER, THE FARMER! I ASKED HIS PERMISSION, AND HE SAID I MIGHT PAINT MY PICTURE IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FIELD, AND STOP AS LONG AS EVER I LIKED! MOST COURTEOUS, I MUST SAY, QUITE AS IF I WAS DOING HIM A FAVOUR, INSTEAD—"

Suffolk's Carter. "WH'COME O' COURSE, SO Y' DÖ. WE' YEAOU KIP THE CROWS OFF, BO'!!"

[Exit on the broad grin.]

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

THERE'S preaching from platforms and fighting of fights
By our sisters who shriek for "Woman's Rights,"
But of *Punch's* sympathy more belongs
To his sisters who suffer from "Woman's Wrongs."

Her wrongs who must daily and nightly cower,
In the sway of a brute with a tyrant's power,
Who in sickening fear of her life must go
From the killing kick and the blinding blow.

Who, with all her sex's burdens, must weep
'Neath the weight of all man's strength can heap
On backs that their load at his will must take,
And hearts that, if they can't bear, may break.

Knot well the nine tails, strand on strand,
For the brute on a woman that lifts his hand;
And sharpen the claws of the cat to tear
His back with the pain he has made her bear.

And more power to COLONEL EGERTON LEIGH,
And more speed to the day *Punch* hopes to see,
When, woman's wrongs done away to begin,
Her "rights" are all that is left to win.

MONTEBELLO AND METTERNICH.

"THE pen is mightier than the sword." In vain
With fiery Duke punctilious Prince is matched,
And seconds meet to muddle what is plain,—
The paper is the only thing that's scratched.

PUBLIC OFFICE ILLUMINATIONS FOR THE QUEEN'S
BIRTHDAY.

Admiralty.—Grand transparency of "The British Fleet" upon paper, from a drawing by MR. WARD HUNT. *Motto.*—"Estimates for Repairs."

Board of Trade.—Allegorical design of PLIMSOLL in fetters. *Motto.*—"Vivant Wrecks!"

War Office.—Dissolving view of the New Recruiting System. *Motto.*—"Children in Arms Admitted."

Home Office.—Allegorical design of the Publican Atlas supporting the Conservative World. *Motto.*—"Cervisia cervice," with English translation, "Beer-Borne."

Colonial Office.—Coloured map of the Gold Coast, showing the White-man's forts and the White-man's graves. *Motto.*—"The best of a Bad Bargain."

Foreign Office.—Allegorical design of the British Lion putting up his claws to be cut. *Motto.*—"Anything for a quiet life."

Punch Office.—Historical Cartoon. *Mr. Punch* accepting the Dictatorship of the British Empire. *Motto.*—"What it must come to."

Mad Dog, or Man?

"A HOSPITAL SURGEON," writing on "Mad Dogs" to the *Times*, mentions that "a MR. WHITE, of Brighton, who, many years ago, disbelieving the contagion of hydrophobia, inoculated himself with the saliva of a rabid dog, escaped with impunity from the probable results of so rash an experiment." Perhaps hydrophobia is incommunicable to the asinine subject. Or it may be that canine madness is incompatible with human insanity. Or, in a case of self-inoculation with the saliva of a supposed mad dog, the dog may not really be mad, though the man is.



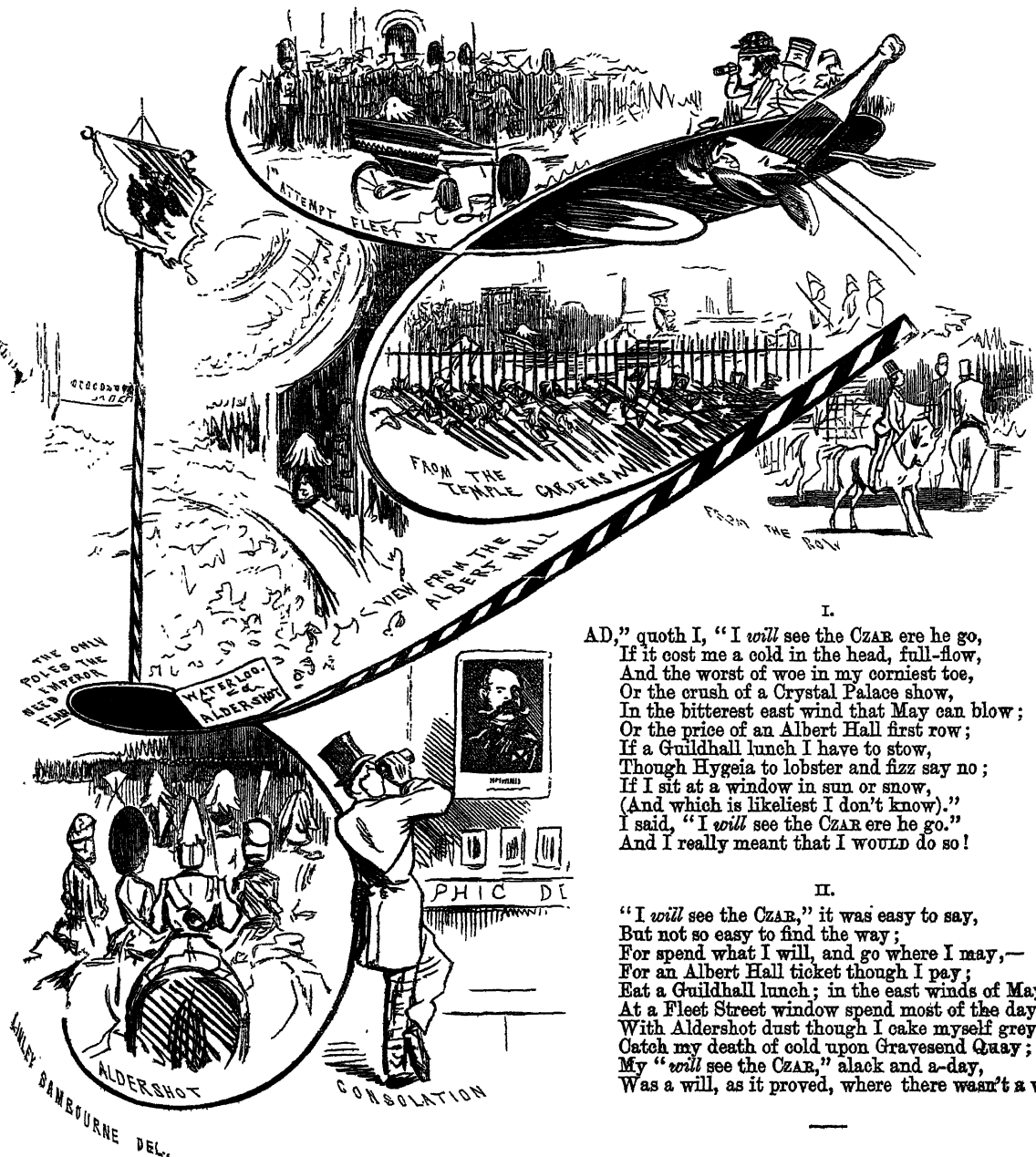
“WOMAN’S WRONGS.”

BRUTAL HUSBAND. “AH! YOU’D BETTER GO SNIVELLIN’ TO THE ‘OUSE O’ COMMONS, YOU HAD! MUCH THEY’RE LIKELY TO DO FOR YER! YAH! READ THAT!”

“MR. DISRAELI.—There can be but one feeling in the House on the subject of these dastardly attacks—not upon the weaker but the fairer sex. (A laugh.) I am sure the House shares the indignation of my hon. friend who will, I hope, consider he has secured the object he had in view by raising, the question. * * * Assuring my hon. friend that Her Majesty’s Government will not lose sight of the question, I must ask him not to press his Motion further on the present occasion.”—*Parliamentary Report, Monday, May 18.*

AUT SEE-CZAR AUT NULLUS;

Or, "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds."



III.

And yet I was off where the CZAR past by,
In what *should* have been reach of my glass and my eye,
But whether it was that he was shy,
Or, perhaps—as an English May *does* try
Even strong constitutions seriously,
Felt a touch of neuralgia in the eye,
It seemed as if always, when he passed by,
His head was held low, and his hat held high;
So that all I could see—and how I *did* try!—
Was a bush of white plumes against the sky:
And when every one asked me, eagerly,
“Did you see the CZAR?” I could not say “aye,”
But was forced to say “no,” decidedly.
I could *not* say I saw him—how could I?—
Who saw but the plumes in his schako fly.
Till, after a week of excitement high,
East wind, indigestion, and misery,
All the wool I got for a great deal of cry,

I.

AD,” quoth I, “I *will* see the CZAR ere he go,
If it cost me a cold in the head, full-flow,
And the worst of woe in my corniest toe,
Or the crush of a Crystal Palace show,
In the bitterest east wind that May can blow;
Or the price of an Albert Hall first row;
If a Guildhall lunch I have to stow,
Though Hygeia to lobster and fizz say no;
If I sit at a window in sun or snow,
(And which is likeliest I don’t know).”
I said, “I *will* see the CZAR ere he go.”
And I really meant that I *WOULD* do so!

II.

“I *will* see the CZAR,” it was easy to say,
But not so easy to find the way;
For spend what I will, and go where I may,—
For an Albert Hall ticket though I pay;
Eat a Guildhall lunch; in the east winds of May,
At a Fleet Street window spend most of the day;
With Aldershot dust though I cake myself grey;
Catch my death of cold upon Gravesend Quay;
My “*will* see the CZAR,” alack and a-day,
Was a will, as it proved, where there wasn’t a way.

IV.

Was a hat not a head, and a plume not an eye,
Nor an ear, nor a nose, nor a mouth, nor a smi-
ling face, nor a sad one, to swear thereby,
That the CZAR was a CZAR, not a hat plumed high,
With a bush of cock’s feathers set artfully,
For the crowd to cheer as it whirled by,
With Princess and Duchess sitting nigh,
To lend the charm which can never die,
From the gracious smile and the gentle eye!

So, after all, I was forced to go,
For the little that of the CZAR’s looks I know,
To the *Graphic* and *Illustrated*, also,
And the photograph shops, where, row upon row,
The head of the CZAR in all sizes they show;
Where I feel, as his photographs calmly I scan,
That the CZAR’s an exceedingly good-looking man;
And no doubt ’tis because he’s a Russian ruler
We were cool to him, and he to us cooler.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

III.—*The Use of Capitals.*

THE Old Man muttered to himself this consolation:—"No one knows of my arrival. No one knows my name."

With this assurance the Old Man comforted himself. Such an assurance was part of his policy.

For the last few minutes he had heard a noise, like a rustle, behind him. What was it? A human being or a leaf? The Old Man had heard of EARL RUSTLE, having known him as JOHN RUSTLE. Therefore, he turned prepared to face a hero with a bad cold. All he saw was a placard or large bill, recently pasted up by some one who had run away. Was it headed "No Popery!" with a post-mark of Durham on it? At first he could not see. One thing alone was certain, namely, that he had not heard a JOHN RUSTLE but a Bill rustle.

Fortunately, there was enough left of last year's June twilight for him to decipher the large print on the placard.

It was headed:—

"AVIS
IMPORTANT!"

"*Rara avis in terris*," muttered the Old Man to himself.

Then he continued reading:—

"ENORMOUS ATTRACTION!
ONLY! ONE WEEK ONLY!"

WE, Manager and Director of the Grand Cirque Republicain, one and indescribable, hereby give notice that, having obtained the necessary permission from M. Le Maire du Bois de Boulogne and of M. Le Président du Comité de l'Etablissement des Bains de Mer, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and of MM. Les Maires des Environs, our First Grand Matinée will be given on the Second proximo, when a corps of unrivalled Equestrians and Equestriennes will appear. Trick Acts and Performing Ponies. Also, at the greatest expense, the Manager and Director of the Grand Cirque Republicain has engaged a celebrated ENGLISH CLOWN. Also, to give a novel effect to this Unique Performance, the Manager has great pleasure in announcing to his Friends and Patrons this side of the Channel that he has engaged the services of

MASSA MAKNEE,

the Great Original Negro Delineator and Ethiopian Songster, who will give his entertainment on the BONES and BANJO, two instruments

NEVER BEFORE HEARD IN FRANCE!

Prices of admission same as usual. No Extra Charge.

** AVIS PLUS IMPORTANT QUE JAMAIS.

It having come to our ears that an English Circus Company has arrived, professing to give the same Entertainment as above specified, we pronounce the assertion to be utterly devoid of truth, and beg our Patrons to be on their guard against lending their countenance to so UNHORSEMANLIKE A FALSEHOOD. NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER CIRCUS.

Also we must beg to warn the Public against any spurious imitator of MASSA MAKNEE, as a Person, calling himself JAMES, MARKY DU CROW, has, we are informed, recently landed, accompanied by a Banjo and Bones, which latter are secreted about his person, with the intention of joining the opposition Circus aforesaid. Under these circumstances, and with full consent of and legally empowered by Messieurs Les Présidents and Maires abovementioned, we, the Director and Manager of the Cirque Republicain, one and indescribable, do hereby offer the sum of

100 Francs Reward,

real money (not a theatrical property in a purse), to anyone arresting and bringing to justice the Dark Impostor hereinbefore named.

(Signed) PAUL PRIEUR, *Du Cirque Impérial.*"

The Old Man slouched his hat over his eyes, and drew his cloak up over his mouth. Thus only the tip of his nose could be seen. It was, I have said, a *nez retroussé*. Had it been the straight tip, he would have been lost. As it was, he descended unperceived.

In the valley he stopped behind a boot-tree, took off his turned his wig, so as to bring the smooth side out and the hair in, reversed his reversible coat, put on clean collars and resumed his way.

The blue
risen.

Upon a ... of hoarding before him he could distinguish a white square, which was probably a notice like that he had just read.

As he went towards it he murmured to himself, "They do their advertising uncommonly well. But they've forgotten one thing. Pictures."

He stopped, meditating, with one finger placed at an acute angle to his nose.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" said a voice.

He turned pale. This was beneath his colour, and could not be seen. Then he turned round. A man was standing in a hedge-row. At first the Old Man took him to be a servant, and the thought crossed his mind "HEDGES AND BUTLER." Then he thought he might be a publisher who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, and he said inaudibly to himself, "BICKERS AND BUSH." Looking at him more closely, he saw the man was a beggar: an unlucky beggar to be in a bush.

The Beggar was about the Old Man's height and age, or the Old Man was as near as possible the Beggar's height and age. The Old Man approached: this brought him nearer. The Man in the Bush was almost his double. Then the thought flashed across his mind, "I am alone: single: he is my double. It is two to one. There is the rub."

He repeated, "I ask you where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"In the first place, where are we now?" returned the Old Man, with an almost haughty composure.

The Beggar only replied with another question—

"Who's dar?"

The other replied, as if to a pass-word, "Ole JOE."

"What! de JOE?"

"Yes, de JOE."

Then these Old Men, one almost the exact counterpart of the other, threw their arms and legs up in the air, and sang out simultaneously—"Ole JOE kickin' up ahind and afore, an' a yellar gal a kickin' up ahind Ole JOE." Then their blended voices ceased together, and they regarded each other curiously.



** The enthusiastic Artist engaged upon the Illustrations of this Novel has been so entirely carried away by his subject, that he has gone into the middle of next week. The present cut illustrates something in the future. Look out!



"HISTORY."

Mrs. Malaprop. "BEEN TO SEE THE ROOSHAN OZAR, MY DEAR? NOT IF I KNOWS IT! WHY, IT WAS THEM AS SHOT OFF MY POOR BOY'S LEG OUT IN THE CHIMERA!!"

It was a strange meeting. "Where are we now?" repeated the Old Man, with almost haughty composure.

"You are on the spot. Red's your player. In hand. You are monarch of all you survey."

"I?"

"Yes. You are JAMES, MARRY DU CROW."

IV.—Beggars, my Neighbour!

JAMES, MARRY DU CROW—we shall henceforth call him by his name—answered gravely, "Give me up."

The man returned "No."

"Why not?"

"I have guessed you."

"Therefore—"

"Therefore, I cannot give you up."

"Good. What are you doing there?"

"Beating about the bush."

"Get out!"

"I shan't."

"Why not?"

"Because I like life in the bush."

"Is there much life there?"

"A good deal."

"If you like life in the bush, you do not drink good wine."

"True: if I did, I should need no bush."

"That is so. Good day. I shall go on to the village."

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"Because there's a fair there."

"Well, a fair cannot be kept dark."

"No. The village is called Tristesse; or, in the Breton language, Dumpz."

"I know. Well?"

"The Blues are there."

"I will drive them away."

SIGHTS FOR SUNDAYS.

PICTURES on Sunday we may view
At Hampton Court; museums, two,
Stand open in thy Gardens, Kew.

The River, and the Iron Way,
Much people to those haunts convey,
When sunbeams upon Sundays play.

There works of Nature and of Art
Instruction to the mind impart.
Who says that they corrupt the heart?

Canst thou deny that they incline
To gentle thoughts, exalt, refine,
O Puritan, or Scotch Divine?

What sanction can to place belong,
That here 'tis right, while there 'tis wrong
To admit the Sunday gazers' throng?

Where runs the line that's drawn by you
'Twixt what I may and may not do,—
Between South Kensington and Kew?

Bloomsbury is, it would appear,
Within the Sabbatarian sphere;
That Sydenham's out, do you feel clear?

In your own way your Sabbath keep;
Out of church, if not in it, sleep;
O'er the sad ways of others weep.

But o'er us whilst you cry and groan,
Please leave our liberties alone,
You mind your souls; we'll mind our own.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

PUBLICANS of England, take warning, and beware! A terrible fate seems to be threatening your Scottish brethren. In the debate on the Spirituous Liquors (Scotland) Bill, one of the speakers suggested the adoption of the Suspensory Clauses, and Government adopted the suggestion. Is not this rather too severe? Friends as we are to temperance and sobriety, we cannot think that irregularities in the retailing of whiskey, or any other offences against the Licensing Acts, ought to be treated as hanging matters.

"You cannot."

"Why?"

"Others are there before you. But it is a dull affair. The Great MAKNEE has not arrived, and the jokes of the English Clown are not understood."

"What shall I do?"

The man seized his arm. "Come with me!"

(To be continued.)

OFF AND AWAY!

WHEN the CZAR dined with the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, His Imperial Majesty, according to the Court Circular, was attended at Gloucester House by some Russian noblemen and military officers, including three, whose names, ending in "off," present to the British mind a combination of remarkable "offs": to wit, COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, GENERAL SKOLKOFF, and GENERAL POPOFF. It may not be superfluous to assure some punsters, subject to fearful proclivities, that COUNT SCHOUVALOFF is no scavenger, and that GENERALS SKOLKOFF and POPOFF are gallant gentlemen, who, with sufficient troops at their command, may be trusted to hold their ground in the face of any enemy, and neither to skulk, nor skeddaddle, nor by any undignified mode of retreat, or with undue precipitation, pop off the field.

A Chance for the Public.

ONE of the carriages on a tram which was conveying the Forty-Second from Aldershot to Portsmouth the other day, broke an axle, when six carriages ran off the line, to the serious damage of several of the Regiment. Smashing a Black Watch ought to be almost as effectual in quickening Railway Regulation as damaging a Director.



FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART—(Useful Occupation for Idle and Ornamental Young Men).

IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.



HEM we Reverberation no great shakes;
 Atlantic's mane his sport the jester makes;
 George Frederick hath no HANDEL to his name;
 And Feu d'Amour is straw-fire, short-lived flame;
 Young Leoline the lion's share may get;
 Ecossais in "Scott's lot" we should have met;
 Glenalmond smacks, too, of the Land of Cakes;
 Who Aquilo calls roarer much mistakes;
 Couronne de Fer will press upon the brain;
 'Twere strange if Boulet should the bull's-eye gain?
 Tipster, perhaps, for the straight tip consoles;
 The King of Tyne may be called o'er the coals;
 Blantyre may turn out worthy of that ilk;
 Daniel should be a prophet that won't balk;
 Sir Arthur yet his spurs to win has got;
 Mirth ought to come of Mr. MERRY's lot;
 Rostrevor finds himself, perhaps, at home;
 And Trent's the horse for Burton and for Rome.
 Were the Oaks royal 'twere but fair they fell
 To the auspicious name of Boscobel;
 And though 'twould somewhat too much to aver be,
 The name *may* be as lucky for the Derby.
 So take your choice of winner, little dears,
 And don't confound your *Punch* with vulgar seers!

REASONS WHY I GO TO THE DERBY.

BECAUSE the PRINCE OF WALES invariably goes, and as a loyal subject I, of course, feel bound to follow him.

Because my wife has never gone yet, and really, for her sake, I am compelled to sacrifice myself, and make up a snug little party for her escort.

Because all the men I know are certain to be there, and I should hate to be in town with not a soul to speak to.

Because I have been sadly overworked of late, and I fancy that a day's fresh air is just the very thing to set me on my legs again.

Because I was prevented from going there last year, and I promised myself then that this year nothing should prevent me.

Because I rather think I am a good judge of a horse, and can make a pot of money when I see them in the paddock.

Because I intend some day to write a fashionable novel, and Epsom is precisely the place to study character.

Because I hope to meet the betting man, of whom I was so lucky as to win ten pounds last year, and who then vanished without paying me.

Because a friend of mine has told me that a cousin of his has met a man who said his sister had been asked to christen one of the "cracks," and, having drawn it in a sweep, I feel naturally interested in viewing its performance.

Because for the last ten years I have regularly gone to both the Derby and the Oaks, and regularity of conduct is a strong point in my character.

Because I rather fancy that OLIVA will be there, and I may chance perhaps to meet her.

Because my LORD TOMNODDY has very kindly offered me a seat upon his dray, and his champagne is so capital that really I have not the courage to refuse him.

Chaff out of Session.

SAYS BILLY to BEN—"Competition for place
 We see from the Derby's a different race.
 The horse with most backers does not always win."
 "But here," BEN replies, "is the Favourite in."



A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

(TEACHING YOUNG HOPEFUL THE USE OF HIS EYES.)

THE INTERNATIONAL "DERBY."

THERE are some who while *Punch's* Cartoon they admire,
When its foreign-bred horses and jockeys they see,
And its title peruse, will be apt to inquire
What this "International Derby" may be?

Each ill-fated State 'neath the burden that cowers
Of soldiers and armaments one thing will own,
That this International Derby of ours
Is no International Derby and Joan.

Europe's Great International Derby to-day
On the broad "road to ruin" is run for a course.
'Tis the race who the biggest of armies shall pay:
And "Duce take the hindmost" its rule—man and horse.

All who in that race, by that rule, try their stride,
Whate'er they may own to, must feel in their hearts,
Though never so artful the jockeys that ride,
They are one and all making the worst of false starts.

There's France, of her blood and her breed though she brag,
With her temper, the best jock to steer her defies,
Takes each scrap of paper that flies for her flag:
Frets herself to a fever, bolts, kicks, starts, and shies.

See Germany rearing!—less speedy than safe—
Wants the spur, but her blood up, a devil to go;
And her jock with a big whip her withers to chafe,
And sharp spurs, intends that *his* will she should know.

A wide berth France were wisest to give her, I ween:
If the German horse cannoned against her—my eye!
Their late match, methinks, should a lesson have been,—
She's too light now, whate'er she may be by-and-by.

As proud as a peacock, as stubborn as sin—
See, the bit in her teeth, Spain all over the course.
Was e'er such a pig-headed brute backed to win!
Mule or donkey, methinks, crossed with Barbary horse.

There's Italy, ill-trained, ill-groomed, out of form,
But a beauty, when once to condition she's brought;
With an honest jock up, who will weather the storm,
Though his nag has to carry more weight than she ought.

Who's that raw-boned, high-stepping, Roman-nosed nag,
Lashing out right and left, till "Ware kicker" 's the cry?
By her jock's stars and stripes, and his bunkum and brag,
'Tis the Yankee horse come "The Europeans" to try.

But nearer the post, watching *our* Derby crack,
What dark horse is that, for false starts far too cool,
With a look in her eye at once forward and back,
Rough in coat, but if points may be trusted, no fool?

That's the Russian horse; and the old Tartar blood
For pace and for pluck is a match for the best;
When we come to the scratch with a horse of that stud,
Our breed, bone and bottom, 'twill put to the test.

Meantime, while we doubt which strange horse bears the palm
For false starts and hark-backs, for cross cannons and kicks,
See *our* Derby horse, and his jock cool and calm,
With light snaffle, and spur that guides rather than pricks.

For the horse trusts the jock, and the jock trusts the horse,
In stable and paddock, in trial and race;
Both are game to ride straight, with an eye to the course,
And the sense when to wait, when to put on the pace.

And while horse and jock can this temper command,
Foreign horses let who so will fancy for me;
Punch will back his own lot, by his own stable stand,
In the faith that *BULL's* blood still the winner will be.

RITUALISM AND RACING.

It is rather unusual for Epsom Races to be run in June. A horsey man considers it to be an unaccountable omission that the Derby Day is not inserted in the Calendar among the "Moveable Feasts."

HORSE FOR EVER!

(Song of a Stable Mind.)

WHAT becometh of the Horse
When the breath has left his corse?
Is the Noble Quadruped
Wholly done for when he's dead?

Who conceives a higher sphere
Where the Horse is not as here,
Nor, in a superior state,
Runs for stakes, and cup and plate?

There be Shades, with tails and manes,
Flitting o'er Elysian Plains;
Races in those fields of rest:
Otherwise they can't be blest.

By some friendly hand released
From on earth the Gallant Beast,
May perchance go to the hounds
In the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

Here to dogs and beasts of prey
Goes, alas! the Horse's clay.
Let that word no jest provoke—
Say not "Horses never smoke."

Sure the noble steed demands
Funeral honours at our hands.
Should we not his relics burn,
Keep his cinders in an urn?

Hippocemeteries room
Too extensive would consume;
And cremation were a plan
Better both for Horse and Man.

But Hippophagy ne'er name.
Horseman feed on Horse? For shame!
Next in turpitude's degree
To a cannibal were he.

O'er a Winner's ashes raise
Cunning sculpture; in his praise
Let a Poet, or a Wit,
Write an epitaph to fit.

Now the Horse is all in all,
Talk but Horse, and Horse extol;
On this festive Derby Day,
—Go, Buffoon that say'st me "Neigh!"



"A SELL."

Saxon (who has not taken a Fish yet). "BY JOVE! THAT'S A BEAUTY!"

Native. "A-YE, IT'S A FINE TROOT, AND LOTS O' THEM, GIN YE COME WI' ME."

Saxon (delighted). "WHERE? OH, WHERE?"

Native. "THE FIRST SHOP OWER BY!"

WHICH IS MAD?



THE whole Duty of Dog is to
love Man and to keep his
Commandments." — CHRIS-
TOPHER NORTH.

FAITH, Mr. Punch is
puzzled:
Should Common Councillors
and police be muzzled?
Is it not mental *scabies*
That fancies in the least
disorder *rabies*,
That kil's a dog for any
small disaster,
Though he is nowise madder
than his master?

Look at this foul ex-
emplar
Just given by a philo-cynic
Templar,*
And say, "May Heaven
preserve us
From cruel fools, of hydro-
phobia nervous!"
Those who could give a dog
such wanton pain,
Are madness-safe—from in-
sufficient brain.

* See a Templar's letter in the *Times* relating the cruel murder, by inches, in Child's Place, by two policemen, of a poor mastiff suspected of *rabies*.

O mastiffs strong and stately,
O queer, quaint pugs, that ladies love so greatly,
O greyhounds swift and lissom,
O white Maltese, whose pretty owners kiss 'em,
All happy dogs, howl forth a peal of pity
For that dear mastiff, murdered in the City!

Not many yards away,
Punch, England's Socrates, so grave and gay,
Teaches the world wise laughter,
Whose happy echoes will be heard hereafter,
Yet brutes unutterable do dog-murder
Near Toby's kennel! What could be absurder?

Bark, Toby! Fill the air
With sounds that shall awaken the LORD MAYOR,
Make Aldermen grow thinner,
And spoil their happy appetites for dinner,
Till the truth's taught to sergeant and inspector—
Dog is Man's friend, and Man is Dog's protector.

DERBY DREAMS.

If you dream that *Atlantic* wins, it denotes that Arbitration will
grow in popularity, and that the affairs of England (with the
single exception of the Fleet) will be "all at sea."

If you dream that *Tipster* wins, it is probable that many Shop-
boys will disappear from their Masters' premises, and will be
"wanted" by the Police.

If you dream that the *First Lord* wins, you may expect to hear
of the completion of a sea-worthy Iron-clad by the end of the year
1876.

If you dream that *Ecossais* wins, you may be sure that Mr. Lowe
has given up his claim to be considered a Scotchman.

STABLE TALK.



PORT—turf sport above all—is venerable for its antiquity. The history of chariot-racing, the precursor of horse-racing, is as old as antiquity. Traces of this sport may be found in many ancient nations, and in more ancient authors; but OSSIAN, HORSLEY, and other writers of the same class, are not agreed as to the advantage it was to the Commonwealth.

In Rome, jockeys stood so high in the social scale that along they composed one of

with horsedealers, circus-riders, and veterinary surgeons, the chief orders in the State—the equestrian.

Coming down the course of time to modern days and our own free country, we find races established under the reign of some of our earlier monarchs at (amongst other places) Ambleside, Canterbury, Cobham, Galloway, Hackney, Horsham, Horsleydown, Punchestown (under our own especial patronage), Runnymede, and in the Yorkshire Ridings; but, perhaps, there is no place which has known more of the ups and Downs inseparably connected with the turf than Epsom, in Surrey.

Beyond its race-course and its salts, there is nothing very remarkable about Epsom.

The Derby was founded towards the end of last century; the Oaks (the trees have long since been cut down) a year earlier.

The number of entries—which must be made on a Spring morning in one of the Equity Courts—varies with the prosperity of the country, the price of horse corn, the imports and exports, the weather and the crops, and the condition of the course.

There is but one limit to the number of horses which may compete for the stakes—the size of the course. The time, too, is left entirely to the discretion of the jockeys and the horses; Parliament, at present, not having interfered either to lengthen or shorten it.

The running horses must be three years old last birthday, and thoroughbred—their age duly certified by the Royal Veterinary College, and their pedigrees formally registered in the College of Arms. They may be of any colour, but there is no instance on record of a piebald winner. A dark horse has frequently carried off the prize.

With regard to weight, fillies running in the Derby, like young ladies starting in life, have an allowance made them, which, but in this respect they do not resemble young ladies, they never exceed.

The history of the Derby in its earliest years is somewhat meagre. So that we have failed to find the name of the famous jockey who was victorious on *Aldiborontiphosphophormo*, although he rode the last half mile with only one stirrup; the amount of the stakes when that unrivalled mare, *Poly syllable*, won both the Derby and the Oaks in a canter; and the exact time in which the race was run when *Damon* and *Pythias* passed the Judge's chair nose and nose, and the issue was declared to be a dead heat.

The country people round Epsom have a tradition that a dead heat for the Derby is invariably followed by remarkably hot summer. School Boards have only been recently established in the neighbourhood.

Who would not be a successful jockey, and win the Derby? A piece of

plate, a pension for three lives, a portrait and memoir in the illustrated papers, perhaps a pedestal in the Temple of Fame (Baker Street)! The Ministers of the Crown cannot hope for more. But if the jockey's reward is sweet and substantial, the training he has to undergo is stern and severe. Early hours at both ends of the day, voluminous clothing and violent exercise to reduce his frame to the weight laid down by law, and a diet of which the main ingredients are reported to be pickles, porridge, hard-boiled eggs, green salads, captain's biscuits, soda water, rice pudding, and cold tea.

Have you taken a good degree in Mathematics at the University? Do you possess a remarkable faculty for figures? Do you know all the points of a horse? Can you ride a steeple-chase? Are you a member of the Jockey Club and a subscriber to Tattersall's? Have you the *Racing Calendar* and the *Guide to the Turf* at your fingers' ends? Have you been present at all the principal performances of the animals since they first ran in public? And can you afford to lose? Then lay on *Atlantic*, or against *Reverberation*, or back *George Frederick*, or bet on the *Field*, or the course, or wherever you please. Otherwise, take *Punch's* advice, and confine your speculations to the sweepstakes in the family circle, and a pair or two of gloves with that friend of your sister's in the black bonnet trimmed with yellow.

HINCKSEY DIGGINGS.

(See recent Correspondence in "Daily News," and elsewhere.)

ACLAND writes to defend JOHN RUSKIN,
Who an undergraduate team hath made,
For once, from May-term morn to dusk, in
Hincksey soil to set working spade.
So very Utopian! . . . so Quixotic!
Such is the euphemistic phrase,
Equivalent to idiotic,
For Athletes guided to useful ways.

'Tis well for snarlers analytic,
Who the art of the snarl to the sneer have brought,
To spit their scorn at the eloquent critic,
Leader of undergraduate thought.
Heart of the student it will not harden
If from the bat and the oar he abstain,
To plant the flowers in a cottage garden,
And lay the pipes of a cottage drain.

Why should not sympathy rise above zero?
Our "Young barbarians," toiling thus,
May bethink them how the unwearied hero
ODYSSEUS taunted EURYMACHUS:
"Give me a yoke of oxen thorough,
And a keen plough that can cut its way,
And see who will drive the longest furrow,
From morn to eve of a summer day."

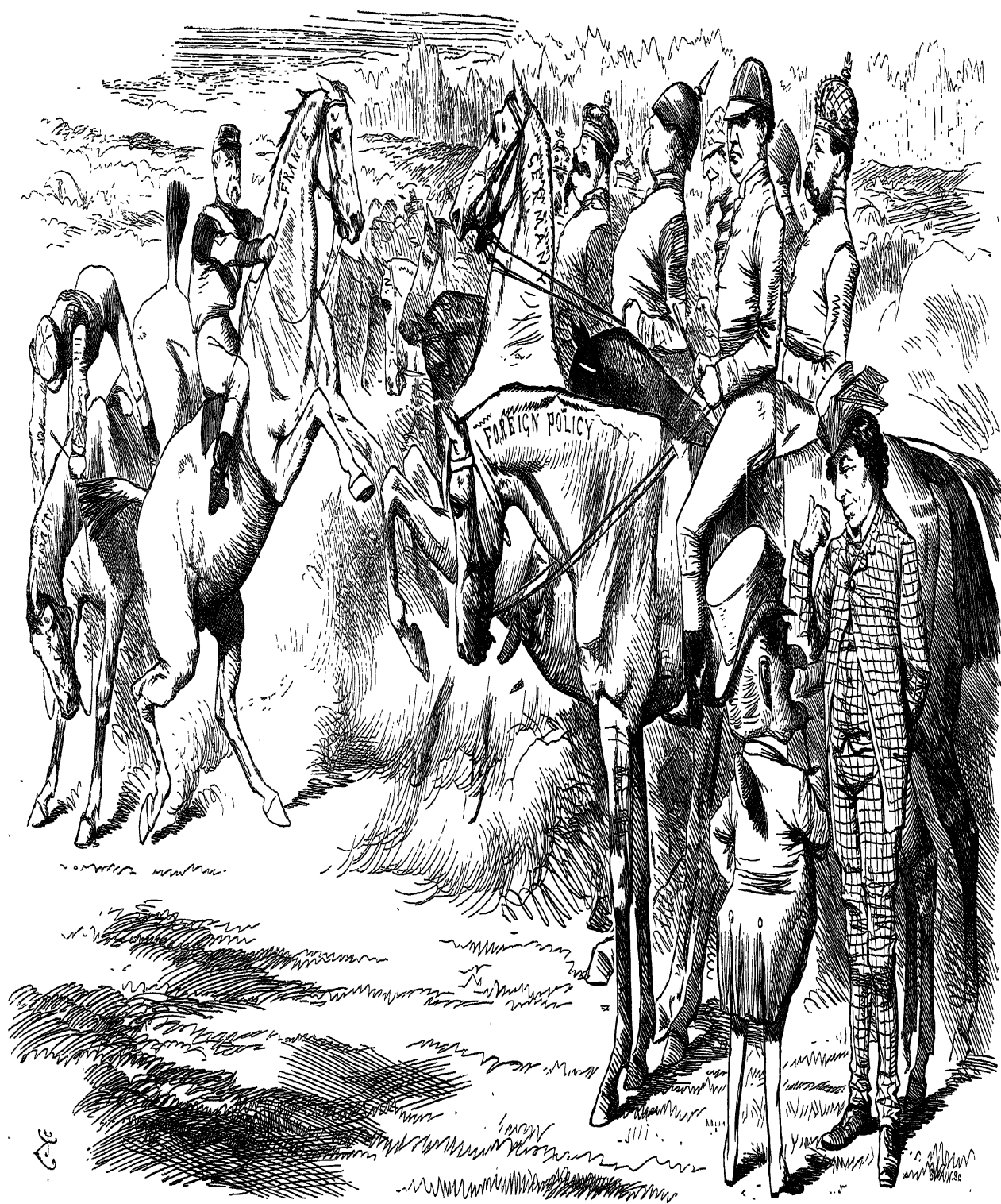
Pity we have for the man who thinks he
Proves RUSKIN fool for work like this.
Why shouldn't young Oxford lend hands to Hincksey,

Though Doctrinaires may take it amiss?
Careless wholly of critic's menace,
Scholars of RUSKIN, to him be true;
The truths he has writ in *The Stones of Venice*
May be taught by the Stones of Hincksey too.

An Attempt at Wuf.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an article on Cricket, observes that "the absence of DART's name from the list of players at Lord's cannot but be a subject for comment." Considering the maims and bruises to which the cricketer exposes himself under the modern system of violent bowling, a cautious Scotchman might venture to remark that the gentlemen upon Lord's list must be daft every one of them.

DE VINO VERITAS.—There is advertised a wine under the denomination of "May fair Sherry." Is not this too candid? All Sherry is supposed, by the Public, if not the Publican, to come from Spain.



THE INTERNATIONAL "DERBY."

TRAINER. "AN AWKWARD LOT!—OURS ABOUT THE BEST.—STEADY AND SAFE, AND ONLY WANTS QUIET RIDING!"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

IV.—*Beggar, my Neighbour!* (continued.)

THE Marky looked steadily at the Mendicant. He regarded his rags, and a joke occurred to him about mend-i-can't. He booked it for his future entertainment.

"Listen, JAMES; MARKY DU CROW. I have no house. I am not a lodger. I am a dodger. I will take you to a cellar. There you will sleep. To-morrow you can go where you please."

"Can you read?"

"Do you take me for a donkey?"

"Well, if you can read, you must have seen that, by giving me up, you could earn a hundred francs."

"True; when I saw you I said, 'I can earn a hundred francs.'"

"I have a thick stick; come, let me hide you."

"But you will not hide me."

"I will."

"Where?"

"The spot shall be well chosen."

"You would hide me, and yet you do not own a single rod."

"I do not, but I have this slight pole, and I can make you into an acher."

The Old Man grasped his banjo firmly.

The Mendicant humbly dropped his stick. He saw that he should be worsted. A man who is worsted is only fit for a pen-wiper. The Beggar said to himself, "I am not a wiper. I have no venom." Then he said aloud, "Follow me!"

The Marky followed him down some old worn steps into a cellar. There were a few dusty tables showing dark stains on the surface. A platform at the further end whereon was a cracked piano. Below and in front of the platform was a circular table, and in the centre a raised seat. Glasses and bits of wood were on the tables. A dim light pervaded the cellar.

"Let us sup," said the Beggar.

A short, stout, elderly man approached the Marky and welcomed him graciously.

"This is PADDIGREEN," said the Beggar.

"How are you, dear boy, dear boy? All well round the fireside, dear boy? That's well, that's well." And PADDIGREEN offered the Marky a silver snuff-box.

"I thought you were in London," said the Marky.

"Late hours, dear boy—I mean early hours, kill me. Kill the business. I have left London, left London—I say I've left London for sunny France, for sunny France, my dear boy, to see if I cannot establish something like the old thing here, near Boulogne,—I say I wish to start something like the old thing in the old days."

"And this place?"

"Is *Les Caves Nouveaux du Cidre*. Yes, I say this place is *Les Caves Nouveaux du Cidre*. I have been fortunate in meeting with

our good friend here, and a few of the old ones too—all outlaws now—I say I have been—"

"I understand. Who are they?"

"Well, well, they are MILORD LOVEL, MILADI NANCY BELL, *La Fille d'Attrapeur de Rats*, MR. VILLIKINS and his DINAH—not a Kristiministrel Dinah—MR. SAMUEL HALL, you recollect SAM HALL?"

"Ah!"

The Marky turned to the Mendicant and asked, "What is your name?"

"BILIBARLO."

The Marky reflected.

The Mendicant sang, "O dear, raggedy O! What a jolly young fellow was BILIBARLO!"

"I remember you."

"Years ago you bought a song of me. One night at Evans's. In the olden days. Also you gave me a cigar, a glass of something hot, and you shook hands with me. You were then the son of your father, the Great Crow. Then you were connected neither with a Black Troupe or with a Cirque. You made me proud and happy. I re-

turn the compliment. *Tournez et sautez, JACQUES CORBEAU!*"

They drank all round.

Then PADDIGREEN sat down to the piano, and sang the *Light of Other Days*. Whereat they cried. These three men wept.

Frequently the jug or the bottle went round.

Presently they saw everything going round.

"Let's shleep," said the Beggar.

They lay down. Anyhow. The Marky, although very tired, remained drinking deeply for a few moments—he gazed fixedly at the Beggar, and then lay back.

To lie thus was to lie on the ground.

He profited by this to place one ear to the earth. Through his head he heard a strange buzzing.

"I must be somewhere near St. Bees," he thought to himself.

The Marky fell asleep.

V.—*Signed and Resigned.*

It was broad daylight when he awoke.

A refined nature detests anything broad—even daylight. The Marky would have closed his eyes once more but for the Beggar, who said, "I am going this way. You go that."

BILIBARLO disappeared.

The moment after the Marky rose and went in the direction which BILIBARLO had indicated.

It was that charming hour known among the peasantry as "the top of the morning."

The insects were all humming. It was quite a humming-top of the morning to them. The labourers were pegging away at their breakfast. To them, it was quite a peg-top of the morning. The dairymaid was whipping the cream. To her it was the whipping-top of the morning. Such was the morning: kindly to all.

The Marky knew the top-ography of the place, and retraced his steps to where, the evening before, he had seen the placard.

Below the signature, "PAUL PRIEUR," were two other lines, in smaller characters:—

"The identity of the ci-devant JAMES MARKY DU CROW established, he will be immediately washed."

(Signed) GANNON,

"Of the Spinnidge Observatory."



J. S. G. DEL.



A NICE PROSPECT !

Traveller (benighted in the Black Country). "NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED ! TUT-T-T-T !"

Landlady (who is evidently in the Coal Business as well). "OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR !"

"Gammon !" said the Marky.

He stood still, thinking deeply, and his eye fixed on the notice.

"Gammon !" he repeated.

Then he went slowly away. Had any person been near, he might have been heard to mutter, in a low voice, "And Spinnidge."

Suddenly the landscape became terrible. An appalling, indescribable trumpeting, as of some tremendous blasting operations. Then, every other minute, a deep resonant "O," the uplifting of a thousand sympathetic human voices in an agonised unison. Then a bursting of fiery meteors in the air, as though giants were besieging Heaven itself with furious artifices of fire. Cannon boomed in the stillness. Then fountains of fire rose in the valley. Then came a dense smoke. Then nothing. It was sudden and fearful. Once more, and for a few seconds only, the fire blazed forth afresh with quadrupled fury. Lurid lights from the distant empire of Bengal burnt swiftly and vanished. A million rockets, like burning inter-laced rainbows, shot into the air, and crackled to their doom. Then sticks fell. Then silence. The rapidity of the transition from yells and shouts, and roar of flames to Silence, was awful.

The Old Man murmured to himself, as he gazed upon the scene, "Is it the CZAR at the Crystal Palace ?"

No. He remembered that, from the coast of Boulogne, this would not be so distinctly visible. One thing was evident. There were, there had been, fireworks between the village of Tristesse and the hamlet of L'eau-chaud.

Through the bristling and wild thicket which surrounded him on all sides the Marky saw a troop approaching. Irregularly, leaping and shouting with excitement.

His first thought was one of curiosity. Were they armed ? If so, with what ? With needles ? To be hemmed in by needles renders escape impossible.

On they came, yelling, howling, shouting, and crashing through the brushwood. Suddenly he distinguished their cry.

"JAMES, MARKY DU CROW ! DU CROW ! JAMES CROW ! JIM ! CROW !" It was he whom they were hunting !!!

(To be continued.)

Splbain van de Meyer.

Born at Amsterdam, 1802. - Died in London, May 23, 1874.

DEAD, the great Belgian, who was English too
By instinct, and who taught us that a State,
Although its wealth be small, its people few,
By freedom may grow great.

Dead, after such a life as few men live ;
Freedom waxed faint when he struck in to save it.
What tribute to his memory shall we give ?

"*Liberos, libros, amavit.*"

He knew, none better, that of liberty
Comes happiness, prosperity, and culture ;
That baffled still, where thought and word go free,
Swoops the despotic vulture.

In Court, and Cabinet, and Library,
Wholesome and lofty influence he could wield ;
Yet he was just as satisfied to see
His Berkshire farm's good yield.

Proud was he armed as *preux* of journalists,
With pen for lance, in honour's stainless armour,
Yet just as proud to enter the home-lists
As a keen English farmer.

Farewell, clear thinker, absolute logician,
Whose words and works shall long in memory dwell ;
To prove the freest happiest was your mission,
And you fulfilled it well.

A CONTRADICTION.

In Picture Exhibitions, the observant spectator is struck by the fact that works hung on the line are too often below the mark.



THE NEW COACHING CLUB. (THE LAST THING IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS.)

Elph (on the Box). "It's ONLY GRANDMA'S INSIDE, MR. PUNCH. SHE ALWAYS THINKS WE GO TOO FAST."



AMATEUR MINSTRELS.

Tenore Leggiero. "DON'T YOU PERCEIVE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE WAY I PRODUCE MY PIANO NOTES?"

Tenore Robusto. "WELL, YOU PRODUCE THEM SO PRECIOUS PIANO THAT I CAN'T HEAR THEM; BUT YOU DON'T MAKE SUCH HIDEOUS 'FACES' AS YOU USED—AND THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!"

HAMPSTEAD RACES.

THOSE who think that English people take their pleasures sadly, should go and spend Whit Monday upon Hampstead Heath. The donkeys, it is true, have rather a sad time of it; but, with this exception, the faces to be seen there are generally cheerful. Hampstead Races certainly are funnier than Ascot, though they are not quite so fast. There is none of the excitement of the running for the Cup, but there is the amusement of the running for a pot of beer, and tossing who shall pay for it. Chicken and champagne are not so common upon Hampstead Heath as on the heath of Ascot, but appetites are keener for the ginger-pop and "sangwiches." Aunt Sally and the knockdowns are patronised as much upon the one heath as the other; but there is more rejoicing when "our BILLY" gets a cocoa-nut than when LORD TOMNODDY wins a guinea's worth of pin-cushions. On the whole, then, Hampstead Races give a good deal of amusement to a good many poor people; and in their behalf we hope that Parliament will make a grand stand for the races, and clear the course from all the bricks and mortar wherewith it may be threatened by the builders who encroach on it.

A HAPPY DIES NON.

BRITONS, Freeman, and Brothers, bethink you how signally the wisdom of Parliament is shown in adjourning over the Derby Day. Wednesday in the Commons is, as you know, crotchet ventilation day, set apart for allowing Honourable Gentlemen of fixed ideas to air their fanaticisms. The philanthropic and sanctimonious Prigs would to a man absent themselves from a horse-race, and, if they could, attend in their places. Everybody else almost would have gone to the Derby. We should awake next morning and find that an unopposed faction had enacted female suffrage, or enfranchised the carters, or voted the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, or passed a liquor-law with a clause shutting up all the refreshment-rooms, and with the addition of a rider to stop all the trains and steam-boats from running on a Sunday.

SONG FOR A SPORTING GENT.

Lo, how the Welchers do abound
On every side of me!
Another Derby Day comes round,
Which here we are to see.
Now this year's Race will soon be run,
And, O my friends, how fast
Has been, besides, full many a one
Between it and the last!

Ah, who, although he stands to win,
But waits with anxious heart,
Lest he should lose no end of tin,
And trembling bides the start?
My Book although I've tried to make
Upon the surest plan,
It still may prove a great mistake,
So fallible is Man!

But hold, my tongue; be still, my lips;
From moral talk refrain.
On aught, except authentic "tips,"
Reflection is in vain.
Upon the Future they that choose
May stupid thoughts bestow.
Which horse will win, and which will lose,
Is all I want to know.

Lost Labour.

AMONG the cases in the Court of Bankruptcy was reported, the other day, the "Bankruptcy of the Claimant," which, one would suppose, had by this time wound itself up. Its further hearing, however, has been adjourned to the 29th instant, when ORTON is to be brought up for public examination. Would it not be an economy to proceed no further in this business? Lawyers must be paid; MR. ORTON's assets are less than nothing; and you cannot get blood out of a post.

REVEREND FATHERS AND THEIR SONS.—The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was held as usual, the other day, at St. Paul's. Is it possible that some time hence a solemnity of the same name will be celebrated in St. Peter's.

DERBY HAMPERS.

OVER-sleeping yourself on the day of the Race, and waking up in time only to read the name of the winner in the evening papers.

Being discovered and thwarted by your wife after having received her permission to leave her on the plea of "business in the City," when in reality you have proposed joining the Club drag.

Being thrown over by a friend who, after making an after-dinner promise to drive you down in his own trap, forgets to call for you.

Being taken into custody on the road down by a stupid and perjured policeman for looking at a disturbance in which you have not taken part.

Being without friends, without leisure, and last, but not least, without money.

Pigeons and Crows.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals advertises in a newspaper an "Aggregate of Convictions" in 1873, inclusive of the entry—"Exposing a Wild Bird for Sale—1." This one was, of course, one cad. The same paper contained also a report of a meeting of the Gun Club, at which "twenty-three members put in an appearance." These twenty-three were necessarily gentlemen. They shot between them fifty-seven tame pigeons. What a difference there is, legally and morally, between the acts of gentlemen who shoot tame pigeons for sport, and that of cads who expose wild birds for sale!

THE SCHOOLMASTERS ABROAD.

THE opening meeting of the Coaching Club took place in Hyde Park the other day. Such a concourse of private tutors was never seen.

COMPANION PICTURE.—"Ring the Muffin," a pendant to "Calling the Roll."



A COOL CARD.

Swell (handing "Correct Card" to Clerical Party). "AW—WOULD YOU—AW—DO ME THE FAVOUR TO WEAD THE LIST OF THE WAGES TO ME WHILE WE'RE WUNNING DOWN?—I'VE—AW—FORGOTTEN MY EYEGLASS. DON'T MIND WAISING YOUR VOICE—I'M FWEVIOUS DEAF!"

HORSE-SHOW REGULATIONS.

HORSES of every country, class, age, size, colour, and condition are admissible, including Arabians, Barbs, Spanish Jennets, Hudson's Bay Horses, Grey Mares, Suffolk (and Fleet Street) Punches; Piebalds and Skewbalds; Hunters, Hacks, Roadsters, Carriage-Horses, Cart-Horses, Dray-Horses, Draught-Horses, Doctors'-Horses, Race-Horses, Rocking-Horses, Towel-Horses, and Clothes-Horses.

Horses standing (in their shoes) over twenty hands high, must be shown as extra stock.

Every Horse is liable to be called on (by an eminent veterinary surgeon, who will first leave his card) to furnish satisfactory proofs of his age at a minute and a half's notice. Owners are therefore requested to see that the teeth are properly cleaned each morning of the Show. No particular dentifrice is recommended.

The utmost delicacy and forbearance will be shown in investigating the age of Mares. If desired, the details will not be published.

Horse-chestnuts, and every other description of provender, will be provided in abundance.

Any groom detected mixing gin with the water, in order to make his horse more spirited, will be instantly ejected from the Hall.

Horses that have been in India will be allowed an extra curry each day of the Show.

Arrangements will be made for clipping and singeing by some of the first *artistes* of the day; and, in consideration of the heat of the weather, any Horse may be shampooed, on expressing a wish to that effect beforehand.

By the kind permission of the Commanding Officers, detachments from the different Regiments of Horse Guards will be on duty to protect the Prize Animals. A troop of Coldstreams will be told off to look after the Watering.

In the event of the DUKE and DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH visiting the Show, a Guard of Honour will be supplied by the Horse Marines.

HORSES AND MAYORS.

Or, Lord Lusk's Derby Dinner.

"He confessed he had fixed his entertainment to the Mayors of Great Britain on the Derby Day, thinking that some of his friends from the Country might like to see a little of the wicked world on Epsom Downs."

"The Mayor of Birmingham (MR. CHAMBERLAIN), in proposing 'The Health of the LORD MAYOR'—the mention of which at the outset elicited an enthusiastic cheer—said he should not think it necessary to do more than allude to the splendid and munificent hospitality which his Lordship had exercised generally, and also on special occasions when he had had to entertain distinguished personages. In him the Municipal authorities recognised a worthy leader and representative. In late years the taunts against Corporate bodies had been less frequent, and even their facetious friend, *Mr. Punch*, had indulged himself less often at their expense."

Report of the Mansion House Dinner, June 3.

"THE wicked world on Epsom Downs!"

O, Lord Mayor LUSK, how can you bring

The Mayors of virtuous country towns

Within the vile spells of the Ring?

They'll see the acrobat and gipsy;

They may make bets, they may get tipsy?

Demoralised they'll go away—

What will SIR WILFRID LAWSON say!

What Mayors went, madly plunging, down,

By rail or 'bus, on drag or hansom?

Who were but dusted, who done brown,

Who to the Ring paid riot's ransom.

The Mayor of Doncaster, no doubt,

Cast a shrewd Yorkshire eye about,

And ere he shared the LORD MAYOR's dinner,

Had settled this year's Leger winner!

The artful Mayor of Birmingham

May butter *Punch*, but *Punch* can say

There never yet was epigram

Of his thrown, e'en on Mayors, away.

Has sense in Common Councils won it?

Have Mayors improved? Then *Punch* has done it.

But hold Mayors up as past his jokes!

No—tell not that to Derby folks,

Keep it for what it is—an 'Oaks!

PERSONS WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY CREMATION.—Char-Women.

Should any mistakes be made in the jumping and leaping, the Directors earnestly hope that the spectators will preserve order, and refrain from bursting out into horse-laughs.

The Judges will be selected from the Law Courts, and wear their horse-hair wigs.

The Master of the Horse will award the Prizes.

The Band of the Royal Horse Artillery will perform a selection of music from *Le Cheval de Bronze* and other favourite operas.

Saddles of mutton for luncheons and dinners. Excellent accommodation for bridal parties. Stirrup-cup always ready. A grand international show of horse-radish. Roast beef on application.

The exhibition of every description of carriage is invited, except horse-flies.

Horse-hair sofas fresh from the fountain-head.

Grooms of the chambers will be in attendance to escort Ladies to the stalls. *Cheval* glasses all over the Building.

"Women and Work."

AN old and faithful worker in the cause of women (EMILY of that ilk) has started a weekly paper, which, if it keeps up to its purpose and its promises, deserves *Punch's* support and that of all friends of the feeble and fairer, softer and sweeter, willing and weaker, worse-used and worse paid, the harder-worked and harder-thrashed, sex (*Punch* is bound to add, in fairness, and under his breath, the nagging and nastier when it chooses). MISS FAITHFULL calls her paper *Women and Work*; its object being to make known the work to the women who want it, and the women to the work that wants them. *Punch* can only wish good speed to the woman and her work; for it is sorely wanted.

A MISTAKE.

THE Mayors were feasted at the Mansion House on the Derby Day. The Oaks Day would have been more appropriate.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PLANTS refreshed, back to
their places press
Their Lordships, from
the Whitsuntide Re-
cess.
Lo! doubters dumb,
spinners of costs
aghast,
CAIRNS's three Land
Bills, three times
read, have passed!

Now, the Lords' Scylla barking in their rear,
Charybdis of the Commons they've to clear!

"*Facit exultatio versum.*" And why should not "*exultatio*" make its
verse, as well as "*indignatio*"?

LORD SANDHURST finds that Short Service means not only short, but weak,
service—that it gives us, in fact, children in arms, instead of men-at-arms,
till the Line threatens to become a mathematical line, length without breadth
—of shoulder—or depth—of chest, for soldiers' work. By way of remedy, he
proposed to feed the Line from the Militia, recruiting for the latter only, and
letting the Militiamen volunteer for the Line.

LORD PEMBROKE (Under-Secretary-at-War, recalling the SIDNEY HERBERT
of other days) asked for time. The Government were looking into the
Recruiting question, but couldn't be expected to have seen to the bottom of it
in three months.

LORD CARDWELL doubted if LORD SANDHURST's plan might not spoil the
Militia without improving the Army.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE spoke some plain sense. Recruiting is a question
of the Labour market. The recruiting-sergeant cannot bid against the em-
ployer. Change is the worst thing for the soldier—it worries him. The
Recruit likes to know what he is to expect. Officers don't like short service,
because it gives them one hundred and fifty raw recruits in a regiment at once,
instead of twenty or thirty—makes their machine harder to keep in perfect
working order.

The DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH said [Scotch recruits liked looking forward to a
pension. Whereat the House laughed. But how much good is not thrift at
the bottom of, and what gives SAWNEY his pull over PAT and JOHN so much as
his eye to the main chance?

In the Commons, after MR. O'DONNELL, the unseated for Galway, had
appeared, and disappeared on being politely informed by the SPEAKER that he
had no business there, we had an awful scene: FRANCE at the Bar of the
House—FRANCE pulled up—FRANCE solemnly admonished—FRANCE saying
something awfully like "Admonition be bothered!" and doing something
awfully like taking a sight at the SPEAKER.

FRANCE is an inventor of explosives. It can hardly be necessary to tell
readers of history that. In a letter to SIR JOHN HAY, Chairman of a late
explosive Committee, FRANCE exploded, blew up SIR JOHN, and charged
Government officials *en masse* with turning their own explosives to profit, and
putting the extinguisher on all besides.

FRANCE apologised by the mild mouth of MR. FORSYTH, Q.C., but, as

FRANCE often does, made matters worse by the explana-
tion. So the bar was pulled out for FRANCE, and FRANCE
was pulled up to the bar; had to "toe the line" (as
sailors call it); was solemnly told by the SPEAKER to
consider himself admonished; considered himself
admonished accordingly, and did not appear to be a bit
the worse for it.

Honourable Members seemed much amused, and
FRANCE did not seem at all impressed. Probably he
will say, as the navy said when his wife pitched into
him, "It amuses them, and it don't hurt me."

Punch, for his part, would suggest that there is one
explosive which the House of Commons ought never to
play with, and that is *brutum fulmen*. Farces are out
of place on the floor of the House; and the SPEAKER
and MR. DISRAELI decidedly out of place in farce-parts.

MR. TORRENS McCULLAGH moved an Address praying
the QUEEN that no Regimental Officer of three years'
standing may be removed from active service, in peace,
without the option of a Court-Martial. Of course there
was a grievance at the back of the Motion, of which the
House knew nothing; but the JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL
and SECRETARY-OF-WAR were of opinion that Courts of
Inquiry might often be preferable to Courts-Martial,
and the House agreed with them by 91 to 31, though
SIR H. HAVELOCK, from experience of eighteen years'
staff service, supported the Motion.

A good stroke of business was done in Committee of
Supply (all but the Education Estimates are now voted);
the Bill repealing the Statutes that prohibit Revenue
Officers from voting at Elections was passed through
Committee, and progress was made with the Juries Bill.

Tuesday.—LORD SELKIRK moved my Lords against
Second Reading of the Scotch Kirk Patronage Bill. To
throw it out would be selling the Kirk with a
vengeance (argued the DUKE OF ARGYLL). Established
Churches are more liberal than dis-Established—so
true liberality should strengthen Establishments, and
this Bill will give new life to the Kirk. Perhaps the
"Congregation" would have been a better constituency
than the "communicants." The Bill was confiscation and
dis-establishment in the eyes of LORD SEAFIELD and LORD
LAUDERDALE (not a name of pleasant historical associa-
tion to Scotch Kirk men; they will be apt to remember
the LAUDERDALE who put the boots on the wrong legs,
under CHARLES THE SECOND). LORDS ATRILE and CAM-
BERDOWN were for widening the constituency to all
Ratepayers. LORD NAPIER and ETTRICK was for giving
Lairds at least a vote. (Punch agrees, when they are
Kirk-goers. A man should have some voice in deter-
mining the doctrinal *douche* he will sit under.)

LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER ROSSLYN, hot from the
General Assembly, reported the Kirk in favour of the
Bill, which was read a Second Time.

To-morrow you'll call me early, call me early, JOHN,
d'ye hear?

For to-morrow is the Derby Day, of all days in the year—
Of all days in the year, JOHN, the do-nothingest, out-
ingest day—

And of course the House will adjourn for it, that M.P.'s
may get away.

Only under protest—said stout SIR WILFRID—and he
protested, pleasantly. It is astonishing how pleasant SIR
WILFRID can be when he dismounts from his hobby—
Alcohol. So, after getting some genuine laughs, he took
his facer of 243 to 69 like a man, and sat down smiling be-
fore a smiling House, which, however, soon smiled on the
wrong side of its mouth, when MR. ANDERSON brought up
a large dish of cold Humble Pie, and proposed that as the
Government had admitted its own wrong in the escape of
the *Alabama*, and compensated American citizens who
had suffered thereby, it was bound to compensate its
own subjects who had suffered from the same pest.

The House did not need MR. BOURKE's elaborate
reason for thrusting the obnoxious dish from under its
nose; nor was it more disposed for the Irish hot potato—
the dismissal of FATHER O'KEEFE, and the Callan
Schools—with which MR. CARTWRIGHT "removed" MR.
ANDERSON's cold humble pie.

MR. CARTWRIGHT made out a strong case for charging
the National Board with knocking under to CARDINAL
CULLEN; and LORD E. FITZMAURICE strengthened what
was but too strong already. But SIR M. HICKS BEACH
deprecated the stirring of an unsavoury mess; and for
various reasons—but mainly because everybody felt that

to carry the Motion would be to tread on the tail of the Priests' coat, and nobody wants another Irish row just now, Home-rule being enough without Church-rule tacked on it—the House negatived the Resolution by 206 to 118. (Not the less it will one day have to settle the question—Priest v. National Schoolmaster.)

Wednesday.—Lords and Commons represented the Collective Wisdom on the Downs, and backed, as in loyal duty bound, the son of their King to be!

Thursday.—The Lords presented the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY with the crook for pulling up his black sheep with, by 137 to 29—in spite of the DUKES OF MARLBOROUGH and RUTLAND, who were for postponing the Public Worship Regulation Bill for a year, "to give the laity an opportunity of expressing their sentiments!"

The BISHOP OF LINCOLN, and my LORDS SOMERSET, NELSON, BATH, BEAUCHAMP, &c., were for referring the Bill to Convocation!

(But better surely trust the Bill to Collective Wisdom, puzzled though it be, than let loose Collective unwisdom upon it, lay and clerical.)

LORD SHAFTESBURY carried a clause providing for the appointment of one judge to give legal light to the Archbishops, instead of letting loose a swarm of legal locusts of seven years' standing, to eat up poor Bishops' fatness, and plague the land with litigation and law costs.

The Commons had a night w/ Cross, o'er the Intoxicating Liquor Bill. SIR W. HARCOURT contributed one of his cleverest speeches to the harmony of the evening; and, after a good deal of chaff, MR. CROSS announced that he meant to stick to 12'30 for the Metropolis, to fix 11—hard and fast—for the large towns, and 10 for the small ones. This, as a concession to the early closers, was hailed with cheers, and the House went into Committee, and carried the Government proposals by 161 to 126 (for 12'30 as against 12 in London), and by 382 to 42 (for 11 in all parishes constituting an urban sanitary district). How will BUNG like *this* backing of his friends?

MR. DISRAELI, in acceding to a Motion to report progress, warned Members they weren't going to have so short and sweet a Session as they fancied, and that they had better improve the shining small hours.

Friday.—Their Lordships were taken an excursion on the Suez Canal by LORD DUNSANY. The Canal was the front-door to India, and we ought always to know where the key was. Indeed, ought not JOHN BULL to have the key in his pocket?

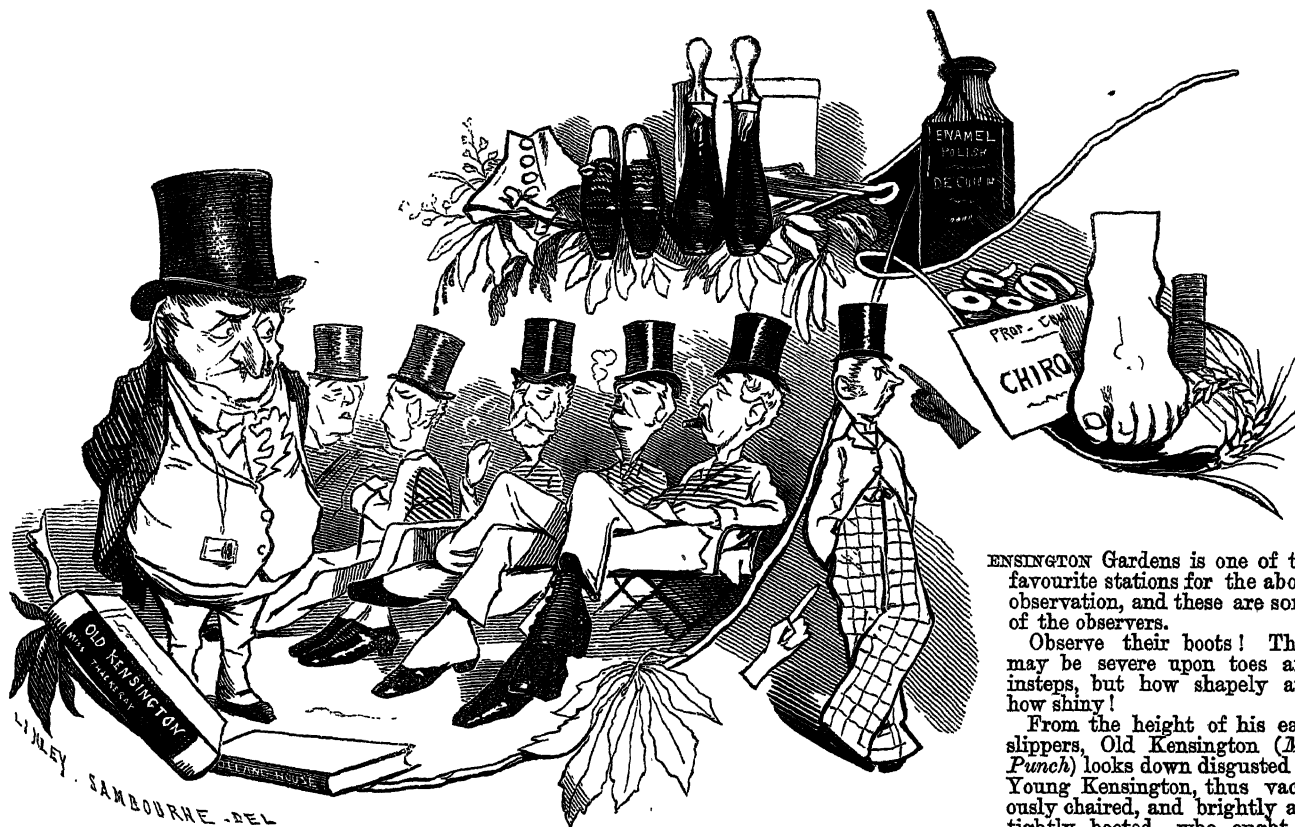
LORD DERBY couldn't quite see his way to that. The door had been very well attended to thus far, though the porter had grumbled about the shabby way he was treated by the visitors who used it, and had, the other day, bounced about discharging the linkmen and turning off the gas. But the proprietor had soon shown him he wasn't going to stand any of *that* nonsense; and the porter had now returned to his senses. It would be time enough to talk of buying the key when it was in the market.

A knot of their Lordships made a last clutch at their shadow of Appellate Jurisdiction now passing into the substance of a Court of Appeal.

The British Conservative instinct is at the bottom of much that is best in both our Houses, and must be kept at the bottom, when it wants to get the upper hand of substantial improvement.

The Commons fought a few more bustling and blundering rounds of the great "Cross," into which that Artful Dodger the HOME SECRETARY has so heartlessly let in his too-trustful friend BUNG. The last absurdity of Friday's flurry was extending the Sunday close-time from 6 to 7 in the evening. This, of course, will have to be set right on Report. It is out-crossing Cross. Taking the House altogether, *Punch* never remembers it so hopelessly befogged as on this Public-House Closing Question. How well-abused LORD ABERDARE must chuckle!

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.



ENSINGTON Gardens is one of the favourite stations for the above observation, and these are some of the observers.

Observe their boots! They may be severe upon toes and insteps, but how shapely and how shiny!

From the height of his easy slippers, Old Kensington (*Mr. Punch*) looks down disgusted on Young Kensington, thus vacuously chaired, and brightly and tightly booted, who ought to

be observing Venus in her transit; but, after all, has only brains to contemplate his own silly face in his own shiny bootikins!

DINNER AND DRESS.

FULL Dress is not incompatible with Low Dress. At dinner it is not generally the roast or the boiled that are not dressed enough. If Young Men are raw, that does not much signify; but it is not nice to see Girls underdone.

A THOUGHT FOR Tories.

THE Conservative Ministry are truly Liberal Conservatives. That is, they conserve all the Liberal Measures.

MOTTO FOR A MOURNING WAREHOUSE.—Die and let live.



A HOME-THRUST!

"AH, BISHOP, WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON THAT WAS OF YOURS LAST SUNDAY, ABOUT WORDLINESS AND THE VANITIES OF THE FLESH!—IT NEARLY MADE ME CRY! AND I SAY, BISHOP, HOW HARD IT HIT YOU AND ME!!!"

THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

Now for Connaught hurrah! and sing *Erin go bragh!*
 HIBERNIA hurroos as she hears;
 Though Dublin and Ulster the news makes PAT's pulse stir,
 'Tis ARTHUR's the Prince among Peers!
 One Duke, and one only, in Leinster sat lonely,
 Henceforth a companion he'll see;
 But, readers of history, hark to a mystery—
 The Dukes of Ould Ireland are three.

For did not great ARTHUR, young CONNAUGHT's godfather,
 Whose victories never were flukes,
 Set the Union Jack flying o'er foes "Quarter" crying,
 And make himself Dux among Dukes?
 The first sword of his time, who crowned Duty sublime,
 And beat Anarchy back, black and blue—
 The ould boy whose eye glistened o'er Connaught new
 christened,
 Was a Duke, and an Irish Duke, too.

Hail, Erin, the omen, *En, inclytum nomen!*
 His godson is yours as he's ours;
 With WELLINGTON's laurels twine, planting out quarrels,
 Love and Peace, QUEEN VICTORIA's dowers.
 And with them enweaved be the shamrock four-leaved,
 Till Great Britain and Erin, made one
 In this broth of a boy—Connaught's Duke—speak their joy,
 That the QUEEN gives Ould Ireland her son.

Cæsarism and Surgery.

M. GAMBETTA, at Auxerre, denounced the French Empire as a pseudo-democratic form of Government, and called it "a Cæsarism Democracy." It has been said that France will not again submit to "the mutilation of universal suffrage." That may be supposed to mean that she will refuse to undergo another Cæsarism operation.

IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.

RIGHT, AS USUAL!
 (See Our Last.)

THRICE happy, in the lucky bag that dip
 Wise hands obedient to *Punch's* Tip!
 "George Frederick hath no HANDEL to his name"—
 What words more clear the Winner could proclaim?
 Whose brow with the Blue Riband should be bound,
 But his with whom there's no fault to be found?
 Whose pedigree, points, paces, when they're told of,
 The Talent own *there's nothing to lay hold of*—
 Nought by which Censure's hand can clutch its candle—
 What horse is that? *The Horse without a Handle!*

Kirk Lights.

"At this stage of his speech SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER took from the table a tumbler, and, after putting the liquid to his mouth, put it hastily down again, remarking, amidst great laughter, that he did not know that the Moderator introduced spirituous liquors."—(*Report of Patronage Debate in the General Assembly of the Established Kirk of Scotland.*—*North British Daily Mail*, Wednesday, May 27th.)

THUS the chief light in the Kirk-camp—
 'Tis said by those who hate her—
 Turns out to be a *Spirit Lamp*
 As well as *Moderator*.

George Frederick's Feat.

(MR. CARTWRIGHT, owner.)

THIS feat of thine, O wondrous Horse,
 What other horse could do?
 The Derby win on Epsom Course,
 And pull a *Cart right* through!



THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

HIBERNIA (to ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT). "AH, THIN, SURE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS IS MIGHTY WELCOME. AND WHIN WILL YE BE COMIN' TO LIVE AMONG US, NOW?"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

VI.—*The Thingummigigs.*

SUDDENLY, all round him, from all sides at the same time, appeared frantic men, in every variety of costume, carrying swords, whips, guns, hoops filled with tissue paper, cords, coloured canvas, pistols, bells, and baskets of sawdust. Some had on fleshings, with brilliant ribands binding their hair, and girt about the loins with spangles. Others were dressed as Huntsmen, Soldiers, Sailors, Nymphs, Dianas, *Mr. Pickwick*, Couriers of St. Petersburg, *Paul Pry*, Napoleons in jack-boots, while two of the wildest were white all over, with red splotches on their faces, and spots of the same colour on their dresses.

The Marky took off his hat, turned his wig, opened his coat, cocked his hat without letting it go off, struck his banjo, struck an attitude, and exclaimed—

"I am the man you seek. I am JAMES MARKY DU CROW, descendant of the two great families of JIM CROW and DU CROW, hereditary Nigger and Equestrian business combined.

"Great, Powerful, and Unexampled attraction. Air you ready? Off!"

He looked down, expecting to see himself taken in an attitude. He expected at least

to find lorgnettes levelled at him. Instead, he saw himself surrounded by strange beings in picturesque attitudes. A tableau. Then arose a shout.

"Long live JAMES MARKY DU CROW! Long live the Marky!"

Now, for the first time, he saw horses, cream-coloured, spotted, piebald, black, and grey, all richly caparisoned, being led up towards him in the distance.

He was surrounded by a *troupe du cirque*.

A young man in a uniform, something between that of a naval officer and a royal groom, passed through the crowd, a long driving-whip in hand, and stood before him.

"Hoop la! tehk!"

And the crowd exclaimed, as with one voice, "Hoop la! tehk!"

Men with instruments now came forward. The big drum followed by brass. They struck up the overture of *Le Cheval de Bronze*. The young man knelt before the Marky. Again the excited crowd burst out with—

"Hoop la! tehk!"

The Marky was among friends.

The young man, who in addition to the uniform wore a brilliant scarf fringed with gold, said—

"We have been seeking you. I am the Master of the Ring. This is our *troupe*. We have just commenced a successful tour in the provinces. We have included fireworks and the blowing up of

Sevastopol. You were advertised as our great novelty. You are here."

Then he smacked his whip, and cried "Long live the MARKY DU CROW! Hoop la! tehk!"

Through the depths of the wood swelled a wild triumphant clamour: "Long live JIM CROW! Long live the MARKY DU CROW! Hoop la! tehk!"

The Marky turned to the young officer.

"Your name?"

"WIDDICOMB JUNIOR."

"Good. I remember your ancestor years ago, when I was a boy, at Astley's."

"Hashley's," said the young man.

And all the crowd exclaimed, "'Ooray for Hashley's!"

"Explain," said the Marky.

"Nothing more simple. There is a French circus which has taken our ground. They heard of the novelty we intended to introduce. Nigger Minstrelsy never before heard in France; bones, banjo, and all performed on horseback. You did not arrive; they have attempted to frustrate us. We will spoil their season. The people at Boulogne are anxious to see us. We are on our way. Without

you we could not appear. They

failed in the provinces. We have succeeded."

"You have no posters."

"No. But now you are here we shall go in for it. A horse is ready for you. Will you accept it?"

"Yes. Let's out the dialect, and come to the 'osses."

A Groom led forth a spotted horse with a sleepy eye and a cream-coloured nose. Into the broad-backed saddle the Marky leaped without the aid proffered him by WIDDICOMB JUNIOR.

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd.

The Marky, mounted, turned his head. The excitement was sufficient to have turned any one's head. He

turned it of his own will. "There is work before us," he said.

"Yes," replied WIDDICOMB JUNIOR.

"Had you a good house at Tristesse?"

"Yes. We cut out the others. The fireworks settled them."

"Whose troop was it?"

"ZANGHER'S."

"Ah! the same that announced they would join the Royal Procession when the Northern Princess entered the Metropolis?"—"Yes."

"How many are there?"

"About a hundred."

"Any women?"

"Two. One dressed as a Vivandière."

"Children?"

"Yes. Acrobats; in charge of another woman."

"Her name?"

"LULU, I fancy, as she escaped with a single bound."

"Engage them all. At good salaries. We can pay. They cannot. Strike up!"

And as the band recommenced, the Marky, standing on his trained steed and playing the banjo, cantered twice round the circle, which was by this time strewn with sawdust, jumped through two hoops, leapt the barrier, and rode away.

Once more the crowd cried, "Hoop la! tehk!"

(To be continued.)





WHIT-MONDAY, 1874.

Saturated Excursionist. "MIGHT AS WELL 'A' TAKEN A HEADER OFF TH' EMBANKMENT, AND BEEN PICKED UP BY THE R'YAL HUMANEERS AND GOT A GLASS O' BRANDY-AND-WATER. WISH I HAD !—BLOWED IF I DON'T !"

FROM A HOT PLACE.

(From Our Own Occasional.)

MONTE-CARLO, MONACO, June 8th,

A FEW days ago, I found myself with a little picnic-party on BAZAINE's island of St. Marguérite. A charming retreat enough, if one had the run of it; with its breezy woods wooing every breath that travels over the soft Mediterranean, and the twin bays of Cannes nestling up to the Estrelles opposite, where that odd reproduction of *Mr. Punch's* profile portrait of LORD BROUGHAM, wig and all, quaintly cut in rock, keeps watch over his adopted dwelling-place, as if it were a ward in Chancery. But the fallen Marshal is narrowed in closer quarters. For his exercise-ground he has only the little hot terrace in front of his prison, to which he and MADAME BAZAINE are constrained to limit their walks abroad. "*De bons braves gens*," said the apple-cheeked *Cannoise* who looks after their creature-comforts, and smuggled us a bottle of wine out of the citadel (not BAZAINE's own tippie, I imagine). They don't know much of the rights and wrongs of the fatal campaign; *à bas*, but vaguely opine that BAZAINE was ill-used. The Marshal came out on his terrace to be interviewed at a distance by *Mr. Punch* in the person of your Occasional, and affably allowed us, being English, to stare fixedly at him through a large field-glass for some minutes. It was not till we left the island that we discovered he was only his Aide-de-Camp, whose duty it is to avert attention in this manner, like a best-man pretending to be bride-groom to hide his principal's confusion. For my part, the Aide-de-Camp served as well as another for a stalking-horse for my reflections, which turned on a greater exile of old days, on another small island, who—

"i di nell oio
Chiuse in sì breve sponda."

I don't think, somehow, that BAZAINE's days will so close. I have visions of a new NAPOLEON escorted to the Tuileries by the acclamations of his faithful French, and riding on his right hand the

PUNCH'S CORRECT CARD

For the St. Stephen's Stakes (Selling race).

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Leisure*, by Statesman, out of Place.
MR. WARD HUNT'S *Flying Dutchman*, by Taxpayer, out of Pocket.

DON CARLOS'S *King of Spain*, by Enthusiast, out of Luck.

MR. WHALLEY'S *Laughter*, by Happy Thoughts, out of Order.

HER MAJESTY'S *Absence*, by Residence, out of Town.

EARL RUSSELL'S *Interrogation*, by Principles, out of Date.

THE CZAR'S *Central Asia*, by Advances, out of Sight.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD'S *Henri V.*, by Drapeaux Blanc, out of Reach.

MR. AYTON'S *Retirement*, by Insolence, out of Employment.

MR. PUNCH'S *Coronation*, by Everybody, out of Gratitude.

Singular v. Plural.

(See Times Leader of Saturday, June 6.)

THE *Times* of blackguards and black-legs

Owning the turf the trade is,
To counteract their poison begs
The presence of the Ladies.

But *Punch* can't think the Downs a place

For pure and pretty faces;
Woman's work is to raise the race,
Not to improve the races.

Episcopal Magnetism.

SOME papers have given currency to a statement that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, at a confirmation lately held by his Lordship at Guildford, caused certain heads, presented to him for imposition of hands on them, to be divested of chignons. Hair, we all know, is an obstacle to the electric current. When piled in fantastic forms, and still more where false, it may well be supposed a complete non-conductor of any edifying influence which can be imparted by the hands of a Bishop.

greatest of his adherents, *notre glorieux BAZAINE*! That little affair of the Court Martial? Pooh! quite forgotten. It was all a got-up thing in the interests of the DUC D'AUMALE. The Marshal—that was-and-will-be must speculate anxiously on the ebb and flow of events in France—(I wonder if he is allowed newspapers?)—while looking out over yonder at the Grand Hotel of Cannes, sprawling over the large plot of land which the father of the present proprietor bought, some forty years ago, for a bottle of wine and a couple of worthless *assignats*. The value of dynasties changes full as fast, here in France.

Not far from St. Marguérite, meanwhile,—this time on a small promontory in the Inland Sea,—another fallen potentate has made his last home. And now the readers of *Punch* will detect the meaning of my cunning comparison. He, too, like BAZAINE, has outside of his prison one of Nature's loveliest landscapes, enhanced in this instance by all that Art and M. BLANC can do to improve upon her, which must be admitted to be a good deal. Beds of tropical flowers, now in their perfect beauty, terraced down to the sea below. Rich growths of palm and olive (why will the former tree always look like a pantomime property, especially in the lime—I mean the moon—light?); little Monaco crossing the hill to the right, with RABAGAS and his friends, no doubt, plotting there in the corner; and far away, and overhead, the stretching slopes topped by the Cornice—all mellowed into one delicious tint by the full moon.

But the monarch in question may see nothing of all this. Like his neighbour BAZAINE, he must stick to his hot walk of the *salles des jeux*, with that dreadful circle of anxious faces all round, up and down, up and down, reduced to this warm little corner,—with the heat of all the Hells concentrated into it, how should it ever be cool?—in place of the many courts he once held in righteous Germany. His Majesty is not visible to the naked eye—not at present: but that is his Premier, not dressed in *rouge* and *noir*, and wearing a cock's feather, but a quiet little white-haired gentleman decently *décoré*, and looking like another THIERS, for all the effects of hard work and a good conscience. Why shouldn't he? Why should he



THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"SHAKESPEARE, MA'AM; BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME!"

mind? He has done much for mankind, given much pleasure in his day, which is more than your conquerors do, who spread as much ruin as he; and he has bettered nature, instead of defacing it; and his tables have cleared, *dit-on*, upwards of seven millions of francs this season, in spite of all the infallible systems ever invented. He tempts no one, for he gives no credit. If you win from him, you may walk away. If you blow your brains out in his garden, he will have a roulette or two placed in your pocket, that no one may suspect impecuniosity of your death. I propose to lay myself out for dead some day, in the hope of thus getting out of him some of the money I can win in no other way. For, in spite of my connection with you, Sir, Luck will not serve me, somehow. Strange and perverse Deity, whose existence and whose laws it is surely absurd to deny. For the system-framers are quite right. Luck has its laws as surely as weather has, and none can doubt it who watches the spin of that big roulette wheel, the world, and observes how the ball will tumble for a while into one or two favoured pigeon-holes, again and again, and then altogether abandon them. Where is it, then, that the system-framers are wrong? In ignoring the fact that the first commandment graven on Luck's tables is this—'Thou shalt not know what my laws are?' And in place of the commandments that should follow are blanks that none may fill. Not here on Mont-Blanc—I mean Monte Carlo—at all events. Be wise in time. Stroll round these lovely gardens while the big band is discoursing STRAUSS's champagne polka to the moonlight; compare the divine peace without and the fever within, wishing—oh, vanity! that you could win some of your money back. And then go home to bed a sadder and a wiser man, as did, dear Mr. Punch,

YOUR OWN OCCASIONAL.

THE ORACLE OF ISIS.

See SIR. W. V. HARCOURT's *Fight for another hour at Oxford. Debate on the Public-house Closing Bill Friday, June 5.*

The Bill the House is passing through,
In every clause a crisis!
But nought e'en HARCOURT's chaff can do
To stop the Secretary's cruel hand,
That strikes both Town and U-niversity on Isis!

The Town, SIR WILLIAM, looks to you!
Whose fun found in a trice is—
To guard its taps from hostile crew,
Teetotallers and Bobbies blue,
And keep 'twixt Town and Gown a U-niformity on Isis.

As for the Gown—of them a few
Think beer at midnight nice is;
When they o'er *Æschylus* should stew,
And upon Greek and water-gruel,
Grow their laurels in the U-niversity on Isis.

'Tis giving drink more than its due,
Too heavy far the price is
Of that last hour when with a crew
Of cheering cads the gownsmen screw
Themselves in taverns of the U-niversity of Isis.

That last hour is the worst for you.
Most sweet the midnight slice is,
Of lush and lark till all is blue,
When in the gas-light's magic hue,
Venus plays barmaid at the U-niversity on Isis!

A "Wine" in rooms no harm can do:
See, the Champagne in ice is;
"Dulce in loco," quoth old Q.
H. FLACCUS: and so *Punch*, no Pu-ritan,
Repeateth to the U-niversity on Isis.

RESTRAINT FOR RITUALISM.

THE Primate's Public Worship Bill proposes to give the Bishops the utmost discretion in dealing with their Ritualist mutineers. What a pity that no possible enactment can give the least discretion to the Ritualists themselves!

BRUTES AND CHRISTIANS.

ACCOUNTS from Naples and some other parts of Italy represent the population as very commonly guilty of cruelty to animals; overloading and maltreating horses and donkeys, for instance, and letting little children amuse themselves by spinning small birds at the end of a string tied to a wing or leg. When remonstrated with for these outrages on the lower creatures, their customary answer is said to be "*Non sono Cristiani*." If, rather, their reply were "*Non siamo Cristiani*," would it not more perceptibly account for their conduct? Our own ruffians, accustomed to beat, kick, and stamp upon their wives, might make the same avowal, if they thought it worth while to assign any reason for putting no restraint on their brutality. Certainly dumb animals are not Christians, yet all such brutes in acknowledging they were no Christians would truly speak for themselves.

The Claimant in Bankruptcy.

"THE Claimant a bankrupt!" says GREEN,
"Were his creditors sheer imbecilities?"
"No," says *Punch*, "small his schedule had been
Were it not for his vast lie-abilities."

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

ON Thursday, the "off" day in the Epsom Week, the ground was "harder than ever." It was not, therefore, surprising that the first race should be won by *Macadam*.



WORTH KNOWING.

Newly-Ordained Deacon. "I SUPPOSE YOU GENERALLY MAKE LONGER COATS FOR MEN WHO HOLD EXTREME VIEWS?"

Clerical Tailor. "WELL, SIR, THEY DO GENERALLY PREFER A LONG COAT; BUT WITH THAT COAT, I ASSURE YOU, YOU MAY HOLD ANY VIEWS YOU LIKE!"

SIR WILFRID ON THE DERBY.

WHAT, no more cakes and ale, since thou hast virtue,
Teetotal Baronet! Must the House resign
Its annual outing, lest the vision hurt you,
Of fortune-telling gipsies, rosy wine
Leaping to rosier lips, the thund'rous scamper
Of first-rate thoroughbreds, and then—the hamper?

"Not national!" Why, English horses, Baronet,
Are a grand growth of skill, cash, speculation,
You cannot hold within your very narrow net
All the odd fish of this odd-fishiest nation;
Nor to your bed Procrustean-puritanic
Tie down a race Teutonic and Titanic.

With fiercer diatribe than yours can be,
Punch has of old the betting scoundrels frightened;
To him is given prophetic eye to see
A time when Law's frost shall their growth have blighted,
The good time when the Cities of the North
Shall drive the advertising Welshers forth.

This is no moment for *your* futile protest,
Just as the Law makes tout and tipster sweat,
When men like FALMOUTH, for the race-course hottest,
Breed the best horses, and disdain to bet;
As men dream of a Turf which honour rules,
Its winners not all rogues, nor losers fools.

Clear that Turf of its vermin parasitic,
Its filthy fringe, the spawn of lusts and lies,
But spare sneers, hyper- if not hypo-critic:
Love of the Horse in England never dies.
Whigs, Tories, foes else, friends in this we find—
The Turf's Blue Riband doth all parties bind!

REGULATIONS FOR THE RECRUIT OF THE FUTURE.

Horse Guards, 1st April, 1885.

G. O.

1. No Recruit will be accepted unless able to walk without the assistance of a nurse.
2. Tops, Balls, Kites, and other Toys will not be permitted in the Barrack Square during Parade.
3. Hardbake and other Sweetstuff will be served out occasionally instead of Potatoes.
4. Real Turkish Sherbet and Imperial Pop will be obtainable at the Regimental Canteen at one Penny per Glass.
5. A wooden Gun and a Tin Bayonet will be served out to each Infantry Recruit.
6. Cavalry Recruits will be supplied with Perambulators.
7. To avoid accidents, Gunpowder will no longer be issued to the Army, and all real Rifles and Swords will be immediately returned into store.

By Command,
PUNCH, *Adj.-Gen.*

A Dead Certainty.

The Saturday Review, in a recent article on Railway Guarantees, observes:—

"It is always more or less uncertain whether a Railway will produce a large return to the undertakers."

Is it? We should have thought that had been very decisively settled in favour of the undertakers by recent accident lists.

Nelson Slightly Altered.

(*Hospital Sunday, June 14.*)

ENGLAND expects that every man
That day will do his duty.



"COOL."

Artist (to old Dandy). "I SAY, UNCLE, I'M GOING TO PAINT THE 'DEATH OF CÆSAR.' WOULD YOU MIND SITTING IN A TOGA, AND WITHOUT YOUR TEETH, FOR ONE OF THE CONSCRIPT FATHERS!" [Old Gent "cuts him off" with a Shilling.]

ADULTERATION'S ARTFUL AID.

"Yesterday the House of Commons Committee on the Adulteration Act of 1872 was wholly occupied with the examination of two analysts, one from London, the other from Norwich, where some articles of questionable quality are manufactured. A newly-elected Member of the House and of the Committee, had to sit and see an article of his own manufacture, silver-medalled by the Moscow Exhibition as nutritious food for 'infants and invalids,' described as worthless for food, indigestible, and likely to lead to the most serious results if depended upon for infants or invalids, it being, in fact, nothing more than starch of the laundry without the blue."—*Times Report, Tuesday, June 9.*

IN apt adulteration

Our tradesmen now exult;
They'd kill the English nation,
Both infant and adult.
In trade what lots of trickery!
In ale how little malt!
The coffee's full of chicory,
The beer is full of salt.

Nutrition for the nursery,
For babies plump and arch,
Turns out upon a cursory
Inspection to be—starch!
Maizena and Oswego
Are starch without the blue:
Ah, where the deuce will he go
Who dares such things to do?

What though a man has led a list
Of traders of renown?
Even a Moscow medallist
The analyst runs down.
And O how sad to utter
The statement *Punch* has seen,
That even best fresh butter
Is made from butterine!

The truthful grocer *non est*—
Alas! his frauds are gross;
Neither is vintner honest
Nor brewer, *inter nos*.
If you would wear grey locks on
Brains that with age won't fail,
Grow your own sheep and oxen,
And brew your own good ale.

PARLIAMENTARY GAMES.

"*Licensing, or All Round the Clock.*" A Puzzle constructed by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. A game to be played by the Publicans, the Police, and the Public.

"*Militia Drafts; or Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.*" Invented by LORD MANSFIELD, and strongly recommended by the Inventor for adoption in the British Army.

"*Home Rule; or, Heads I Win, Tails you Lose.*" by MR. BUTT, Q.C. An amusement of purely Irish extraction.

"*The Race Game; or, Black and White.*" Invented by several Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and played with more or less success at Ashantee and elsewhere.

"*The Ballot; or, the Way to the Bottom of the Poll.*" Introduced by the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, and played with startling effect at the late General Election.

"*Something to Do, and How not to Do It.*" An old game with new rules. Invented by the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISRAELI. This popular amusement has been patronised by the House of Commons for many years, and has invariably provoked the heartiest applause and the most genuine laughter.

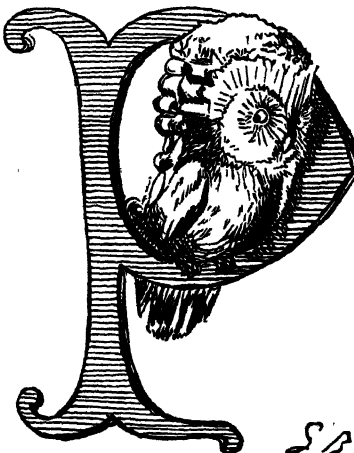
VANDALISM AT WIMBLEDON.

ACCORDING to the *Surrey Comet*, Cæsar's Camp, at Wimbledon, being private property, is doomed by its owners to destruction for building purposes:—

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!"

If our Archæologists mean to be the saviours of Cæsar's Camp, they must lose no time in coming to the rescue. Already "workmen have been busily engaged felling some of the trees which form the chief attractions of 'the rounds.'" Before they go farther in stumping up the trees, will nobody stay the sacrilegious hand of building speculation, by stumping up the money?

A TRUE TEMPERANCE HALL.



and moderation, approved themselves the best of all "Good Templars."

Ecclesiastical Gardening.

THE BISHOP of OXFORD has been vigorously contending that Episcopal powers should not be hampered by the SHAFESBURY Clause, which, as his Lordship puts it, is to turn the whole Bench into a set of "mere machines." Surely, where ill weeds are growing at such a pace in the Church, not hing could be wiser than immediate resort to a "*Lawn Mower.*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ISHOPS are not to speak till they are spoken to. So says the Public Worship Bill, Clause Eight, over which the Lords had a long fight on *Monday, June 8th*,—LORD SELBORNE moving to give the Bishops power to begin the fray by a motion.

LORD SHAFTESBURY carried a Clause giving the Bishops discretion; for which the Bishops should be very much obliged to him. If any of their Lordships could give a little discretion to the Ritualising Clergy, it would be even more conducive to the peace of the Church. Where parties bind themselves in writing to submit to the arbitration of the Bishop, they are to be bound accordingly. And security for £100 costs is to be given before appeal to the Judge. For has not Themis a right to her turnpike-tolls?

Altogether, their Lordships seem to be making a very good job of the Archbishop's crook.

MR. DISRAELI presented a seven-chambered revolver at the head of the House of Commons, bidding them stand and deliver their Tuesdays to the use of the Government.

Licensing, Factories, Friendly Societies, Land Transfer, Judicature, Rating, and Scotch Church Patronage—“We are seven” first-rate Bills—already presented for acceptance, but with chance of protests, certainty of talk and possibility of “no effects.”

Then come Scotch Land Transfer, Police, and Criminal Law Amendment—Bills overdue, and waiting to be taken up, when Government can find the money. (Time is money, you know.)

Then come a whole bunch of Irish Bills—anything but “first-rate paper,” so properly described by MR. DISRAELI—*qui s'y connaît*—as “second-rate,”—bringing the Bills on the file to seventeen.

Then there are outstanding accounts for Education, the Gold Coast, and other supplementary trifles.

Then there is Public Worship Regulation—of which the Commons may yet have to sing,—

Church Regulation is vexation,
Division is as bad:
MACKONCHIE doth bother me,
And PURCHAS drives me mad!

So, “Your Tuesdays, or your lives!” said the gallant PREMIER, his seven-chambered revolver having grown into a seventeen-chambered one by dint of talking, like *Fulstaf's* men in buckram.

It seems we are to see the New Rules under the Judicature Act before the year is out. The selected men have completed their draught. The Judges had their first tasting Committee last Saturday. They liked the first batch. They have to lay down three batches, and mean to have good sound wine—in *vino veritas*—wine which will stand water from the well of truth—the best of all bitters.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is going to befriend the Friendly Societies by giving them Tables, improving their registration, requiring them to show their solvency at starting, and bringing the Burial Clubs under the rule of the theatre-galleries—“Children in

arms not admitted.” Only the House of Commons is to be allowed its “Massacre of the Innocents.”

Tuesday.—“Election” always was a tough point in the Scotch Kirk, and to-night their Lordships “had a night o’ it” over the question who should elect the Meenister—Ratepayers, Congregation, or Communicants?

LORDS GREY and CAMPERDOWN spoke for, the Macallum More and LORD ROSEBERY against, giving the election to the Ratepayers. Said the DUKE—is there any human being as authoritative as the DUKE on a Kirk question?—the enemies of the Kirk would put in bad men, as the Evil One sowed the tares. Wolves could not be trusted to choose colliers. His notion of a constituency was Congregation plus Communicants. And this the DUKE OF RICHMOND, for the Kirk, accepted.

LORD SALISBURY purposes to add a Public Works Member to the Supreme Council of India. If India would only take his Lordships’ word for his Works! One thing is certain: there is no want of works for such a Member, if he had as many heads and hands as the great Vishnoo himself, or any other Briaræus of the Indian Olympus.

Then their Lordships went to work on the Pastoral Crook, got to the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH’S “neutral ground,” and stopped—against at the sight of that “Debatable Land.”

In the Commons we had MR. O’SHAUGHNESSY on the needs of Intermediate Irish Education, and MR. MELDON on the pay of Irish National School Teachers—“CHARLES HENRY asking for more.”

SIR M. HICKS BEACH, candid as usual, admitted that Irish Education, both Intermediate and National, was open to improvement, but National School Teachers had had a rise two years ago (£104,000), out of payment by results; and there was another year to run before the system was open to overhauling.

Meantime Government has promised to consider the whole subject of Irish Education, High, Middle, and Low—

And we shan’t have long to wait—
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
We shan’t have long to wait—
Says the Shan Van Vogh;

We shan’t have long to wait,
Before PAR ’ll have to state,
Priest or Master—which shall bate?—
Says the Shan van Vogh!

Then an incident, to be sung not said—

CHILDEN NEWDEGATE mounted his hobbye so blacke,
To ride at the monke and the nun,
But a Bowyer sly hath his shaft let fly,
And the Childen with a count foredone!

“Now foul thee fall, thou false Bowyer,
That shoot’st from behind Rome’s wall!”
But the Bowyer laught—“Nay,” quoth he, “my shaft
Flew not for Rome, but all!”

"For hot was the night, and heavy the wight,
And O but his hobbye was slow;
And the SPEAKER was crouse, and glad the House,
For the shooting of my bow!

And Members all did a blessing call
Upon the Bowyer gay,
Who CHILDE NEWDEGATE's hobbye did hamstring,
And sent the House to play!"

(Punch is afraid the House was very naughty, and as for that bold bad boy BOWYER—that they treated him *à la* Billy Taylor, and "werry much applauded him for what he'd done.")

Wednesday.—RICHARD, the Preacher of Peace, moved to sacrifice "Clause Twenty-five" on its altar. MR. ISAAC objected to the sacrifice, and said he had been sent there to save the Clause from MR. RICHARD's pangs.

After shots given and returned, MR. DIXON (should he not be henceforth RICHARD's son?) followed the Member for Merthyr in his assault on the Clause of Contention.

MR. FORSTER spoke plain truth and common sense as usual. The Clause was not intended to benefit Denominational Schools, but to get as many children as possible to school, and to take away from Parents' all fair plea against Compulsion. Without Option, no Compulsion. Without Clause Twenty-five, no Option. There is the *crux in a nutshell*.

MR. LOWE, looking on the Twenty-fifth Clause as a flag, was for hauling it down. Take away the fees, and ten times as much would be forthcoming in Voluntary Contributions. (But how does MR. LOWE meet MR. FORSTER's dilemma?) The House divided. 373 to 128 against cutting off the Clause, and so—as Nonconformists say—drawing the teeth of the Education Bill. Punch stands, as he has always stood, by his friend FORSTER.

Thursday.—LORD REDERDALE put in another—and it is to be hoped—final appeal for the House of Lords. The Bars of Scotland and Ireland back him through LORD MONCRIEFF and LORD O'HAGAN. There is no special provision, we are afraid, for a Scotch or Irish Judge in the new Court of Final Appeal. *Hinc ille lacrymæ?*

But the Lords—in spite of LORD REDERDALE—performed the "happy dispatch" by 52 to 23.

LORD DERBY explained to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY that the Russian Government has proposed an International Congress at Brussels, to consider a Code settling laws and usages of war. But till we know *who* are going, how can we know if *we* are going?

The Commons gave MR. DISRAELI its Tuesdays, with the understanding that the Member for Limerick, if he surrenders his Tuesday, June 30, is to have another night on which Irish Bull will meet English, full Butt; or, in other words, when England shall hear the reasons why (to use MR. MARTIN's fervid phrase) "Ireland is not, never has been, and never will be, content without a Parliament of her own?"

Then MR. CROSS moved the Second Reading of the Government Factory Bill (*vice* MR. MUNDELLA's Bill superseded).

MR. FAWCETT, all but alone in his opposition, performed a clever solo on the theme of the old Anti-Ten-Hours-Bill-Movement, with variations. All the other speakers, masters' organs or men's, Grad-grinds or Gushers, were unanimous in favour of the Bill, which MR. MUNDELLA, who accepts it instead of his own, went so far as to call "a noble measure." (MR. CROSS seems to be more successful in the Factory than the Public.) So the tide setting strong, for the time against FAWCETT and Political Economy, the House carried the Second Reading by 295 to 79.

Friday.—Their Lordships talked about entries into the Navy, the Transit of Venus, and Representative Peers. There will be a Committee to consider the best mode of skimming the *crème de la crème* of the Scotch and Irish Lords. There are complaints of the present samples.

MR. NEWDEGATE moved for his Bill to put Monks and Nuns under inspection. SIR J. KENNAWAY suggests Registration of the Religious, and making the Nuns wards in Chancery—with the LORD CHANCELLOR, we presume, for *ex-officio* Father Confessor. MR. HARDY plainly said the Government didn't like taking up a delicate and difficult matter. At the same time he didn't see why Nuns should object to state their names and ages, as other ladies in private life were sometimes obliged to do. O, MR. HARDY! Go round with a Census-taker, and see what the latter painful revelation costs the ladies and imposes upon the unhappy officials who have to extort it. No, if Nuns must confess their ages, let it be like the rest of their Confessions, under the seal of secrecy.

But the feature of the evening was MR. O'GORMAN. [Begorra, he bates DOWSE by lengths. Will MR. O'G. call on MR. P.? He will hear of something to his advantage. But what did he mean by making a nun of the eldest daughter of the QUEEN of BOHEMIA (one of the staunchest Protestants, by the way, that ever lived)? ELIZABETH was head of a Protestant Sisterhood at Hervorden. It was LOUISE, a younger sister, who died Abbess at Maubuisson; and her, and her brother EDWARD's, change of Church was declared

by their mother, the poor Queen of Hearts, the bitterest of her many sorrows. And what did MR. O'GORMAN mean by quoting—

"Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late."

Are Dii, the Spiritual Directors, *animæ*, the Nuns, *umbræ silentes* and *loca nocte silentia late*, the Convents? It is a pity MR. O'G. didn't give the quotation to MR. NEWDEGATE, or MR. T. CHAMBERS for one of *their* speeches. But it is ungrateful to complain, after the treat MR. O'GORMAN has given us.]

The House shunted the Bill by 237 to 94.

Then MR. COWPER-TEMPLE moved to fit the Scotch Universities for Female Students.

Edinburgh did admit a batch of Ladies to the Medical Classes, and then refused them its degrees. Think as we may about Women's education, *that* was bad logic.

One real difficulty—apart from the question of sex—is the want of teaching-power for separate classes for Ladies. Mixed Medical Classes are impossible. This DR. PLAYFAIR pointed out. But PLAYFAIR, of all men, is bound to remember that fair-play is a jewel, and the Women have not had fair-play in this matter. It should be looked to, and means taken to settle the matter one way or the other. If Women are not to be admitted to Medical Classes and Degrees say so—and keep them out. If they are, see how the Classes can be organised for them, and let them in.

MR. STANFIELD spoke effectively for MR. HOFF against, unsexing the Doctorate.

DR. PLAYFAIR spoke as one in a perplexity between his constituents and his convictions.

WHY I GO TO ASCOT.



Merely because my darling Princess is certain to be there, and probably my dear Duchess too, and I should like to look at them.

Because everybody who is anybody invariably goes, and I have no wish to be classed among the nobodies.

Because I virtuously abstained from going to the Derby, and I really think such virtue ought to be rewarded.

Because my wife desires to go, and as a tender husband I am bound to take her.

Because really now the weather is so charming, don't you know, and all that sort of thing you know, that really one can't miss it.

Because I've nothing in the world to do if I don't go, and of course it wouldn't do to waste a day in doing nothing.

Because it's not a bit like going to the Derby, don't you see, and now-a-days, one can slip down there quite easily by train, without a scrap of dust, you see. So that really, don't you know, one has no excuse for not going.

Because I happen to have drawn one of the favourites for the Cup, and, as I never have won yet, of course I should just like for once to see my horse come in a Winner.

Because they've asked me for my sins to a rather heavy dinner the day before the race, and I know I shall be seedy if I don't get out next morning.

Because the country must be looking lovely this fine weather, and it really seems a horrid shame not to go and look at it.

Because I fortunately won a five-pound note upon the Derby, and can therefore well afford to give myself another outing.

Because it's socially considered quite the thing to go to Ascot, and it does a man no harm to be considered in the fashion.

Because I fancy that I have an artist's eye for costume, and Ascot is of all places the place for pretty dresses.

Because MAUD told me she is going, and I possibly may have the happiness to meet her.

And finally—Because, for reasons of my own, I wish to go, and I make it a rule always to gratify my wishes.

ON A FOOTING.—Almost every considerable town has a Market for Corn; therefore, it is but fit that Bedford Market-place should have its BUNYAN.



“NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.”

THE REV. DUODECIMUS LAZARUS QUIVERFUL, FINDING THAT HIS MEANS ARE LIMITED IN PROPORTION TO HIS RAPIDLY-INCREASING FAMILY, ADOPTS A METHOD WHEREBY HE CAN COMBINE EXERCISE FOR HIMSELF AND THEM, AND ECONOMY FOR ALL.

GLADSTONE ON FAIR PLAY.

(See Times, June 10th.)

“FAIR Play!” says GLADSTONE, and *Punch* says it, too;
Thanks for the lesson needed sore this year.
Gladstonian wisdom on the Miner’s ear

Falling some good may do.
May those that work in caverns black as night,
Gain from thy Davy unexplosive light.

Thou who hast worked away with stress more strenuous,
Than any Miner in the Shire of Chester,
Turning from party-wars to talk with Nestor,

Canst safely be ingenuous,
Saying, “We boast, sons of the Northern Sea,
That in our Isle Minorities are free.”

If in this realm mere numbers are to bind
The ways of men, and their free action fetter,
“The sooner we get out of it the better,”

And give the immortal mind
Full space to breathe, untrammelled by the panic
Of Hands on Strike, in Freedom’s name tyrannic.

Ah, human nature is a changeless thing!
Put power in horny hands, and soon they are
Swift to “put down” as those of sternest Czar,
Or of most Christian King.

Workmen treat Workmen as CAIN treated ABEL,
And prating Progress Progress prove a fable!

Well, let us hope these Cestrians will grow wiser,
Having, what seldom in these days is found,
Apollo stooping to their common ground,

A GLADSTONE for adviser:
And may the great truth sound from sea to sea,
England is England only while she’s free.—
King, Priest, Lord, Workman, whose tyrant be!

LIBERTY v. LICENCE.

SCENE—London. Time, 1880. Enter Two Citizens. They embrace.

First Citizen. And so, my friend, you have been round the world since last we met?

Second Citizen. Indeed I have; and as I could get no journal on my travels, I am anxious to learn the latest news. But first let me give your little son a penny, that he may buy some sweets.

First Citizen. A thousand thanks. But the sweet-stuff shops are closed at one, and (looking at his watch) it is now past three o’clock. He shall keep it until to-morrow.

Second Citizen. Let him buy a toy.

First Citizen. The toy-shops do not open until after six.

Second Citizen. Then let him get a bun.

First Citizen. The bakers close at nine, the grocers at eleven, the milliners (the gods be praised!) at noon.

Second Citizen. Dear, dear! I promised to buy my wife a bonnet.

First Citizen. They may admit you if you can prove yourself a *bond fide* purchaser.

Second Citizen. Anon, anon; but now I faint with heat and hunger. Pray, my good friend, send to the butcher’s to get me a steak. Your little son can go. Doubtless he knows the way.

First Citizen. It would be useless. They close at 4 A.M.

Second Citizen. Then is nothing open the livelong day?

First Citizen. Oh yes—the Cemetery!

[Exit *Second Citizen* hurriedly, to go round the world again.]

Those Wonderful Chatham Guns!

THE *Broad Arrow* of June 6th informs its readers that, at twelve o’clock on the Queen’s Birthday, the “guns of Fort Amherst commenced firing a Royal salute, and afterwards gave three hearty cheers!” One has heard of these brazen mouths “speaking,” metaphorically, but to hear of them cheering literally is quite new. This was cannon-ading Chatham to honour the Queen’s birthday with a vengeance.



“RIGHT AND LEFT.”

MAC MAHON. “HAVE NO FEAR, MADAME! THEY MAY HURT EACH OTHER, BUT, IF I CAN HELP IT, THEY SHAN'T HURT YOU!”

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—*Antoneroly.*

ANTONEROLY had a white but dirty tie. There was another of his at the wash. He had been a Waiter, which is a serious matter. A man may be all serene, yet dark and muddle-headed: it only needs that something should have given him a chronic cold in the head. His waitership had made a muddle in that of ANTONEROLY.

He who has been a Waiter is always a Waiter.

What makes a cold within a man requires pocket-handkerchiefs. ANTONEROLY was full of virtues and verities, but he had only one pocket-handkerchief.

His history is easily written. He had been a "Stockings," or "Under Boots," at a village inn; then a Boots; then a Waiter; then he inherited a small legacy. It was thus, at least, that he accounted for the possession of two pounds ten shillings, three halfpenny stamps, a knife with a corkscrew in it, and a small master-key, when interrogated by the Magistrate. After a time, he gained his freedom.

He was, above all, an obstinate man. He understood a variety of languages, and, when in a passion, could speak most of them. His existence was a struggle between temper and cold. One might have said between temper and distemper. Family life had been denied him. His wife had gone off with somebody else. He waited for her return. So he waited and waited. He said, "I am a Waiter." When sober he was silent as to his wrongs. At such times he said, "I am a dumb Waiter."

His peasant parents, in obtaining for him a situation in an inn, had desired to elevate him above the common people: he voluntarily returned among them, with hair cut very short, and a ticket.

At this time he bethought him of the bar of an inn, and felt himself vaguely a publican. What kind of public? The sporting, fighting, or, perhaps, the purely commercial.

Forbidden to love, he set himself to wait.

He said, "Everything comes to him who waits." After a while, he took a situation at some gardens where there were dancing, shows, cirques, dwarfs, and giants. He was not the man to be afraid of a giant.

Though already elderly,—he was fifty, and a Waiter ages faster than another man,—he began to grow. From year to year they watched him, and the Proprietor thought that, at length, he might engage him as a giant.

Thus he reached fifty-two.

On the Derby Day there were fearful storms, of men, not elements, in the gardens. There were also fireworks, bombardments, and daring men on single wires surrounded by flames. ANTONEROLY became an adept at this art. On the tight-rope he felt himself at home. Below him was the arena of distraction in its fierceness and brilliancy. The tempest of betting men and inebriated fools, snobs, and aristocrats, was beneath him. Like the sea-eagle this man preserved his internal composure, and enjoyed the danger. Indeed, a sea-eagle, in such a position on a tight-rope, would have lost heart and flown towards the coast.

After this he wore a hermit's dress, and told fortunes. He took

money at the door. He was asked, "Will you do this for the Proprietors?"

"I would not do it for the Proprietors," ANTONEROLY replied.

Be it observed here, that he, too, this master of a variety of languages, had studied *Ollendorff*, and had formed his reply on that model.

This reply made him famous. He was subsequently able to arrange and share with the proprietors of several places of amusement. He could wait, he could sing, he could walk the tight-rope and slack-wire, and he could tell fortunes. He had, unconsciously, told his own when he had said, "Everything comes to him who waits."

ANTONEROLY was one of those men who have an inner voice.

When he called aloud, "TOMMY!" somebody, really this inner voice, seemed to reply from under the table or up the chimney. This gift of nature, improved by art, rendered him highly popular. Also, he could conjure, and perform tricks with half-crowns belonging to persons among his audience, and could bring cannon-balls out of hats, fish-bowls out of handkerchiefs, and bird-cages, with real birds in them, out of ordinary portfolios.

In his implacable artlessness he said, "There is no deception." Everybody felt he was honest, and was satisfied.

He obtained excellent terms. He was consulted by *entrepreneurs*, by theatrical managers, by showmen, by circus-managers, by directors. He spoke German with GERMAN REEN, Italian with an Italian oil-and-colour-man, good or bad English with a good or bad Englishman, Spanish after eating Spanish onions, African with a Kristiminstril, French in six lessons after breakfast, and Egyptian with the professors at the Egyptian Hall. These last feared him.

In these times, and among these groups, ANTONEROLY possessed the power of the inexplicable. He was without human weakness, save the chronic cold in his head. No person had ever seen him weep, but when his eyes ran from the cause just mentioned.

He was petrified ice amid a circle of volcanoes. He was old, yet fresh. His freshness was that of the mountain-dew off Ben Nevis. To obtain this, he was all abroad early in the day. To get it after midnight was impossible. He said to himself, "Were I a publican, I should have it when my own doors were closed."

ANTONEROLY looked like an ordinary man, or rather a man who would dine regularly at an ordinary.

When young he had been shaved for a penny: late in life he was shaved three times for a penny. But then he was a customer all the year round. His forehead was broad; so, often, was his conversation. His smile was sad, and he took bitters. His eye was generally clear; at all events, it was seldom watery. "Watery" was a word not in his vocabulary. Over his whole countenance there was an air of becoming exasperation—that is, he was gradually getting red in the face.

Such was ANTONEROLY.

To-day few knew his name.

History has many of these unknowns.

"Heigho!" said ANTONEROLY.

By this saying, if by no other, he is remembered.

II.—*Round the Corner.*

Was such a man indeed a man? Could a Waiter know affection? Could a frog go a-wooing? Without his mother's cognisance of his absence from home? Could ANTONEROLY pityingly sympathise with such an amphibious wooer? Could he not say "heigho?" We answer—Yes.

ANTONEROLY, when a Boots, had conceived a strong affection for a little vulgar boy. He had communicated to this young gentleman his own ideas on tip-cat and chuck-farthing.





HOME FROM ASCOT.

(Jones and his Friends miss their road at dusk. Younger Post-boy "swarms" the sign-post for directions.)

Elder Post-boy. "IT'S NO USE, SIR. IF HE DOES GET UP, HE CAN'T READ."

Sleepy Party on Box. "TELL HIM TO SPELL IT THEN, STUPID!"

He showed him how to abstract the contents of a box of valuables without the aid of a key.

One morning, their master discovered that his watch and purse had been removed in the night.

The watch was found under ANTONEROLO's pillow. The money was never heard of again. The boy had disappeared, but ANTONEROLO suffered. This ended in a cell. ANTONEROLO lost sight of his pupil.

It is a beautiful thing to train a young gazelle and give it sixpence for itself to set up in life. To give it two sixpences, or train four gazelles, is still more beautiful.

A spirit may own a child, and a child may own a spirit.

This boy, this pupil, was always in the mind's eye of ANTONEROLO.

He longed to see him, if only for a moment.

To have him within the distance of an arm, or within reach of his foot, would have sufficed.

Would the boy have been hurt by such an affection as this of ANTONEROLO's?

Would ANTONEROLO, striving to make both ends meet, fall or conquer?

Even in such an affection would a man like this prove vulnerable or venerable?

Both or either?

Or neither?

Which?

We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Cool Cards.

(After the Oaks.)

SEE your Sporting Prophets' sockdology!
They take credit (from those they owe to)
For not accepting *Apology*,
After putting them wrong in *Toto*.

THE NEW TURKISH LOAN.

(Investor seeketh Spiritual Direction.)

TURKEY owes a precious lot;
Turkey wants to borrow more.
Will she pay her way, or not?
Can I trust her with my store?

Turkey being plunged in debt,
Spirits that on tables knock,
Rap me out, by alphabet,
Dare I purchase Turkey Stock?

Turks are quoted very cheap,
Ten per cent. the stock will pay;
But shall I be sure to reap
That per-centage many a day?

Silent, prescience ye disown;
Or, if tables you can tap,
Mean to say the Turkish Loan
Isn't worth a single rap.

Dinner and Diplomacy.

SOMEBODY in Russia has invented a new "Revolving Dining Table" which, dispensing with attendance, leaves it to the host literally to "turn the tables" of hospitality on his guests as he chooses. If the new invention receive diplomatic patronage, as it is most likely it will, it would perhaps be as well that the provisions of our next Central Asian treaty should not be discussed "over the wine." British Statesmen are quite accustomed enough to see the "tables turned" on them as it is, without any mechanical contrivance.



SELF-RESPECT.

Cook (to *Fellow-servant who has been after a new Place*). "WELL, 'LIZA, WILL IT SUIT?"

Eliza. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT! WHY, WHEN I GOT THERE, BLEST IF THERE WASN'T THE TWO YOUNG LADIES OF THE 'OUSE BOTH A-USIN' OF ONE PIANO AT THE SAME TIME! 'WELL,' THINKS I, 'THIS 'IS A COMIN' DOWN IN THE WORLD!' SO I THOUGHT I WAS BEST SAY GOOD MORNIN'!"

ULTRA-LIBERAL TORYISM.

"J. W. L." writes to the *Times*, saying that he is a resident in chambers. His laundress lives elsewhere. He has no means of cookery at home. Used, when the hour for opening refreshment-shops on Sunday was five o'clock, to go to church in the evening as the rule and not the exception. Now that the hour is six, the exception has become the rule; and, if the hour becomes seven, the rule will be made absolute. It was a fine idea of SIR G. JENKINSON'S, adopted by MR. CROSS, that of trying to "drive people to go to church," by shutting public-houses at people's meal-times, and opening them precisely at the hour when evening service begins.

Legislation for the purpose of driving the people to Church, however impracticable, is thoroughly Tory; the natural offspring of religious despotism. It was a wonder that a Liberal Government extended exclusion from dining-rooms from five to six. It is no wonder that a Conservative Government should have proposed a further extension of that nuisance from six to seven. MR. DISRAELI'S Government, indeed, owed BUNG a good turn, and tried to pay him; but the House of Commons wouldn't let them, and BUNG is thrown over, just as the safeguards for Household Suffrage were. The PREMIER has reason to boast that he has educated his party, hasn't he?

Ministers were willing, if able, to enlarge the licence of the Publicans; but would, if they could, diminish the liberty of the Public. It is clear, too, that they meditate this object in the interest of Sabbatarianism, rather than that of sobriety; since, after seven o'clock on Sundays, if that hour were fixed for the stroke of Cross, all "dipsomaniacs" would have plenty of time to get as drunk as they pleased, having been rendered all the more eager for drink by an additional hour of compulsory thirst. Do you think, Gentlemen, to drive them to Church by stopping off their swill? You might as well attempt to drive pigs. The more you try, the more they won't go!

Change about is Fair Play.

WHEN the Labourer has wrought his old bones through his skin,
To the Union he's sent, FARMER HODGE locks him in.
Now the tables are turned, and this change comes about—
'Tis the man joins the Union, and HODGE locks him out.

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST.—("Arbitrio Popularis Auræ.")—The Archbishop's Bill v. The People's WILLIAM, superseded.

BUNYAN AT BEDFORD.

(See the Inauguration of BOEHM'S Statue of the Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," given by the DUKE OF BEDFORD to the town of ditto. *Times*, Thursday, June 11.)

BUNYAN the Pilgrim, dreamer, preacher,
Sinner and soldier, tinker and teacher,
For heresy scoffed, scourged, put in prison—
The day of Tolerance yet un-risen—
Who heard from the dark of his dungeon lair
The roar and turmoil of Vanity Fair,
And shadowed Man's pilgrimage forth with passion
Heroic, in God-guided poet-fashion,
Has now his revenge; he looks down at you
In a ducally-commissioned Statue,—
A right good artist gave life and go to it,
But his name's BOEHM, and Rhyme says "no" to it—
And the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, frank and fluent,
Spoke Broad-Church truths of the Baptist truant.

Punch likes the Duke and he likes the Dean,
And the summer air in the summer green,
When the Anabaptist poet and clown
Was set up as the glory of Bedford town:
But ducal and decanal folk should learn
That to deal with the Past is of small concern;
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That the Tinker-Teacher has sown his seed;
And we want our BUNYAN to show the way
Through the Sloughs of Despond that are round us
to-day,
Our guide for straggling souls to wait,
And lift the latch of the wicket-gate.

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle;
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a Judge.
Why comes no Pilgrim, with eye of fire,
To tell us where pointeth minster-spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,
The path to "the Land that is very far off"?
The People are weary of vestment-vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O Preacher and Peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-Seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,
And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River and in at the Gate
Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

Rather too Much.

IN the Table of Contents of the *Field Pocket-Book for the Auxiliary Forces*, by SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, under the heading, "What all Officers should carry in their Heads," we find "Authorised allowance of Baggage; Stores; Supplies of Food; Rations; Camp Equipment; Tents; Ammunition;" and a good deal more.

Is not that rather too much, SIR GARNET, for all officers to carry in their heads? With only half as much in the heads of a few of them, there surely should have been no difficulty in the carrying department on the march to Coomassie.

BUNG ON HIS BETRAYERS.

A PRECIOUS little good we got
By 'avin brought in this 'ere lot!
We fondly 'oped they did intend
The Licensed Witters to befriend;
Instead of which they abandons us,
And makes the Licensin' Haat wus.
We're sold—fools on us they has made.
As MOOSOO says, "We are betrayed!"
In change for BRUCE we've got a CROSS;
By which we finds we've gained a loss.
The Tories with the Liberal side
On that there Bill of his'n divide;
The Bill and bloke is both a "do;"
'Tis hall a "Cross" between the two.



ONE OF OUR BRIGADE DEPOTS!

(THE RANK AND FILE.)

THE STAGE WITHOUT STARS.

(See SIR J. BENNETT'S Speech at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner.
Times, June 10, p. 5.)

IMAGINE the Stage without Ladies to tread it!

Ophelia, Rosalind, Juliet—a boy!

Possibility hard for the critic to credit—

The best growth of the Boards at a blow to destroy!

Till the Stage of its epicene lads made a riddance,

Who cares to count Stars in the night of the Play?

Where our forefathers' BRACEGIRDLE, WOFFINGTON, SIDDONS,

Our FAUCITS, and STIRLINGS, and TERRYS to-day?

Stage Stars, be your beams over-powering or tender,

Punch joins SIR JOHN BENNETT in homage to you.

He loves his old well-battered heart to surrender,

With both eyes and hands to pay tribute and due;

To hear a sweet laugh, when black memories rankle,

To feel by light touches Time's crow's-feet effaced;

He doesn't object to a trim little ankle,

Or the beautiful curve of a well-rounded waist.

Corruptio optimi pessima. Ladies,

The fairest and purest, have trodden the stage;

But, alas! there's an easy descent towards Hades,

Downhill to the dogs is a road of the age.

Easy gradients are those to the Stygian Valley,

Where purity withers and modesty dies.

We've already had too many pets of the Ballet,

Taking out of *faux pas* the reverse of a rise.

Ah, Stars of the Stage! Of Art's higher vocations

Where's a higher than yours, to its best while you're true,

When you give to the theatre SHAKESPEARE'S creations,

In their beauty still pure, and their life ever new?

Be your study but careful, and lofty your standard,

Don't fish for fools' plaudits, or stoop to snobs' calls,

And however by ignorant critics you're slandered,

You'll be certain to see *Mr. Punch* in the stalls.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

HERE is a case of a not uncommon kind, painfully illustrating the characteristic rudeness of the Englishman abroad. According to the *Journal d'Elbeuf*, at a village near Rouen, on Sunday:—

"A young Englishman, the son of a manufacturer of Manchester, stood with his hat on looking at the procession passing in honour of Corpus Christi. The Mayor of the commune knocked the young man's hat off, and a complaint on the subject has just been forwarded to the Public Procurator of the Republic."

The Mayor, of course, will be commended for his zeal in enforcing an act of homage to an object of his own veneration on a heretic who probably did not know what it meant. An Englishman has no right to go to France without first having learned what persons and things he will be expected to take off his hat to. If he keeps it on for want of knowing, he ought to have it knocked off. True politeness would teach him to take off his hat whenever any procession of any kind whatsoever is going by. As for the Mayor who, by knocking our Manchester youth's hat off, gave him a lesson in good breeding, if he were in England, and a certain commemorative procession, of which he did not understand the import, passed him on the Fifth of November, no doubt, as a French gentleman, he would respectfully take off his hat to GUY FAWKES.

Latest from Brighton.

WHEN a horse jibs, should titled swell
Ill-treat the beast he "loves too well"?
If at the horse in heat he throws
Hard words to supplement hard blows,
What savage name will he not say,
Though others might? *O, jib away!*

CAT AND DOG.

A LOVER of exact language wants to know why the attendants at the Crystal Palace Dog-Show should not be required by authority to call—"Dog-alogues, One Shilling!"



A DISTINCTION.

New Governess. "VERY GOOD! AND HOW LONG DID YOU PRACTISE IN THE HOLIDAYS, MAUD?"

Maud. "O, I PRACTISED HALF-AN-HOUR, MISS BAILEY. BUT THEN THAT WAS BY THE DINING-ROOM CLOCK. WHEN I PRACTISED BY THE CLOCK ON THE STAIRS, IT WAS THREE-QUARTERS, BECAUSE THAT'S SLOW!"

INTOXICATING LIQUORS BILL.

(FURTHER AMENDMENTS.)

NORTH of the Trent the hours of opening and closing to be 6'30 A.M. and 11'15 P.M.; south of the Trent, 7'15 A.M. and 12'30 P.M.

In towns, cities, and other populous places, where the population, according to the last Census, exceeded one million, the hour of closing to be 12'20; where it was between 2,500 and a million, 11'15; where it was under 2,500, 10'10 P.M.

On Sundays, publicans who are members of the Establishment, to keep their houses closed during the church services; publicans who are Nonconformists to regulate their hours of opening and closing by the Dissenting chapels. On fine summer evenings, an additional half-hour may be granted by permission of the nearest Magistrate. Notice to be given beforehand, that the nearest Magistrate may be at home.

A Licensed Victualler to have the privilege of entertaining his own and his wife's relations, after the legal hour of closing, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and also on Tuesdays and Thursdays, if either of these last two mentioned days happens to be his birthday, or his wife's, or that of any of his children (if resident on the premises), or his wedding-day. The Head of the Police or a resident Magistrate always to be of the party on these occasions. This privilege not to be extended to beerhouse keepers, except at the urgent request (in writing) of four-fifths of the rateable inhabitants.

Licensed Victuallers to be allowed to sell tobacco, but not pipes; beerhouse keepers to keep pipes, but no tobacco. In places where there are less than 2,500 inhabitants, no smoking to be permitted before 8'30 A.M. or after 9 P.M.

Facilities to be given to potboys and barmaids for self-culture.

All signs and signboards to be submitted to the Board of Works in London, and to the Town Council in the country.

Dusty boots to be accepted as the test of a *bonâ fide* traveller.

To insure punctuality in the hours of opening and closing, every publican will be required, from and after the passing of this Act, to provide himself with a chronometer by one of the best makers.

BY CAM AND ISIS.

"*Encænna cœnæque dearum.*"—*Times*, June 8th.

ALACK, what a terrible crisis!

The 'Varsities rivals in fun;

If Cam become rapid as Isis,

Why where *can* a man send his son?

'Twixt Commencement and Commemoration

There won't be a pin, soon, to choose:

Now the Senate-house leaps from stagnation
Into rapid Sheldonian shoes!

This age, of new fancies profligate,
Finds excitement than work more
diverting,

And CAVENDISH, swell scientific,

Is excuse for all manner of flirting.

Some may think the Fiend's hoof, curs'd
and cloven,

Can scarcely contrive to find place

Within hearing of mighty BEETHOVEN,

Or where HANDEL to MILTON adds grace.

And SIR GARNET, while cheers so outrageous

Greet laurels from Africa new,

May make warlike ardour contagious,

Till our Gen'als are not quite so few.

But what means that thump on the shoulder,

Enough to unsettle my hunch?—

"Drop your morals till we have grown
older;

And you have grown wiser, *Père Punch*.

"'Tis a task to work hard in the sweetness

Of Summer, when rose-flushing June

Brings the year to its calm of completeness,

And ice with one's claret's a boon.

No fellow can be a good classic—

Howsoever caustic critics may chaff—

That don't hold with HORACE on Massic,

And CATULLUS on Lesbia's laugh.

"Why should not the ladies be merry,

And the men be both merry and wise,

While the son of the Bishop of Derry

Reads his rhymes for the Newdegate
Prize?

He must be a cynical fellow,

Atrabilious far beyond cure,

Who considers KING COFFEE'S umbrella

As sacred from caricature.

"Ah no, let us have our *Encænna*,

And let the fair visitants come,

Lighting up the green-ivied old *mænna*

With their smiles, sweet suggesters of
home.

Life is not so brilliantly coloured

We should throw youth's enjoyment
away;

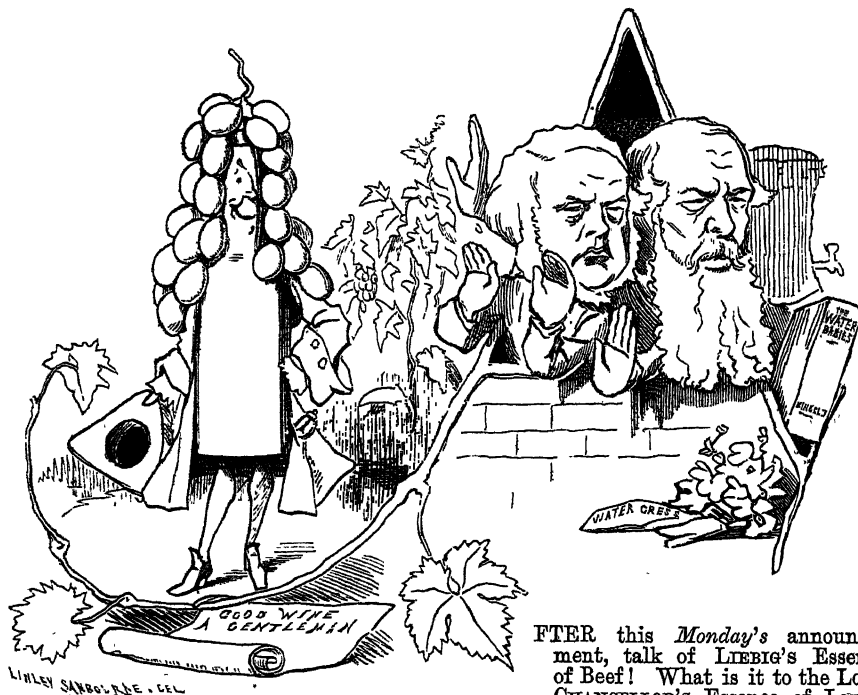
Nor was young JOHN BULL meant for a
dullard,

Given up to 'all work and no play.'

THE PRINCE OF POTENTATES.

IN a letter written by PIUS THE NINTH on the day when he was made Pope, to his brother at Sinigaglia, and published the other day in the *Times*, His Holiness, in language of deep humility, described himself, "so base," as having been divinely raised "to the highest dignity on earth." No doubt the good Pontiff was as sincere in magnifying his office as in depreciating himself; but still Popery is Popery, and its pretensions cannot be allowed to pass un-reproved. No true Protestant, especially if an Englishman, and still rather if a Citizen of London, can hear without an indignant denial, that the pontificate is the highest dignity, nor can any such Protestant allow that there is any dignity on earth superior to that of the LORD MAYOR.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FTER this Monday's announcement, talk of LIEBIG'S Essence of Beef! What is it to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Essence of Law—the Statutes up to 1824 compressed

into Five Volumes—Statutes in small for Statutes at large? Unluckily, as we get nearer our own times we can't throw overboard as much rubbish—would we could say we don't ship as much—so nine or ten volumes may be wanted to carry the Statute Law to 1868. But, even then, what a lightening of the load on legal book-shelves, and what a help to the hunting the needle in the Legislative bottle of hay!

The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH won't attempt to stake out a neutral ground between High and Low Church-lands. He moved towards it—

"Then back recoiled, he well knew why,
E'en at the step himself had made."

DR. MAGEE sees the Lions in the way, and declines to face them; and wise Peers are agreed he does wisely.

DR. PLAYFAIR did thoroughly what LORD HAMPTON left half done the other day—marshalled the reasons for appointing a Minister of Education. They are strong, and were strongly stated:—

A President of Council (oftenest a Lord) with all the power and patronage: a Vice-President doing nine-tenths of the work.

An Educational Department with nothing to say to any of our Educational machinery above the primary schools, and only part of them.

Four Millions of public money spent on Education, and no head to guide the Pædologus for irrigation of our waste places.

MR. FORSTER agreed that a Minister of Education is wanted, if England is to overtake Germany.

MR. DISRAELI differed. There is the *fait accompli*—the working Department; and nobody able to say it doesn't work fairly. A powerful Minister might stereotype the system, and England didn't like stereotyped systems.

MR. LOWE agreed with MR. DISRAELI. "Results" are *his* test, and results are in favour of the Department.

SIR J. LUBBOCK agreed with DR. PLAYFAIR. He is a man of science, and the notion of a head-centre is scientific.

The Motion was negatived. Clearly the time is not yet.

(After all, have we not our Minister of Education here already, in all causes and on all questions supreme—the Right Honourable JOHN BULL? When *his* mind is made up, and his will clear to himself, see whether Education does not march fast and far enough in the direction he chooses. Till his mind is made up, set up any will not his, and see what comes of it.)

LORD SANDON moved the Education Vote. *E pur si muove!* The Schoolmaster is abroad, and gathering the stray sheep into the school-fold. By June 1875 we shall have made provision for teaching four million children, 2,500,000 in voluntary schools receiving grants, 100,000 in schools without grants, 500,000 under School Boards. For these millions we shall want 25,000 teachers—and can get them. There lies the water—good (as the *Gravedigger* says). Here are the asses—bad (as *Punch* says). Now, if those asses go to that water and drink, it is, mark you, will he, will he, they go—mark you that; but if that water come to those asses, and they drink not—marry who shall make them? That is the point which bothers your educational labourers of all grades, from the Lord President who sitteth in the Privy Council at Whitehall, to the REV. WILLINGLY WHITEHEAD who stetheth and stormeth in the National School-room by Stick-in-the-Mud-cum-Sloccombe, in the Rural District of East Anglia.

How are we to establish the circuit, as electricians say, between children and school—and draw out the spark that will do everything for us, from shaping a world to carrying a message!

Tuesday.—The Judicature Bill has passed through Committee in the Lords—a good Bill well handled, and promises to be one of the strokes of real work which will redeem the Session.

We can't say as much of the Licensing Bill. Cross is the only word for it. Its provisions cross and recross, till they get into a tangle. It makes the House cross, and it makes the Witters cross, and it makes their customers cross, and it makes *Punch* cross—in short it is a chapter of crosses, with no blessing to be got, as far as anybody can see, by bearing them. Eight pages of amendments! Chaos come again: a labyrinth for Licensed Witterdom, with only Cross's clue for a guide through its mazes! And now, after taking away local discretion, and claiming credit for it, and drawing a hard and fast line at ten for country and eleven for town, Cross crosses his own lines, and proposes to empower the Justices to say which is town and which is country. Naturally the much-enduring House kicked under such a last straw added to the load of Crosses it has had to bear on this matter—and the clause was postponed. (*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* What did set the Government meddling and muddling with the Witters' Bill? Why couldn't they let "Bruce" alone? The good Little Witter did know the time o' day then. But now!)

Wednesday.—

SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved his Permissory Prohibit 'em:

But the House declines to treat Liberty among things to be lopt *ad libitum*;

Of Teetotalism rampant, and Good-Temp-lars' order aggressive,

Hopes long to be Prohibitory and not in the least Permissive:

Rejects the Teetotal decalogue, where drinking comes next to murder,

And won't allow SIR WILFRID to carry his Bill any further.

Those who upon this point would know *quod sit fas, quod sit nefas*,

Had better turn at once from *Punch's* *Essence* to his *Preface*.

Thursday.—In the Lords, some useful Amending of the Judicature Bill (Ireland).

In the Commons, more crossing of the inextricable threads of the Witters' Tangle; till the House, what with differing and disputing, and misunderstanding and misinterpreting, and twisting and turning, and muddling and meshing itself in a maze of amendments, was like nothing so much as a Parliament of kittens with a battery of cotton-balls. The only decided impression *Punch* gathers from the night's talk is that nothing was decided, and existing confusion very much worse confounded. Yes—there *was* one thing done—the Seven o'clock for Sunday closing was made Six again.

Friday.—Three Lord Chancellors (one actual and two "ex"-es) and LORD SHARTESBURY agreed that £3000 would be enough for the new Ecclesiastical Judge. Three thousand pounds, indeed! How would their legal Lordships like it themselves? The lawyer who is to lay down the law for the Church ought to be a tip-topper; and legal tip-toppers are not to be got for £3000 a year.

Four thousand pounds is the lowest figure it can be done for, my Legal Lords, and you ought to know it.

Now that the Archbishops' Bill is to enable the Bench to enforce the law, comes the more ticklish matter of the law to be enforced.

Letters of business (whatever they may be—it looks as if without special permission the Parsons' Parliament was only called for talk, and that *is* about the truth) are to be issued, to enable the Convocation to revise the Rubrics.

Merciful powers! BISHOP MAGEE shrank appalled from setting out the Church's debateable ground. But think of Convocation revising the Rubrics! The Kilkenny cats in council is the only conceivable parallel—or Clapham Junction with all the trains from everywhere to everywhere in full steam, the signal-posts pulled up, the switches taken away, and the breaks unshipped.

Suppose before setting Convocation to revise the Rubrics, Parliament were to revise Convocation; and, if it is to do business, make it a representation of the Church Laity in Church matters, as well as the Church Clerics. Convocation revising the Rubrics! We can't get over it. *Punch's* each particular hair has stood up ever since he heard it, and won't lie down again. Talk of Priests' orders; think of Priests' disorders, when it comes to Rubrical revision!

Good news for the sad city of the West. Galway is not to be disfranchised (why would it, unless twenty other poor little Irish boroughs are to be kicked out into the cold, with Galway?) Rob the Green Isle of her small boroughs—bedad! it would be just like the black Saxons, takin' away the last little bit o' diversion that 's left poor Ould Ireland! MR. CONNOLLY, if not McEVILLY, was Evilily-minded against the Clergy, and MR. VIVIAN disrespectfully confounded FATHER PETER DALY and FATHER PETER DOOLEY, but MISTHER MORRIS came gallantly to the fore, and gave TOM CONNOLLY the *polthogue* he'd deserved by evenin' his dirty Donegal to the raal ould ancient City of the Tribes!

Besides, hadn't Galway covered herself with glory—returning such representative men as the Great BLAKE—not the Admiral, but the Horse-breeder—and though modesty might keep him from saying so—MORRIS himself? (*Punch* would be glad if when Mr. O'GORMAN comes to the office, he'd bring MR. MORRIS with him.)

Then the House again got to its Intoxicating Liquors, and as usual on these occasions made an ass of itself, though it wasn't *quite* so hopelessly obfuscated as on Thursday night, though still hazy enough to make it difficult to get at the effect of the cross-fire of explanations, disputations, betherations, and recriminations. As far as *Punch* can make out, Licensing Committee Magistrates are to have the power of defining populous districts, but musn't go below 1000 population.

SIR W. HARCOURT hopes the Lords will make the Bill intelligible. *Faut laver son linge sale en famille*, Messieurs of the Commons.

SPIRITUALISM AND ST. PAUL'S.

OUR usual *séance* was held yesterday after dinner. Proceedings commenced with passing the claret, whereupon cigars were lighted, and a succession of raps spelt out through the alphabet a request for pen, ink and paper, which were put under the table. A sound of scratching was then heard, and, in six seconds, the following sentence was found written on a sheet of foolscap:—

"Vixi annos ultra nonaginta, non mihi sed bono publico."

The spirit, on being questioned who it was that wished to communicate, rapped out the name of CHRISTOPHER WREN, and desired that a message should be sent to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, beseeching them not to adopt the proposed design for spoiling the interior of the Cathedral with mediæval ornamentation. The rumour of that projected incongruity in Art had disquieted the spirit. To mediævalise St. Paul's would be as great a mistake as it would to Italianise Westminster Abbey. That was a mistake which the spirit himself had unfortunately made during earth-life, and had never ceased to regret it ever since. It pained him whenever he thought of the hybrid Western towers, which, in ignorance and misconception of Gothic architecture, he had been mistaken enough to superinduce on pure Early English. If the work which he had so done could possibly be undone, he should be at peace; and he wished to have published the suggestion that MR. BURGESS, instead of being set to misapply his abilities in disfiguring St. Paul's interior, should be commissioned to turn his skill and knowledge to good purpose by the alteration and reform of the two Western towers of Westminster Abbey, so as to bring those anomalous structures into harmony with the rest of the building.

The spirit, having received an assurance that his desire should be attended to, said "Ta-ta!" and the *séance* terminated.

IMPOSSIBLE PHRASE.

THE Happy Rich, the Happy Poor, both quite possible. But, "the Happy Mean"—oh no—impossible.

NEW VERSION OF "BEER!"



Good folks all, great folks
and small,
Who dwell both far and
near,

What a deal of debate we
have heard of late,
Which has all of it turned
upon Beer!

What a fuss they make
about Beer!

In harangues how heavy
and drear,

Whilst our Ministers wise
ways and means devise
To stint a poor man in
his Beer!

The Government thinks
distillery drinks

Requires a law severe;
And the Bill they intend to
effect that end
Is a Bill of restraint from
Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

From drinking rum all ills
that come

They expect will disappear,
If the bar they close where a poor man goes
To purchase his noggin of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Brandy and gin are sold at an inn,
The down-in-the-mouth to cheer;
But a stop the Bill puts to their sale when it shuts
The People out of their Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

It doesn't affect the Great select,
The gentleman, squire, and peer,
They may sit in their club, and enjoy their grub,
And drink any amount of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

'Twas their delight each blessed night,
Long ago not many a year,
To meet and dine, and drink too much wine,
After having drunk too much Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Then they did use to guzzle and booze,
Until they couldn't speak clear.
In the present day all the world would say,
"O, the shameful effects of Beer!"

What a fuss, &c.

Now the wealthier ranks are, to Culture thanks,
In a higher moral sphere,
No more to be found lying prone on the ground,
Or supine in a state of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Do they differ in mind from their poorer kind
With whose habits they interfere?
Would not Culture do for the People too,
To withhold them from too much Beer?

What a fuss, &c.

No more new laws without good cause!
For we hold our liberty dear.
The self-control which limits the bowl
Is the best limitation of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

A Bacy Remark.

"THE Elevation of Women!" exclaimed my LORD TOM NODDY, as he was driving home from Ascot. "Aw—if a fella wants to see—aw—Women elevated, he should see 'em at the Waces—aw—after a good lunch."

DEFINITION BY "UN MISÉRABLE."—The Empire—a better game than GAMBETTA!



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Mary. "ARTHUR, DEAR, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THAT SONG YOU USED TO SING TO ME IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF OUR COURTING. WHAT WAS IT, NOW?" Arthur (grunts). "HAVEN'T A NOTION, LOVE!"

Mary. "LET ME SEE—IT USED TO RUN :—"

'FOR I AM CONTENTED TO BIDE IN THE SHADOW
SO LONG AS THE SUNBEAMS FALL BRIGHTLY ON THEE!'

[Arthur doesn't see it.]

SAINT PAUL'S.

THE King of the Birds was the Wren, when he wist of a
Way to get hoist on the Eagle's back : *
And the King of our Architects was SIR CHRISTOPHER,
Who Palladio outstripped in Palladio's track.
Still towers stately his grand Cathedral,
Crowning our Capital's central site;
But his name has grown dusty on Glory's bead-roll,
Till small men sneer at the great Knight.

Saint Paul, the Gentiles' own Apostle,
Is the Broad-Church saint for London town,
Where all Church faiths and Church follies jostle,
And some of them don't, and more do, go down;
But bunglers in Art should be forbidden
Saint Paul's—Heaven save the mark—to renew!
So no matter what GREGORY says, or LIDDON—
The point is, what's BURGESS about to do?

Make, says *Punch*, the glorious Minster
Worthy of Saint and of Architect:
First from the City's pocket its tin stir,
Then in its spending be circumspect.
Let the work be such as the great Apostle
And the great Architect both would approve;
Nor let ornament out of countenance hustle
The stately simplicity Protestants love.

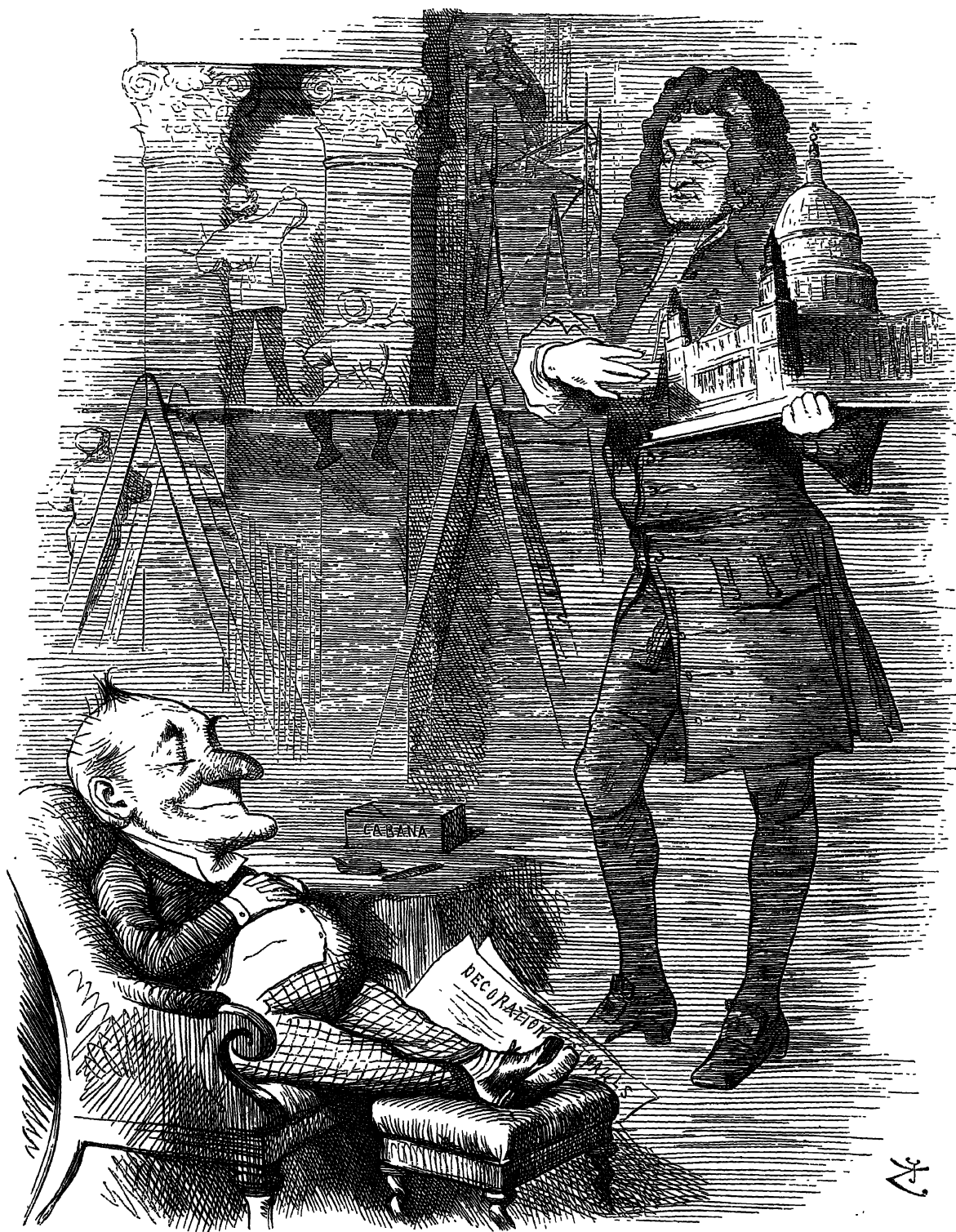
* The Fable goes that the Birds were for choosing a King: the Eagle proposed that the crown should be his that could fly nearest the sun. He thought that so it would surely be his. So he soared up and up, till he was far above them all, as he thought. When lo! up soared the Wren, from where he had hid himself between his wings, and so mounted higher than the Eagle, and was crowned King of the Birds.

The great Dome rises above the river;
Look! there lies London, a world below;
And the stream of Thames flows on, flows ever,
As the billows of life through Lud's Gate flow.
Paul, gentle Apostle, grave and mighty,
Suits City and Minster, mightiest of men's,
And the English race, more firm than flighty,
No higher would soar than her greatest of Wrens!

THE NEW GAME OF WAR.

At the International Congress, to be held at Brussels for settling the usages of War, the British Representative will be instructed to press the following points :—

1. No bombardment of London to take place while Parliament is sitting.
2. No battles to be fought on the Derby Day, the Oaks Day, or during Ascot, Goodwood, or Newmarket Races.
3. In case of invasion, Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough to be considered neutral territory.
4. Prisoners of War (being commissioned officers) to pay an entrance-fee to the Regimental Messes of which they may be elected honorary members.
5. Regimental Bands captured on the field of battle to be available at festivals held at the Royal Albert Hall or at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.
6. Portrait-models of captured Generals to be permitted at MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition of Wax-Works, on the understanding that, (a) some site other than that of the Chamber of Horrors be selected for the display; and (b) that a ticket of admission for the season be presented to each captured General in effigy so exhibited.
7. Invading Armies travelling by railway, to pay at the rate of not less than £5 a mile per person. Return-tickets (in Great Britain and Ireland) not to be guaranteed.



“SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!”

GHOST OF WREN. “SI ORNAMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE.”

(“IF YOU REQUIRE ORNAMENT, BE CIRCUMSPECT.”)

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE WAX-SHOW OF THE RUE DU BOULANGER.

I.—*Minos, Eacus and Rhadamanthus.*

THERE was a Wax-Show in the Rue du Boulanger. It was only one show, yet perversely people called it *Two-shows*. Some named it MADAME TWOSWORDS. In this last there was something cutting. The real name was TOSEW'S. All here was wax. *Wax et præterea nil.*

Part of it was a Bazaar. It was supposed to be historically allied

to the Russian Imperial Court. The chief of the latter was A. Czar. This was a B.A. Zar, which is a different matter.

In this Wax-Show there is an Inner Chamber—a back room. Mysterious and diabolical. Therein were the Stars of Crime. It was TOSEW'S Orrery. The persons within its walls were Orrery Members. No one said this: many thought it. To think is not to speak. There were gathered together in that room certain men who were unable to speak to one another in public.

To enter the door of the Show a shilling was demanded.

To penetrate within the veil of the Inner Chamber there was an extra charge.

These men were in this secret chamber, but they had paid no money for their entrance by either door.

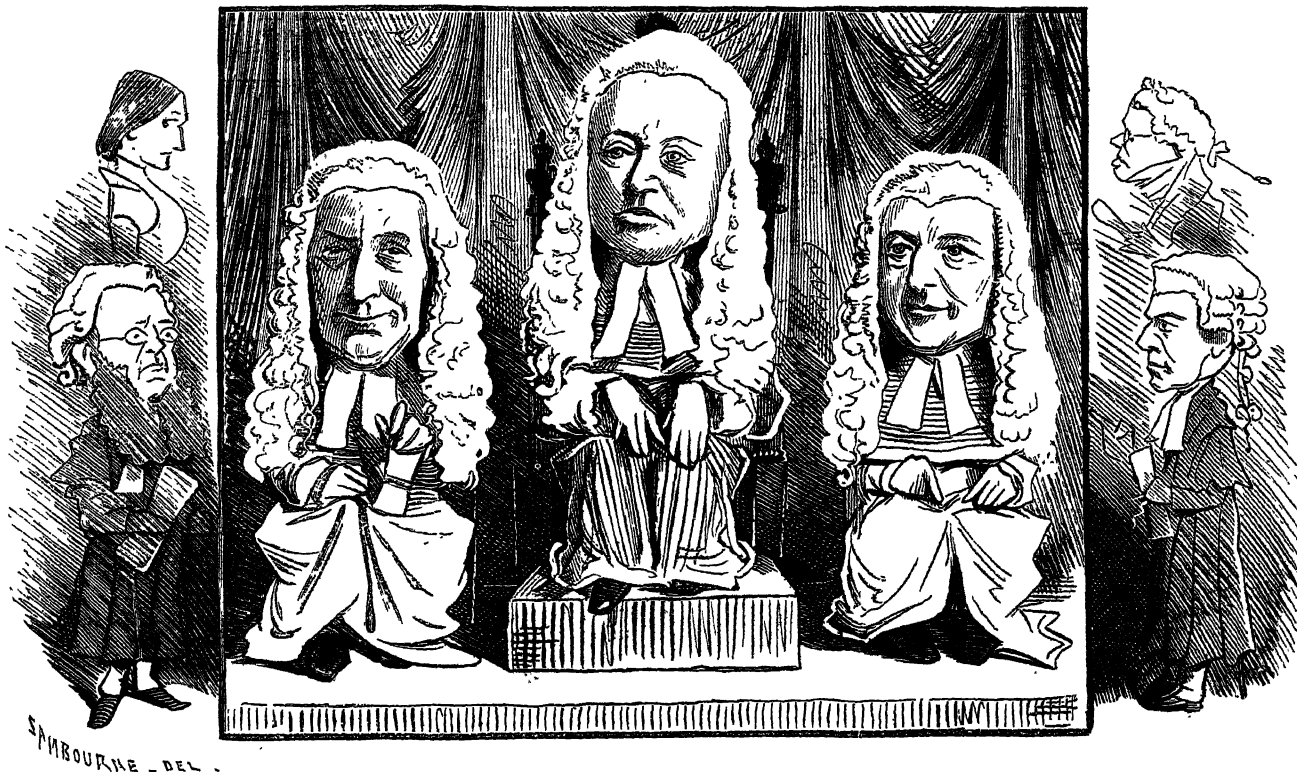
They were shut in and carefully guarded so that they might not escape.

They were not immortal; they were simply wax. In hot weather wax runs. A sentinel was on the watch to prevent this.

With these we have nothing to do. Let them remain silent effigies, speaking likenesses, catalogued.

We know of the existence of such a corner, and avoid it.

Why?



Perhaps because there is sixpence extra to pay. Perhaps because the sight chills us. Either is human nature.

To proceed.

Three were alone on one dais in the outest room.

In bright scarlet and ermine. They were Justices of the Peace.

The one in the centre was hard and severe; the one to his right had a motherly look; the other, to the left, seemed perky and cheerful. They did not regard one another, but seemed to be explaining something, all three at once, to vacancy.

The first was KILBURN, the second SMELLER, the third SLUSH.

"We have been lately added to the collection," said KILBURN.

"My new boots are very tight and painful," said SLUSH.

"I can't make out why they didn't give me patent leather as well as you two," grumbled SMELLER.

"You are not great at patent cases, BROTHER SMELLER," sneered KILBURN.

"Yet these might be what you are not."

"And that is—"

"Polished."

"O!" exclaimed SLUSH.

"Comment trouvez-vous vos pauvres pieds, mon frère?" inquired KILBURN.

SLUSH looked at him and murmured, "They are so tight."

KILBURN answered tranquilly, "I haven't buttoned mine."

SMELLER burst into a loud laugh.

SMELLER'S laugh made SLUSH smile.

"Are you laughing at yourself, SMELLER?" growled KILBURN.

"No. Look! Some one has trod on that old fool COBBETT'S toe and begged his pardon."

COBBETT gave that convulsive movement of his hand and snuff-box for which he was famous.

"Silence, you three new boys. Remember, I am very nearly the oldest inhabitant. Respect my constitutional machinery."

The three laughed again at this speech of COBBETT'S.

"COBBETT and Constitution," cried KILBURN.

"He's a regular porcupine," said SLUSH.

"He knew how to shoot his quills," observed SMELLER.

"He looks yellow."

"His coat is old."

"What is it made of?"

"Cloth."

"Stuff!"

"He has shoes."

"With buckles."

"Real?"

"Imitation."

"Odd!"

"Very."

"What?"

"Nothing."



STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL.

Farmer (at the Horse—and Man—Show). "ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PONY?"
 Small Groom. "NO, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M HERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PONY."

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

MR. FRANCE, who was lately admonished at the Bar of the House (and feels wonderfully well after it, considering) writes to inform *Punch* he is not an Inventor of Explosives, as *Punch* in his Essence had described him, but a Quarry Owner, with a good deal of blasting to do. Hence his quarrel with the Departments, who take Official Patentees for their advisers on matters involving the interests of dealers in the patented articles, so putting Non-Official Patentees and Inventors at a disadvantage. There is evidently a great deal of highly explosive matter connected with the quarrel, which seems a very pretty one as it stands, and *Punch* is satisfied with correcting his own mis-description. MADAME FRANCE is such a famous Inventor of Explosives, that MR. FRANCE will easily understand our transferring a description so eminently applicable to the Country to her namesake, the Man.

Logic in Legislation.

For the Sabbatarian clause of the Ministerial Licensing Bill, perhaps the House of Lords will be Liberal enough to amend the definition of a *bonâ fide* traveller. The genuine Sabbath Day's journey was a distance of five *stadia*, or half a mile. Suppose their Lordships accordingly determine that a *bonâ fide* traveller shall be deemed to be one who has travelled a Sabbath Day's journey?

THE LAST NEW PARLIAMENTARY DEFINITION.—Cross Purposes, no Purposes.

"You're all three of you very rude," said a fourth voice. It was JOAN OF ARC who spoke. She was on the other side of the room.

"Why, Miss?" asked KILBURN.

"Because you've taken my place. I used to live at number thirteen, and I was shoved out of the way to make way for you."

"So was I."

The fifth voice proceeded from a person in magnificent armour.

"Who are you, I should like to know?" sneered SLUSH.

"You would like to know, would you? Good. So should I. I've been here many years, next to JOAN, and they wouldn't separate us, though we've had to be moved out of our snug corner for you three. But I've never known my name. I'm Number Fourteen in the Catalogue. Merely down as 'A Figure.' Come! one of you three tell me, who am I?"

"We've had enough of that sort of thing," said KILBURN.

The others acquiesced, wearily.

"You all got so angry! That's what made you so waxy, and brought you here!"

The voice came from a fresh-looking figure some way up in the room, dressed in a brand new Queen Counsel's gown and wearing a long beard. It was DR. QUININELY.

"Take care!" exclaimed a sharp voice, from the far opposite corner.

JAWKINS, Q.C.

"Take care!" screamed DR. QUININELY. "KILBURN, SLUSH, SMELLER, JOAN, and the Gentleman in Armour, I will not be put down. I say I will not be put down—"

"Yes, you vill," interrupted a quiet little old voice in broken English.

It was MADAME TOOSEW herself who spoke.

"Yes, you vill," she resumed. "You vill be put down by me, in my Catalogue. *Ma foi!* vat is all dis noise? *Taisez-vous, Messieurs*, or you vill vake MADAME ST. AMARANTEE, who is sleeping like an infant here before me. As for you—" She turned indignantly upon the nameless Man in Armour, who muttered between his teeth, "What is needed?" Madame continued—

"You grumble! you shall be expelled. You, SMELLER, shall have new boots. You, KILBURN, shall have yours buttoned. Not a word. I am going to have a new cast in here."

"A new cast for a new piece?" asked MR. LISTON, as *Paul Pry*.

"MR. LISTON!"

"I hope I don't intrude."

"MR. LISTON!"

"I am liston-ing. Ahem! Excuse me. It is my duty to enlighten myself and my business to inform myself."

"MR. LISTON!!"

"I like to know things."

"MR. LISTON!!!"

"Why doth he not keep silence?"

It was a deep, a commanding voice that asked the question.

"SARAH SIDDONS, Ma'am, I'm mum."

He smiled and was silent.

"The new cast," resumed Madame, calmly, "is of JAMES MARKY DU CROW. He is now on the coast of France. I have issued an order. He will be taken from life, and added to the collection."

"A horse-rider!" exclaimed SIDDONS.

"A mountebank!" cried LISTON.

"As good as you!" shouted the Man in Armour.

"Silence, nameless!" thundered JOAN OF ARC.

COBBETT's machinery whirled furiously. He was up for a speech.

"Hold him!" said KILBURN.

"Gag him!" cried SMELLER.

"Don't let him come here," called out SLUSH. "I defy him and all his works."

It was a quarrel of thunderbolts.

Then came forth a strident, sonorous voice.

"Be silent! All! or I'll smash you!"

The speaker was LOUSHKIN, the Russian Giant, eight feet five inches high. Then the tempest was stilled.

It would have broken out afresh but for a stranger, who had just paid his entrance-money and bought a Catalogue.

Again silence reigned.

But Madame had determined.

She was wax, but resolute.

She watched.

Cement v. Cremation.

By way of substitute for "Cremation," DR. VON STEINBEISS proposes cement, to be poured into the receptacle containing the *cadaver* so as to enrust the latter, absorb its moisture, and prevent decomposition. This process, however, would increase instead of diminishing undertakers' bills, and not arrest the spread of cemeteries. Whereas cremation would tend to check necropolitan extension, and would limit funeral extravagance by abstracting all combustible from osseous matter in the form of gas, so that the abstract, thus dispersed, would be greatly preferable to the concrete.



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